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Outdoor America

Owned and Published by the Izaak Walton League of America

DEFENDER OF WOODS, WATERS AND WILD LIFE

VOLUME 2 APRIL, 1924 NUMBER 9

James Oliver Curwood—Zane Grey—George Parker Holden

The Remington Heavy Duck Load

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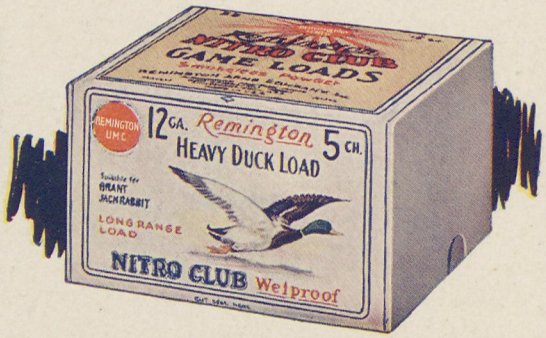
HARD HITTING
CLOSE PATTERN



The Remington Heavy Duck Load

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THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA is a National Organization of fishermen and hunters and outdoor lovers dedicated to the restoration of sports afield and astream in the United States and Canada and the restoration as far as can be of the outdoor America of our ancestors. It is a National Organization having no commercial or personal gain or aggrandizement under it; neither has it political or religious interests.

It is undoubtedly the most comprehensive conservation program ever undertaken in America. Though less than two years old, it has local chapters from one end of the country to the other, and it has awakened thousands and thousands of principled sportsmen and outdoor lovers to the realization of the perils that are threatening our precious woods and streams and wild life.

The movement represents a patriotic and unselfish endeavor to save for our children their great American outdoor heritage that they may have the priceless memories of days spent on windswept, clear and gleaming waters and nights in fragrant, healing forests and that they may gain the health and happiness that only the out doors can give them. Many of the names back of this Save-Outdoor-America crusade are nationally known and insure the integrity and high standing of the League. A list of the League's officers and directors will be found in each issue of the magazine. None of these officers or directors receive a salary.

For the purpose of spreading far its message, the League publishes this monthly magazine to which the greatest outdoor writers in America contribute without pay, out of sheer love and appreciation of the righteousness of the cause. The ideals and purposes of the League are embodied in its Platform which follows:

1. The practice of true sportsmanship in hunting and fishing, and strenuous and unremitting opposition to illegal, destructive and unfair methods.

2. An aggressive program calling for National and State legislation to eradicate pollution from coastal and inland waters.

3. The broadest and most comprehensive system of Federal control feasible over the forests of the United States and dependencies, this system to embrace the best features of the forestry policies of Europe so far as applicable to our conditions.

4. Due consideration of the disastrous results of indiscriminate drainage projects and the obstruction of natural water courses.

5. That adequate public shooting and fishing grounds and game refuges be established by the State and National Governments.

6. Sufficient fish hatcheries and game farms for the increased propagation and wider distribution of fish and game.

7. Prohibition of the sale and interstate shipment of game and of fresh water game fishes excepting for purposes of propagation.

8. Scientific regulation of the taking of salt water game fishes and prohibition of the sale of certain anadromous species.

9. The strictest enforcement of the migratory bird law.

10. The establishment of a sufficient number of biological experiment stations so that scientifically trained men may always be available to pass upon the conditions of waters, wild lands, public shooting grounds and preserves in order to determine the proper species of fish and game to be planted therein.

11. The united support of those public officials, regardless of their party affiliations, who show themselves to be in sympathy with the principles of true conservation.

12. The fullest measure of co-operation between all organizations devoted to the interests of the outdoorsmen of America.

13. An unceasing, aggressive, educational campaign to the end that the objects of the Izaak Walton League of America may be attained.

We Pledge Ourselves to do our best to Restore for Posterity the Outdoor America of our Ancestors

Defender of Woods, Waters and Wild Life

Outdoor America

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EDITORIAL STAFF

WILL H. DILG—Editor

DR. JAMES A. HENSHALL — ZANE GREY
DR. HENRY VAN DYKE — DONALD HOUGH
JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD — WARREN H. MILLER
HAROLD T. PULSIFER — BOB BECKER
M. L. GOCHENOUR — THOMAS AMBROSE
MARGUERITE IVES—*Assistant Editor*

Owned and Published by
The IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE of AMERICA
536 Lake Shore Drive Tel. Superior 1217
Chicago, Ill.

Issued Monthly
Single Copy 15c

Subscription rate $1.00 per year in the U. S. and Canada. Cuba and Mexico, 50c additional postage. Foreign countries $1.00 additional postage. Entered as second class matter August 9, 1922, at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879

Volume 2 **APRIL, 1924** **Number 9**

Colored cover printed by the Miehle Printing Press & Manufacturing Co. on their vertical press

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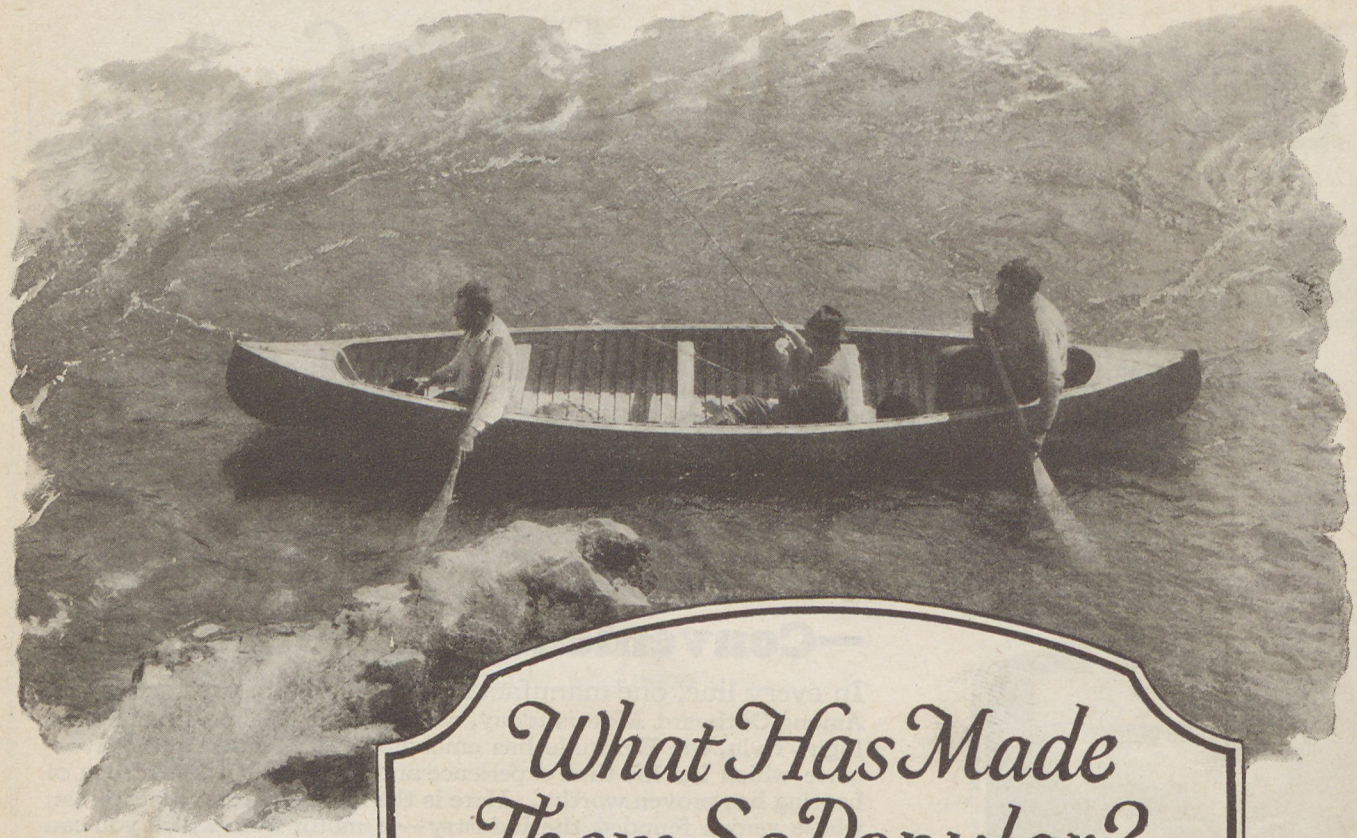

Hamilton Pool, Nipigon River, Ontario

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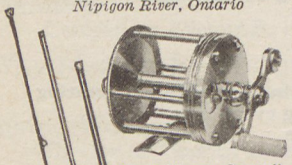

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Stories and Reminiscences By Jacob M. Dickinson

IN WRITING my reminiscences of hunting, fishing and other things, I am impressed by the consciousness that it is of little consequence to the general reader as to what game I killed and how many fish I caught, and the manner of doing it, and that only those recitals are worthy of record which illustrate the ways of game and fish, or the manifestations of nature, or show what is worth remembering about the habits, customs, and history of a people, or the doings of those who have won such public esteem as to make them appeal to the general interest.

Therefore I shall put myself forward only where it is necessary in telling the story.—J. M. D.

Theodore Roosevelt's Mississippi Bear Hunt

ON November 11, 1902, a special train on the Y. & M. V. Railroad stopped at Smedes, a plantation station in Mississippi. As President Roosevelt stepped from the train, he was greeted by several hundred negroes who showed their white teeth in hard grins, but made no other demonstration. He was clad in hunting costume, khaki riding trousers, leather leggings, blue flannel shirt, corduroy coat, and a brown slouch hat. About his waist was a cartridge belt from which hung a very handsome ivory handled hunting knife.

The party proceeded, some on horseback and some in a vehicle, to the camp about 17 miles away. The visiting party at the camp consisted of the President, his Secretary Mr. Loeb, his physician Dr. Richardson, Stuyvesant Fish, Leroy Percy, afterwards United States Senator, Major Helm, who had been a staff officer under General Hardee of Confederate fame, John M. Parker, recently Governor of the State of Louisiana, who had the great MerRouge controversy, and the writer.

Parker and Mangum, who controlled the plantation at Smedes, had bountifully provided everything needed for the hunt. Holt Collier, a well-known negro and famous bear hunter, and also a Justice of the Peace, was master of the pack of about 40 hounds.

On account of the rank undergrowth, and very heavy cane, paths had been cut to the river crossings where stands were selected for some of the party. When the President announced that he would follow the hounds, Mangum said, "It will be powerful hard, and I predict that the President will lose at least five pounds in the next five days. I rode through there a few days ago, and when I got out, my clothes were almost torn off, and I looked as if I had been in a railroad wreck."

Black bear were abundant in that section, and weighed from 300 to 600 pounds. In one water hole Collier, on the previous Monday, found the foot-prints of nine separate bear.

The camp was pitched on high ground, on Little Sunflower River. It was simple but comfortable and hunter-like. All had tents to sleep in, but we ate standing at an uncovered table, and several times in the rain.

At night we sat about a big camp fire in the open, made against a huge oak log, about six feet in diameter. The President had a large arm rustic contrivance which he scorned for the purpose intended, but in which he was very imposing at the camp fire. We dubbed it "The Throne." At the outset he announced that in the woods he was not President, and that from that time on he was to be addressed only as Colonel.

The weather was cold at times and some mornings there was a skim of ice at the edge of the water. This did not deter the Colonel from taking his morning plunge in the river.

Much was said at one time in the public prints about his drinking to excess, and he sued and recovered a judgment in New York against the slanderer.

On this hunt we were in the woods five days, or more, and although whiskey of various brands was in evidence, and most of those present paid it their compliments, I never saw him take a drink, even when he returned from the hunt wet and cold. I gave a deposition to this effect in that slander suit.

Every night we sat up late around the fire, black and white, a large company of us, and were regaled with hunting and fishing stories and reminiscences, illustrative of the days before, during and after the civil war. With the exception of the famous bear hunter Bobo, Collier had killed more bear than any man in that country. One year he had killed about 100. He was a good raconteur in a quaint, homely, sportsmanlike way, and by his vivid and intense descriptions aroused and sustained unflagging interest.

The Colonel drew him out, and he told with vivid details how he, a mere boy, had run away from home to serve with his young master, Hinds, in the Confederate

Judge J. M. Dickinson.

IT IS with special pride we announce a series of stories and reminiscences by Judge J. M. Dickinson—great American, great jurist, great diplomat, great Cabinet Officer and great sportsman.

To recite even briefly the signal achievements of this vital personality would fill this page. He was a Confederate soldier at fourteen and his masterful direction of the U. S. side before the Alaskan Boundaries Tribunal is history.

Judge Dickinson is of the best fox hunting ancestry of the south and a devotee of sports afield and astream from boyhood. Like Daniel Webster, he loves running waters and Theodore Roosevelt was his companion in the chase. All Waltonians will love the page which comes from the man who first said, "Fish and Game Cannot Vote."

WILL H. DILG, *Editor.*

Army, and being pressed by the Colonel, reluctantly told how he had killed a Federal officer in a horse-back pistol duel but these are too long to relate here. The Colonel also developed from him much information about his race, and the conditions affecting them before, during and after the war.

The President was a master leader in evoking and directing conversation. It was manifest from the very first, that while he was deeply interested in the hunt, his main object was a study on the ground of the race problem. Often he took me into the woods, and sitting on a log, plied me with questions which he thought would throw light on this difficult subject, which he had so much at heart. The bear hunt had larger results than those involved in the mere sport, and undoubtedly the information and impressions that he gained during that week, strongly influenced the development of his subsequent attitude on this question. While the hunt was strenuous, exhilarating and joyous, only three bear and one deer were killed. The woods were so dense, and the canebrake so heavy, that it was impossible for any, who did not know the short cuts, to keep in hearing of the hounds. Neither the President nor any of the visiting hunters fired a shot. The first day was warm, and the hounds ran a large bear for many miles, made him swim the river two or three times, and finally brought him to bay in a miry water hole, where he was thoroughly exhausted. Collier roped him and tied him to a tree. When the foremost hunters arrived, the hounds were baying and snapping at him and nipping him, and he with his tongue lolling out was sitting halfway up in the mud, swaying from side to side helplessly. The Colonel was called on to shoot him, but indignantly spurned the proposal. After that no one had the audacity to shoot. There had to be an end to the affair, and Parker took the Colonel's hunting knife, approached the bear on the left side, and reaching over him, stabbed him under the right shoulder in the heart. He well knew the hazard of stabbing him on the near side, for a bear always strikes, as this one did, in the direction of the thrust, and serious injury, if not death, would surely come if the coup de grace were given on the near side. A local poet, or rather poetaster, thus immortalized "The Hunt":

"B" is a lanky black "bar"
That lived in the woods where they are.
He saw a special at Smedes.

(Continued on page 60)

Honorable Leroy Percy, former U. S. Senator from Mississippi

From left to right, Dr. Richardson, Judge Dickinson, President Roosevelt and Governor John M. Parker

Holt Collier, famous bear hunter

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

Monty Price's Nightingale

By ZANE GREY

Illustrations by Frank Stick

ROUND the camp fires they cursed him in hearty cowboy fashion, and laid upon him the ban of their ill will. They said that Monty Price had no friend—that no foreman or rancher ever trusted him—that he never spent a dollar—that he would not keep a job—that there must be something crooked about a fellow who bunked and worked alone, who quit every few months to ride away, no one knew where, and who returned to the ranges, haggard and thin and shaky, hunting for another place.

He had been drunk somewhere, and the wonder of it was that no one in the Tonto Forest Ranges had ever seen him drink a drop. Red Lake and Gallatin and Bellville knew him, but no more of him than the ranges. He went farther afield, they said, and hinted darker things than a fling at a faro or a fondness for red liquor.

But there was no rancher, no cowboy from one end of the vast range country to another who did not admit Monty Price's pre-eminence in those peculiar attributes of his calling. He was a magnificent rider; he had an iron and cruel hand with a horse, yet he never killed or crippled his mount; he possessed the Indian instinct for direction; he never failed on the trail of lost stock; he could ride an outlaw and brand a wild steer and shoe a vicious mustang as bragging cowboys swore they could; and supreme test of all he would endure, without complaint, long toilsome hours in the piercing wind and freezing sleet and blistering sun.

"I'll tell you what," said old Abe Somers, "I've ranched from the Little Big Horn to the Pecos, an' I've seen a sight of cowpunchers in my day. But Monty Price's got 'em all skinned. It shore is too bad he's onreliable—packin' off the way he does, jest when he's the boy most needed. Some mystery about Monty."

It was an old story in the Tonto—how once when Monty returned from one of his strange absences and rode in to Cass Stringer's.

Cass was the biggest rancher in those parts, and, as it happened, at the time was without a foreman and in urgent need of men. "Monty, I'll give you a job—make you foreman—double any wages you ever got—if you'll promise to stick through summer and the fall round-up." Monty made the promise, and he ran Cass' outfit as it had never been run before; and then, with the very day of the round-up at hand, he broke his word and rode away.

That hurt Monty in the Tonto country. He never got another foreman job, but it seemed he could always find some outfit that would employ him. And strangely he was always at one and the same time unwelcome and welcome. His record made him unpopular. But, on the other hand, while he was with an outfit, he made for efficiency and speed. The extra duty, the hard task, the problem with stock or tools or harness—these always fell to Monty. His most famous trick was to offer to take a comrade's night shift.

So it often happened that while the cowboys lolled round their camp fire, Monty Price, after a hard day's riding, would stand out the night guard, in rain and snow. But he always made a bargain. He sold his service. And the boys were wont to say that he put his services high. Still they would never have grumbled at that if Monty had ever spent a dollar. He saved his money. He never bought any fancy boots or spurs or bridles or scarfs or chaps; and his cheap jeans and saddles were the jest of his companions.

Nevertheless, in spite of Monty's shortcomings, he rode in the Tonto on and off for five years before he made an enemy.

There was a cowboy named Bart Muncie who had risen to be a foreman and who eventually went to ranching on a small scale. He acquired a range up in the forest country where grassy valleys and parks lay between the wooded hills, and here in a wild spot among the pines he built a cabin for his wife and baby. It came about that Monty went to work for Muncie, and rode for him for six months. Then, in a dry season, with Muncie short of help and with long drives to make, Monty quit in his inexplicable way and left the rancher in dire need. Muncie lost a good deal of stock that fall, and he always blamed Monty for it.

Some weeks later it chanced that Muncie was in Bellville the very day Monty returned from his latest mysterious absence. And the two met in a crowded store.

Monty appeared vastly different from the lean-jawed, keen-eyed, hard-riding cowboy of a month back. He was haggard and thin and shaky and spiritless and somber.

"See here, Monty Price," said Muncie with stinging scorn, "I reckon you'll spare me a minute of your precious time."

"I reckon so," replied Monty.

Muncie used up more than the allotted minute in calling Monty every bad name known to the range.

"An' the worst of all you are is thet you're a liar!" concluded the rancher passionately. "I relied on you an' you failed me. You lost me a herd of stock. Put me back a year! An' for what? God only knows what! We ain't got you figgered here—not thet way. But after this trick you turned me, we all know you're not square. An' I go on record callin' you as you deserve. You're no good. You've got a streak of yellow, an' you sneak off now an' then to indulge it. An' most of all you're a liar! Now, if it ain't all so—flash your gun!"

But Monty Price did not draw.

The scorn and abuse of the cowboys might never have been, for all the effect it had on Monty. He did not see it or feel it. He found employment with a rancher named Wentworth, and went at his work in the old, inimitable manner, that was at once the admiration and despair of his fellows. He rolled out of his blankets in the gray dawn, and he was the last to roll in at night. In a week all traces of his weakened condition had vanished, and he grew strong and dark and hard, once more like iron. And then again he was up to his old tricks, more intense than ever, eager and gruff at bargaining his time, obsessed by the one idea—to make money.

To Monty the long, hot dusty, blasting days of summer were as moments. Time flew for him. The odd jobs; the rough trails; the rides without water or food; the long stands in the cold rain; the electric storms when the lightning played around and cracked in his horse's mane, and the uneasy herd bawled and milled—all these things that were the everlasting torment of his comrades were as nothing to Monty. He endured the smart of rope-burned wrist, the bruise and chafe and ache of limb—all the knocks and hurts of this strenuous work, and he endured them as if they were not.

And when the first pay day came and Monty tucked away a little roll of greenbacks inside his vest, and kept adding to it as one by one his comrades paid him for some bargained service—then in Monty Price's heart began the low and insistent and sweetly alluring call of the thing that had ruined him. Thereafter sleeping or waking, he lived in a dream, with that music in his heart, and the hours were fleeting.

On the mountain trails, in the noonday heat of the dusty ranges, in the dark, sultry nights with their thunderous atmosphere he was always listening to that song of his nightingale. To his comrades he seemed a silent

morose, greedy cowboy, a demon for work, with no desire for friendship, no thought of home or kin, no love of a woman or a horse or anything, except money. To Monty himself, his whole inner life grew rosier and mellower and richer as day by day his nightingale sang sweeter and louder. Every time he felt that little bundle inside his vest a warm and delicious thrill went over him. On the long rides he pressed it with his hand a hundred times to feel if it were there, to feel the substance that made possible the fulfillment of his dream. Like a slave he toiled to add to that precious treasure.

Deep planted in his soul was a passion that drove him, consumed him. It enormously magnified the importance of his little wage, of his bargaining with his fellows, of his jealous saving. It was the very life and fire of his blood—the bent of his mind—the secret of his endurance and his dream. And when he was away from the chuck wagon and the camp fire, out on the windy range or up in the pine-sloped forest, alone and free, then he was strangely happy, thoughtlessly happy, living in his dream, planning and waiting, always listening to the song of his nightingale.

And that song was a song of secret revel—far away—where he gave up to this wind of flame that burned within him—where a passionate and irresistible strain in his blood found its outlet—where wanton red lips whispered, and wanton eyes, wine dark and seductive, lured him, and wanton arms twined around him.

The rains failed to come that summer. The gramma grass bleached on the open ranges and turned yellow up in the parks. But there was plenty of grass and water to last out the fall. It was fire the ranchers feared.

Up on the forest ridges snow was always due in November. But the driest fall ever known in the Tonto passed into winter without rain or snow. On the open praire the white grass waved in the wind, so dry it crinkled; and the forest ridges were tinder boxes waiting for a spark. The ranchers had all their men riding up the parks and draws and slopes after the cattle that kept working farther and farther up. The stock that strayed was wild and hard to hold. There were far too few cowboys. And it was predicted, unless luck changed the weather, that there would be serious losses.

One morning above the low, gray-stoned and black-fringed mountain range rose clouds of thick, creamy smoke. There was fire on the other side of the mountain. But unless the wind changed and drew fire in over the pass there was no danger on that score. The wind was right; it seldom changed at that season, though sometimes it blew a gale. Still the ranchers grew more anxious. The smoke clouds rolled up and spread and hid the top of the mountain, and then lifted slow, majestic columns of white and yellow toward the sky.

On the day that Wentworth, along with other alarmed ranchers, sent men up to fight the fire in the pass, Monty Price quit his job and rode away. He did not tell anybody. He just took his little pack and his horse, and in the confusion of the hour he rode away. For days he felt that his call might come at any moment, and finally it had come. It did not occur to him that he was quitting Wentworth at a most critical time; and it would not have made any difference to him if it had occurred to him.

He rode away with bells in his heart. He felt like a boy at the prospect of a wonderful adventure. He felt like a man who had toiled and slaved, whose ambition had been supreme, and who had reached the pinnacle where his longing would be gratified. His freedom stirred in him the ecstatic emotion of the shipwrecked mariner who from a lonely height beheld a sail. He was strained, tense, overwrought. For six months he had been chained to toil he hated. And now he was free. He was going. He was on the way. The keen wind seemed like wine. For once he saw the blue of the sky, the beauty of the bold peaks in the distance. And he pulled in his horse upon the ridge of a high foothill, where the trail forked, and looked across the ranges, away toward the south that called him.

Monty Price was still a young man. Of light and powerful build, rangy and wiry, darkly bronzed with eyes like coals of fire, he appeared a handsome cowboy. His face was hard set, stern, like that of all men of his kind, and there was nothing in it to suggest his failing or that he deserved the brand that Muncie had put upon him. He seemed good to look at. There was something of the open, free ranges in his look and his action.

The smell of burning pine turned Monty round to face the north. There was valley below him, then open slopes, and patches of pine, rising gently to billow darkly with the timbered mass of the mountain. A pall of smoke curled away from the crest, borne on a strong wind. The level line of smoke broke sharply at the pass and turned toward him, running down into the saddle between the bluffs. The fire in the pass was gaining. He thought grimly that all the men in the Tonto country could not check it.

"Sure she's goin' to burn over," he muttered. "An' if that wind changes—whoopee!"

His road led to the right away from the higher ground and the timber. To his left the other road wound down the ridge to the valley below and stretched on through straggling pines and clumps of cedar toward the slopes and the forests. Monty had ridden that road a thousand times. For it led to Muncie's range. And as Monty's keen eye swept on over the parks and the thin wedge of pine to the black mass to timber beyond he saw something that made him draw up with a start. Clearly defined against the blue-black swelling slope was a white-and-yellow cloud of smoke. It was moving. At thirty miles distance, that it could be seen to move at all, was proof of the great speed with which it was traveling.

"She's caught!" he ejaculated. "'Way down on this side. An' she'll burn over. Nothin' can save the range!"

He watched, and those keen, practiced eyes made out the changing swelling columns of smoke, the widening path, the creeping dim red.

"Reckon that'll surprise Wentworth's outfit," soliloquized Monty thoughtfully. "It doesn't surprise me none. An' Muncie, too. His cabin's up there in the valley."

It struck Monty suddenly that the wind blew hard in his face. It was sweeping straight down the valley toward him. It was bringing that fire. Swift on the wind!

"One of them sudden changes of wind!" he said. "Veered right around! An' Muncie's range will go. An' his cabin!"

Straightway Monty grew darkly thoughtful. He had remembered seeing Muncie with Wentworth's men on the way to the pass. In fact, Muncie was the leader of this fire-fighting brigade.

"Sure he's fetched down his wife an' the baby," he muttered. "I didn't see them. But sure he must have."

Monty's sharp gaze sought the road for tracks. No fresh track showed! Muncie must have taken his family over the short-cut trail. Certainly he must have! Monty remembered Muncie's wife and child. The woman had hated him. But little Del with her dancing golden curls and her blue eyes—she had always had a ready smile for him. It came to Monty then suddenly, strangely, that little Del would have loved him if he had let her. Where was she now? Safe at Wentworth's without a doubt. But then she might not be. Muncie had certainly no fears of fire in the direction of home, not with the wind in the north and no prospect of change. It was quite possible—it was probable that the rancher had left his family at home that morning.

Monty experienced a singular shock. It had occurred to him to ride down to Muncie's cabin and see if the woman and child had been left. And whether or not he found them there the matter of getting back was a long chance. That wind was strong—that fire was sweeping down. How murky, red, sinister the slow-moving cloud!

"I ain't got a lot of time to decide," he said. His face turned pale and beads of sweat came out upon his brow.

That sweet little golden-haired Del, with her blue eyes and her wistful smile! Monty saw her as if she had been there. Then like lightning flashed back the thought that he was on his way to his revel. And the fires of hell burst in his veins. And more deadly sweet than any siren music rang the song of his nightingale in his heart. Neither honor nor manliness had ever stood be-

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"He pulled in his horse upon the ridge of a high foot-hill and looked away toward the South that called him."

tween him and his fatal passion. Nothing, he thought, no claim of man or child or God, could stop him. No situation had ever before arisen with the power to make him even think of resisting. A million times sweeter sang his nightingale, imperiously, wonderfully. He was in a swift, golden dream, with the thick fragrance of wine, and the dark, mocking, luring eyes on him. All this that was more than life to him—to give it up—to risk it—to put it off an hour! He felt the wrenching pang of something deep hidden in his soul, beating its way up, torturing him. But it was strange and mighty. In that terrible moment it decided for him; and the smile of a child was stronger than the unquenchable and blasting fire of his heart.

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Monty untied his saddle and threw it aside; and then with tight-shut jaw he rode down the steep descent to the level valley. His horse was big and strong and fast. He was fresh, too, and in superb condition. Once down on the hard-packed road he broke into a run, and it took an iron arm to hold him from extending himself. Monty calculated on saving the horse for the run back. He had no doubt that would be a race with fire. And he had been in forest fires more than once.

The big bay settled into a steady, easy-running gait. The valley floor sloped up quite perceptibly, and the road was many times cut and crossed by a dry wash. Soon Monty reached the bleached and scraggy cedars—and the scant thickets of scrub oak—and then the straggling pines. They were dwarfed and gnarled, and many were dead. As he advanced, however, these trees grew thicker and larger. Then he rode out of the pines into a park, where the white grass and the gray sage waved in the wind.

A dry, odorous scent of burning wood came on the breeze. He could still see part of the smoke cloud that had alarmed him, but, presently, when he had crossed into the pines again it passed from his sight. The ascent of the valley merged into level and the slopes widened out and the road crossed park after park, all girdled by pines. Then he entered the forest proper. It was dark and shady. The great pines stood far apart, with only dead limbs low down, and high above, the green, lacy foliage massed together. There was no underbrush. Here and there a fallen monarch lay with great slabs of bark splitting off. The ground was a thick brown mat of pine needles, as dry as powder.

The dry, strong smell of pine was almost sickening. It rushed at Monty—filling his nostrils. And in the treetops there was a steady, even roar of wind. Monty had a thought of how that beautiful brown and green forest, with its stately pines and sunny glades, would be changed in less than an hour.

There seemed to be a blue haze veiling the aisles of the forest, and Monty kept imagining it was smoke. And he imagined the roar in the pines grew louder. It was his impatience and anxiety that made the ride seem so long. But he was immensely relieved when he reached Muncie's corral. It was full of horses, and they were snorting, stamping, heads up, facing the direction of the wind. That wind seemed stronger, more of a warm, pine-laden blast, which smelled of fire and smoke. It appeared to be full of fine dust or ashes. Monty dismounted and had a look at his horse. He was wet and hot, just right for a grueling race. Monty meant to let down the bars of the corral gate, so that Muncie's horses could escape, but he was deterred by the thought that he might need another mount. Then he hurried on to Muncie's cabin.

This was a structure of logs and clapboards, standing in a little clearing, with the great pines towering all around. Presently Monty saw the child, little Del, playing in the yard with a dog. He called. The child heard, and being frightened ran into the cabin. The dog came barking toward Monty. He was a big, savage animal, a trained watchdog. But he recognized Monty.

Hurrying forward Monty went to the open door and called Mrs. Muncie. There was no immediate response. He called again. And while he stood there waiting, listening, above the roar of the wind he heard a low, dull, thundering sound, like a waterfall in a flooded river. It sent the blood rushing back to his heart, leaving him cold. He had not a single instant to lose.

"Mrs. Muncie," he called louder. "Come out! Bring the child! It's Monty Price. There's forest fire! Hurry!"

Still he did not get an answer. Then he called little Del, with like result. He reflected that the mother often drove to town, leaving the child in care of the watchdog. Besides, usually Muncie or one of his men was near at hand. But now there did not seem to be anybody here. And that dull, continuous sound shook Monty's nerve. He yelled into the open door. Then he stepped in. There was no one in the big room—or the kitchen. He grew hurried now. The child was hiding. Finally he found her in the clothespress, and he pulled her out. She was frightened. She did not recognize him.

"Del, is your mother home?" he asked.

The child shook her head.

"He had to race with fire. He had

With that Monty picked her up, along with a heavy shawl he saw, and hurrying out, he ran down to the corral. The horses were badly frightened now. Monty set little Del down, threw the shawl into a water trough and then he let down the bars of the gate. The horses pounded out in a cloud of dust. Monty's horse was frightened, too, and almost broke away. There was now a growing roar on the wind. It seemed right upon him. Yet he could not see any fire or smoke. The dog came to him, whining and sniffing.

With swift hands Monty soaked the shawl thoroughly in the water, and then wrapping it round little Del and holding her tight, he mounted. The horse plunged and broke and plunged again—then leaped out straight and fast down the road. And Monty's ears seemed pierced and filled by a terrible, thundering roar.

For an instant the awful and unknown sound froze him, stiffened him in his saddle, robbed him of strength. It was the feel of the child that counteracted this and then roused the daredevil in him. The years of his range life had engendered wildness and violence, which

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to beat the wind of flame to the open parks through ten miles of dry forest like powder!"

now were to have expression in a way new to him.

He had to race with fire. He had to beat the wind of flame to the open parks. Ten miles of dry forest, like powder! Though he had never seen it he knew fire backed by heavy wind could rage through dry pine faster than a horse could run. He would fail in the one good deed of his life. And flashing into his mind came the shame and calumny that before had never affected him. It was not for such as he to have the happiness of saving a child. He had accepted a fatal chance; he had forfeited that which made life significant to attempt the impossible. Fate had given him a bitter part to play. But he swore a grim and ghastly oath that he would beat this game. The intense and abnormal passion of the man, damned for years, never controlled, burst within him—and suddenly, terribly, he awoke to a wild joy in this race with fire. He had no love of life—no fear of death. All that he wanted to do—the last thing he wanted to do was to save this child. And to do that he would have burned there in the forest and for a million years in the dark beyond.

So it was with wild joy and rage that Monty Price welcomed this race. He goaded the horse. Then he looked back.

Through the aisles of the forest he saw a strange streaky, murky something, moving, alive, shifting up and down, never an instant the same. It must have been the wind, the heat before the fire. He seemed to see through it, but there was nothing beyond, only opaque, dim, mustering clouds. Hot puffs shot into his face. His eyes smarted and stung. His ears hurt, and were being stopped up. The deafening roar was the roar of avalanches, of maelstroms, of rushing seas, of the wreck and ruin and end of the world. It grew to be so great a roar that he no longer heard. There was only silence. His horse stretched low on a dead run; the tips of the pines were bending in the wind; and wildfire was blowing through the forest, but there was no sound.

Ahead of him, down the road, low under the spreading trees, floated swiftly some kind of a medium, like a transparent veil. It was neither smoke nor air. It

(Continued on page 74)

Tying the Modern Dry Fly

By GEORGE PARKER HOLDEN

Author of "Streamcraft" and "The Idyll of the Split-Bamboo"

Dr. George Parker Holden.

TO the mind of the writer, the acme of the art of fly-making is demonstrated in the tying of the modern dry fly intended to delude the wary trout. To be sure, a salmon fly affords opportunity for more quantity in detail and for indulgence in more riotous gaudiness; but art in subtlety ranks higher and offers the greater fascination for the creator.

Furthermore, almost any concoction will serve successfully the purpose of the wet or sunken lure which by the fish is not subjected to the same appraising scrutiny given the gently-moving fly erect on the surface of the water. The wet fly is always distorted in its motion by or through the water, and must present to the fish a particularly nondescript appearance through broken or swiftly flowing water.

Owing to more intense fishing of waters and to lowered water from deforestation, trout have been getting better and better educated or more and more angler-shy, so that it has become axiomatic among expert practical fishermen that nowadays any noteworthy success in trouting, outside of virgin waters, must depend upon the proper application of the right sort of dry or floating flies. These flies should be small, **slimly or scantily fashioned,** and attached to a fine silkworm-gut (or gray horsehair) casting-line or leader. Nor is color a negligible factor, although the size, form and manner of presentation of the artificial fly are more important.

We will not argue here this much-debated color question, but irrespective of practical demonstrations that have been made which show that fish can distinguish between colors, we would note that Nature's methods are not usually heedless or needless and will remind the reader of the more brilliant plumage of male birds; is, then, the female trout wholly insensitive to the brighter colors of the nuptial dress of her male consort in which he is appareled at the spawning season?

A word not in apology for but in explanation of the illustrations accompanying this discussion. They are diagrammatic; if they but serve to convey the ideas intended they have fulfilled all that was expected of them.

With these preliminaries disposed of, we will now proceed to give concise directions for what the writer believes to be the best method of tying the "right sort" of dry flies—the best that can be made. This is the way in which the best anglers he knows tie the best flies he has ever seen—best in their artistic perfection, in their durability, and dependability in delivering the goods. He has known such a fly—the same fly, mind you—to catch eighteen goodly trout in one day—and in low, clear summer water. That is the chief excuse for giving these details, although goodness knows the tyro angler has had thrust upon him many descriptions of fly-tying which no matter how minutely followed could never result in producing a creditable dry fly; and some directions given even by writers who themselves never tied an artificial fly, much less being able to achieve such a result by means of their own instructions.

The Hook. For the foundation or skeleton choose an eyed hook not larger than No. 12 and made of not too heavy wire; and preferably a flat or straight hook, that is, one not having its point deflected to one side or "kirbed." The Model Perfect and Pennell Limerick patterns are of satisfactory shape and weight.

Tying Silk. It must be fine and strong and suitably waxed to prevent slipping. Size 00 or 000 may be found in plain black or white at the embroidery counters of large department or millinery stores, but for this fine silk thread in colors (it is much finer than the size A familiar domestic silk) we are dependent upon importation from England. Pearsall's gossamer tying silk may be had by mail, in most any color, from any of the prominent English tackle firms.

A simply compounded and satisfactory wax is made after the McClelland recipe, which is equal parts of light resin and turpentine mixed by placing the container in boiling water. Then pour into collapsible tubes. When it has cooled, place a bit between a fold of soft leather, and by drawing the tying-thread through it shortly before using it will be in proper shape when wanted.

The silk should be wound as tightly as possible without breaking in the various operations, and only one or two turns made at most of the individual stages of the fly-tying process. Too many turns, using too much silk and causing needless bulkiness is the common fault of the novice tyer. A piece of tying-silk about 15 inches long is amply sufficient for tying the usual fly; you will have plenty to spare.

Wings. No substitute is equal to feathers. The most useful will be the mottled breast feathers of the wood duck or of the mallard, or any wild duck secondary wing feathers of a grayish-brown or grayish-blue color. The wood duck breast feathers perhaps enjoy the greatest popularity, but it has been some years since wood duck could be legally killed. A thin mixture of yellow-ochre artists' tube oil-color with gasoline will color mallard breast feathers to approximate the appearance of wood duck feathers. The neatest flies are made by using only the little "fan" at the tip of these breast feathers for the wings, and leaving the full length of the stripped quill at their butts for ease of handling. But you can use web fibers stripped from the sides of the quill, in a little bunch for each wing.

Starling wing-feathers are popular favorites in England for dry-fly wings, little strips separated and torn or cut from their sides being used. When feather tips or fans or flat strips of wing feathers are used, they are generally used double—two strips or fans for either wing; though some good tyers make single wings even in dry

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flies. Owing to the prevalence of the English starling in America in recent years, and to its being generally regarded as a pest, starling feathers should not be difficult to obtain.

Dry-fly wings sit erect, are generally separated, and flare out.

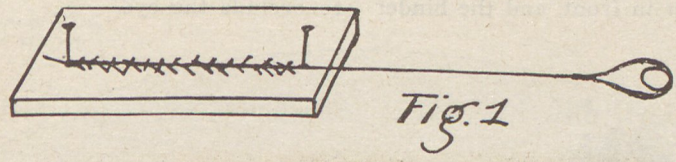
Fig. 1

Body. Preferred body material is fur (as fox or muskrat), wool fibers, or the fine stripped bare quill from the eye of a peacock feather. The fur is the fine fuzzy particles picked or combed out from its "roots." This is used in the form of "dubbing," twisted in with a piece of tying-silk and so wound onto the shank of the hook. Wool bodies, whether made from worsted strands or other form of material, are preferably made also by dubbing onto tying-silk the picked-out wool fibers, and so using rather than winding the woolen strands themselves onto the hook. As gray, grayish-blue or grayish-brown are always satisfactory colors for wings, so yellow, orange, gray or grayish-blue will prove most generally satisfactory for bodies, and light or dark reddish-brown for hackles (legs).

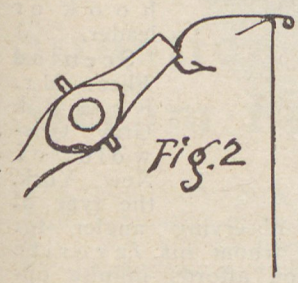
Fig. 2

This "dubbed" body should be prepared before you start to tie the fly, and here is the easy way to do it. Drive two pins or brads into a piece of board about 8 inches apart. Having waxed say an 18-inch piece of tying-silk, take a few turns at one end around one pin to hold it. Apply a hackle pliers or forceps to the free end of the silk and twist it well. Now stretch the silk between the pins and take a few turns around the second pin (Fig. 1) leaving the pliers attached to the end to prevent this half's untwisting.

Lay bits of fur or wool-fiber fuzz along the waxed length of silk between the pins. Next bring the free or plier end of silk back and lay it over the part between the pins, and catch it with a couple of turns around pin No. 1. The fur or wool fibers now lie between the two lengths of the piece of doubled tying-silk. Then pull out pin No. 2, when because of the twist you put into the silk thread its two halves will automatically **twist themselves together** and catch the fur or wool firmly. Now roll a little under fingers, pick out with your fingers the excess of fur or wool dubbing, as it should be but scanty, and your body material is ready.

Hackles. The length of the hackle fibers which form each lateral half of the hackle feather should not be more than long enough to make the longest legs only the length of the hook on which the fly is tied. Hence long, narrow hackle feathers, and not broad short ones, are the desirable kind. As the hackle is the main factor in floating the fly, Halford advised that two hackles be tied in for added buoyancy. Some good tyers prefer a single hackle feather, but a long one. Light reddish-brown (ginger) or the darker red (chestnut) hackles are most generally useful; but natural (steely) blues are much prized for certain patterns of flies and they are very difficult to acquire.

Tail Whisks (Caudal Stylets). For these use from four to six fibers of hackle feather, or fibers from any wing or breast feather of the desired color.

Patterns of Flies: Here are two patterns of flies that used day in and out from one end of the season to the other will land as many trout from our Eastern streams, outside of Maine or Canada, or any others, and more than most: First, the Cahill, which has wings of wood duck or of yellowish-brown stained mallard, and tail whisks of the same; dubbing body of grayish fur (muskrat or rabbit) or of grayish wool fibers; hackle of reddish-brown.

The other pattern you may call a form of yellow dun. It has grayish-blue or grayish-brown wings of duck wing-feather; dubbing of red or yellow fox fur or of light yellowish wool for body; reddish-brown (ginger) hackle; and tail fibers of mottled mallard.

Now we'll tie a fly.

1. Place hook in jaws of vise and catch tying thread to shank by two or three turns beginning a little less than ⅛ inch from head or eye end. Make turns of silk around hook away from you. The starting end silk is caught under these initial turns and then you cut this short end off close. (Fig. 2.)

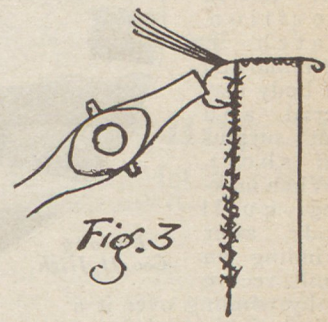
Fig. 3

2. Carry tying-silk in spirals around shank down to bend of hook (only a little beyond the point) and with two turns catch in tail whisks. Then one turn **behind** these whisks and pull toward eye, to raise them up a bit. Next one turn to catch in body material (dubbing), when carry thread in spirals back to starting point. (Fig. 3.)

3. Fasten in wings now where thread is hanging, little behind the eye (not too close to it). In putting the wings on thus, over the groundwork of tying-silk, you have a secure foundation **that prevents them from turning or twisting on the hook shank.** Wings should not be longer than length of hook. Group them at the proper point tightly between left thumb and forefinger, place down on hook in a somewhat vertical position, and **do not release grip** until they are firmly caught by two turns of thread (tying-silk). This maintained grip of the feathers is the trick that prevents distortion and produces neat wings. Now separate wings and take two oblique (X) turns between and around them. (Fig. 4.)

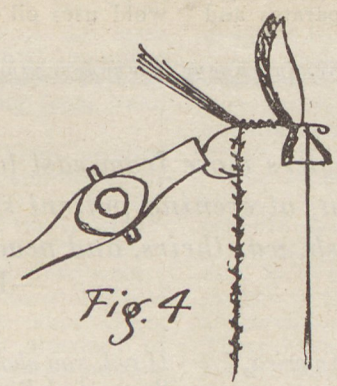
Fig. 4

4. Turn back stubs of wings (parts projecting below hook shank), whether they consist of feather web or of the stripped quill, and lay them back alongside of shank on either side, and hold them there with a turn or two of thread close behind the wings. If stubs are bulky, of feather web, trim away the greater part obliquely, with scissors, and bind in what remains of them. If stubs are quill butts, cut off any surplus after winding in to shank.

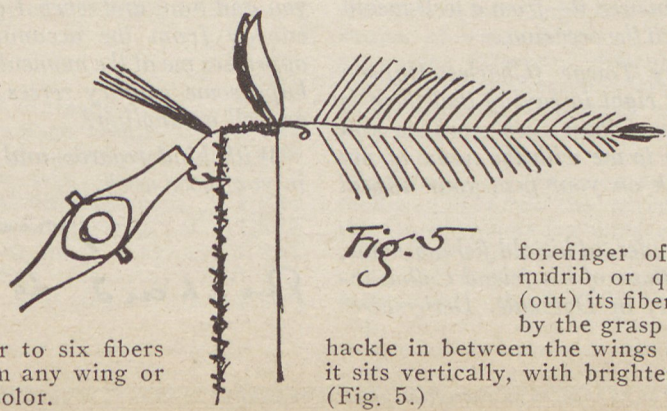
Fig. 5

5. Now take a hackle feather by its tip and running the thumb and forefinger of the other hand down its midrib or quill, "strip" or turn back (out) its fibers, excepting those few held by the grasp at its tip. Then catch this hackle in between the wings by its cleaned butt so that it sits vertically, with brighter or outer side facing you. (Fig. 5.)

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(If but one hackle feather is used, its butt may be placed either on top of the hook shank, between the wings, or to the far or near side of the shank—it makes no difference; but if Halford's recommendation of **two** hackles be followed, one must lie against the far side or behind the shank, and the other in front, and **the hinder one must be wound on first,** in both cases turning the feather away from you.)

Wind the dubbed body up close to back of wings, and with it force wings upright and forward to the desired position. Catch in terminal end of body material and cut surplus off short. (When making quill body, after winding on quill secure it by winding over it a spiral ribbing of finest gold or copper wire, turned in the opposite direction or toward you. This wire is caught in at same time with the end of the quill, the quill of course replacing dubbing as a body material.)

7. Catch hackle tip in pliers and wind the hackle on, on edge, turning the feather away from you as already noted. Take first turn in front of the wings, two oblique (X) turns between wings, which further separates and spreads them, and final turns behind the wings. Catch in hackle end and trim off surplus. Secure tying-silk by three half-hitches or by the whip finish just behind the eye of hook. Cut off close remaining end of tying-silk and, finally, apply a drop of varnish here taking care not to occlude the eye.

Friend, you now have an honest-to-goodness dry fly—ready to do business, that will do business, and that will continue to do business for a surprising length of time, barring breakage of the hook or leader.

Scented Flies: Mr. Frank Gray Griswold, of New York, the type of observing angler for whom his favorite avocation affords infinite opportunities for interesting experiment, is firmly convinced of the increased efficacy of scented flies when used in high and discolored water. This idea also received Walton's attention. And certain native commercial fishermen of a modern day practice it when they rub their nets with bruised wild celery. Mr. Griswold uses oil of rhodium for the anointing.

Photo by Geo. H. High

"You are to note there are twelve kinds of artificial made Flies, to angle with upon the top of the water—. Thus have you a jury of Flies, likely to betray and condemn all the Trouts in the River." The Compleat Angler—Izaak Walton.

The patient anglers move from east to west,
Patient at morn, at evening patient still;
Peace, if not fish, was theirs, and peace is best.

—Richard Le Gallienne

President Izaak Walton League of America.

MY Dear Sir: I do hope you will excuse my long delay in answering your interesting letter. As a correspondent I'm afraid I'm an old incorrigible, and the more interesting the letter the longer I often take to answer it—from a well-meant desire probably to match the occasion.

Our friend, Charley Towne (Charles Hanson Towne), was certainly right in saying that there is nothing nearer my heart than such work as you are doing, and coming to me with the name of my old patron saint Izaak on your pen, your appeal is the stronger.

Were you ever, I wonder, at his old fishing-home, with his initials and those of his friend Cotton intertwined over the door, in Dovedale, Derbyshire? If not, you should some day go there. It is one of the most idyllic spots in England, a little woodland temple to the memory of the old apostle of peace and angling—"piscatoribus sacrum."

I should very much like to write something for you and him, and when I get some spare time and energy from the accumulation of work which oppresses me at the moment, I will not forget. Perhaps some country verses would serve your need as well as angling?

With kind regards, and wishing you all success in your good work.

Yours very sincerely
Richard Le Gallienne.

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

Pollution

Edited by DR. JAMES A. HENSHALL
Most Famed of Americans on This Subject

Concerning the Protection of Fish, Fish Food and Inland Waters

The Most Important Problem the I. W. L. A. Will Have to Solve

THE following article by Mr. William B. McCaleb gives a thorough and comprehensive view of the pollution condition throughout the state of Pennsylvania. As Mr. McCaleb says, "there is no easy solution of the question," but undoubtedly the first great necessary step is to awaken public opinion to the need of action and to the conviction that a remedy can be found if individuals and communities will protest against the outrage and sufficiently bestir themselves. In my opinion, there must eventually be a Federal law for the safeguarding of the purity of our waters, but in the meantime the Creator of clear, clean, unpolluted waters surely must expect every man and woman, every town and city and state to do their full duty in the effort to help solve this tremendously important question.

James A. Henshall

Situation in Pennsylvania With Reference to Stream Pollution

By WILLIAM B. McCALEB
Vice-President, Pennsylvania State Game Commission

PENNSYLVANIA is a great state, having now a population of more than eight and one-half million, and its preeminence in the coal and steel industries is well known. It also ranks high as an agricultural state, and is an important factor in many other industries, so that it has a great variety of occupations for its people to engage in.

The topography is as varied as its industries, and ranges from the flat alluvial plains of the southeastern part of the state to the rugged mountains of central Pennsylvania, where so much of its valuable coal lies buried.

Years ago it could well be said that it was "well wooded and well watered." The name of the state means Penn's woods, for when the first colonists arrived, practically the entire area was forest covered and watered by numerous streams, ranging from small runs to large rivers.

The watercourses remain, but not in their original condition. Many of them can hardly be considered as streams; they are more nearly open sewers. The development of nearly 4,500 coal mines and the construction of some 48,000 manufacturing plants, has been carried on regardless of their effect on the pure waters of our streams. Practically all of these industrial plants require water for their own use, and in many cases, require very large quantities of a high standard of purity. The pollution of many of our streams has reached a point where they have been totally destroyed for all ordinary purposes, and the industries, themselves, are put to a large expense in order to secure the water supplies which they need in their daily operations.

Pennsylvania has many large streams within her borders, among the most important of which are as follows:

	Square Miles
The Monongahela River, total drainage area	7,340
The Allegheny River, total drainage area	11,705
The Susquehanna River, total drainage area	27,400
The Schuylkill River, total drainage area	1,915
The Youghiogheny River, total drainage area	1,732
The Conemaugh River, total drainage area	1,375
The Kiskiminitas River, total drainage area	1,891
The Lehigh River, total drainage area	1,373
The Juniata River, total drainage area	3,426

The recreational value of many of these streams has been greatly diminished and in many cases, entirely destroyed. Instead of pure and clean streams, we now have polluted and discolored water. The acid waters discharged from the coal mines turn the streams red or yellow. Later they deposit large quantities of a dirty, yellow precipitate on their beds, and another state is a clear, green water, which to the uninitiated, looks pure, but tells its true story of gross contamination somewhere above along the river, and the hardness still contained in the water. The anthracite coal is washed and dirty, black water, containing fine coal in suspension is washed into the stream. Today fine anthracite coal is being dredged from the Susquehanna River at many points, a large part of which undoubtedly came all the way down the river from the Wilkes-Barre district, a distance from 50 to 150 miles.

The various manufacturing industries may turn the water most any color at all, which not even the rainbow ever knew. In addition, these industrial wastes frequently carry large quantities of material in suspension, which adds to the objectionable qualities of the streams.

The waters of practically all of our large streams are already so seriously polluted by industrial wastes that fish life has vanished, except in the upper reaches and small tributaries. Delaware Shad, like our virgin forests, is a thing of the past. Some few fish are still caught in the rivers, but fishing as an industry and as a recreation is rapidly vanishing in the lower rivers. There have been no fish in the Kiskiminitas, or in the lower Monongahela, Allegheny, Youghiogheny and Conemaugh rivers for many years past. These streams are so seriously polluted that swimming in them is not advisable, and they are not even attractive for boating or camping.

The condition of the Schuylkill River is now such that the City of Philadelphia is about to abandon it as a source of water supply. The City of Pittsburgh is experiencing increasing difficulties, owing to the great pollution of the Allegheny River, from which it draws its water supply. The effect of the mine drainage is now so wide-spread that 43 per cent of the entire population of the state is using water which contains acid mine drainage. In most cases, this is thus far only an inconvenience, as the percentage of sulphuric acid in the large streams is comparatively small. When we consider that only about 2 per cent of the coal within the state has as yet been mined, it becomes apparent how serious the situation will become in the future.

In selecting a site for a new industry, the water supply is oftentimes a very important feature. As the pollution of our streams grows, this will become even more important, and it is entirely possible that the

future industrial growth of certain sections will be handicapped by the lack of adequate supplies of suitable water.

A conservation policy for our forests was recognized as being necessary long ago and the state established a Forestry Department and began buying cut over forest lands and now owns more than 1,250,000 acres, which it carefully protects from fires, etc. The state proposes to invest $25,000,000 more in forest lands, and the people will vote on the proposition to increase the indebtedness by that amount in 1925.

With the work of conserving the forests well started, the state authorities have now turned their attention to conserving the streams both for power and water supply purposes. The state is fortunate in having at its head as Governor at this time the Hon. Gifford Pinchot, who is well known to be deeply interested in all matters pertaining to the conservation of the natural resources of the country.

The place of our streams in the conservation program is not yet so widely appreciated, but it can readily be seen by the foregoing that it is equally, in fact more necessary than our forests. Stream pollution is daily becoming a more active subject. A few years ago technical papers dealt very largely with only the methods of discharging the liquid wastes of our industries. Today, methods of treatment and purification are commonly discussed. The daily press contains frequent references to this subject.

A direct move toward establishing conservation policy for streams in Pennsylvania was made at the last session of the legislature, when at the instance of Governor Pinchot, laws permitting the construction of dams for power purposes, and the new state code were passed, creating among other things a Sanitary Water Board, charged with the duty of enforcing the existing laws relating to stream pollution and of making surveys, studies and reports, with a view of recommending further remedial measures.

This problem has received a great deal of attention recently. The most difficult feature in meeting it is that there is no easy solution. Conservation of our streams does not necessarily mean prohibiting the discharge of all industrial wastes into our streams. A stream can absorb without serious harm a certain amount of industrial pollution, which is determined by the flow of the stream, the character of the waste and the character of the other wastes discharged into the stream. This ability of a stream to absorb a certain amount of industrial pollution is likewise a natural resource, which conservation requires shall be utilized. The Sanitary Water Board has recognized this fact, and is engaged in classifying streams so that streams which are now pure may be maintained so and streams which are now grossly polluted will for the time being, at least, not be affected in any way. With respect to the intermediate class of streams which are now receiving some pollution, an investigation will be made in each case in order that the rights of all may be maintained.

It is certainly only reasonable to assume the position that one industry or community should not be unduly handicapped by the presence of another industry or community on the watershed above. Many of our progressive manufacturers fully appreciate the seriousness of these conditions and have practically expressed their willingness to cooperate in solving the problems.

The difficulty lies in that in the present state of our knowledge, it is practically impossible to purify many industrial waste waters to a satisfactory degree. There are many methods of water softening in use throughout the country, and practically all of these are successful in improving conditions. Most of these methods, however, are not able to purify the highly polluted waters which must be purified before it can safely be said that the stream pollution problem has been solved.

Many manufacturers are engaged in attempting to develop methods of treating their waste products so that valuable by-products can be recovered to pay the cost of treatment. Splendid results have been secured in many cases, but there is still much research work to be done by the chemists.

All this together with the power and activities of the newly created Sanitary Water Board make us hopeful of better conditions in the future.

River Has a Kick, But the Salmon Don't Like It

Reprint from Cincinnati Times-Star, Feb. 9, 1924.

EACH year millions of dollars' worth of salmon and trout are to be saved in the State of Washington by installation in the irrigation ditches of simple electric stops, writes Alfred Powers in the February St. Nicholas.

The fruitful Yakima valley and other irrigated sections of Washington that derive their life-giving waters from tributaries of the mighty Columbia, or directly from that great river, have raised products of the soil with an accompanying sacrifice of at least two million dollars' worth of food-fish annually. This has been a tremendous sum to set against the value of the harvests of the fields; but while this wholesale destruction of salmon and trout seemed to be noithng short of criminal waste, there appeared no practicable way of stopping it.

The fish, with their impelling instinct to go upstream, infested the irrigation ditches literally by the hundreds of thousands. In countless hordes, they entered and ascended the flooded waterways. This migration into the ditches was always suicidal. When the water receded they found themselves stranded and gasping, and millions of them perished.

But now a cheap and simple electrical device is to put a stop to all this destruction. It is called the Burkey electric fish-stop. It is run with a small paddle-wheel, gathering its own power, the electricity traveling from one bank to the other. Electrodes are placed on each bank.

When a wandering salmon, seeking to enter an irrigation ditch, gets into the electrified zone, he receives a thrill in his vertebrae that causes him to change his mind about going any farther. He gets out as fast as one would pull a finger from contact with a red-hot stove. He doesn't care to navigate a stream with a kick in it like that. The current is not strong enough to kill or injure him, but it is sufficiently strong to make him feel for the moment that he is headed in the wrong direction and to make him seek a home somewhere besides in an irrigation ditch.

THE above reads like an amusing story, but there is a very serious side to it, and thereby hangs a tale, and a woeful one. The destruction of fish by irrigation ditches has been going on for fifty years or longer. The ruthless destruction of fish life by this means is just as bad, if not worse, than by pollution, as no fish, large or small, escapes. When in charge of the Federal Fisheries Station at Bozeman, Montana twenty-five years ago, I endeavored to stop, in some measure, the awful slaughter by legislation, but in vain. There was a statute providing that screens be placed at the intake of irrigation ditches to prevent fish from entering them. But the absurdity of the matter was that they were to be in place from November and during winter. This amusing bit of legislation was done to secure the votes of the ranchers, but not with any attempt to increase the supply of the fish resources of the state. Originally the bill provided that the screens be placed during the season of irrigation, in summer, but an amendment resulted as stated, an insult to the people of the state. The farmers were opposed to screens, as they would require frequent cleaning, owing to the accumulation of leaves and other trash. In order to meet this prejudice and opposition I devised a little paddle-wheel, with four or six paddles, to be placed in a short flume at the intake of a ditch. In 1892 I published a description of the wheel, with diagrams and illustrations, and stated that anyone might use it as there was no patent on it.

A few months later some wiseacre put a chicken wire envelope around the wheel, and with this "improvement" applied for a patent. And now after reading the above account of the electric wheel, it is not unlikely that still another patent has been secured on the score of applied electricity as an "improvement." I may be wrong in my conjecture, but the fact remains that it is not the wire covering of the wheel, nor the application of an electric current that prevents the passage of fish, but it is the revolving of the paddle-wheel. For a ditch, say two feet wide, the wheel and its flume, can be made in an hour, and without expense if a little waste lumber is available. In several ponds made by damming a creek near Bozeman, and stocked with fish, I advised the owners to place the little wheel at the spillway on the dam to prevent the fish from passing out. It proved a complete success, as it worked both ways, and like the darkey's coon trap "cotch'd 'em comin' or gwine."

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

Pollution of Iowa's Beautiful Streams

Reprint from the Rockford Register, Rockford, Iowa

THE question of stream pollution has become a matter of such acute concern up and down Lime Creek and Shell Rock, and is of such state-wide interest that the Register deems it opportune to present the following property owners and the desecration of our streams.

Conditions at Marble Rock

January 7, 1924.

J. S. Garber, Representative
Des Moines, Iowa.

Dear Sir:

The river is almost as bad as it was last year. It looks as if the disposal plants at Mason City were too small. The river has been smelling about three weeks. Yesterday and this morning I raked about 50 fish off the trash rack; so I went up where there were so many last year, where the ice is clear. There are places with 6 or 8 in a place the foot square, almost all carp. The pollution killed everything else last year. Perhaps if the sanitary engineer looked this up now he could tell whether it is Decker's or the Sugar factory that will have to enlarge their disposal plants. Dr. Bigelow was up from Greene a week ago Sunday, he said the fish were dying down there.

Truly yours,
C. W. Huggett.

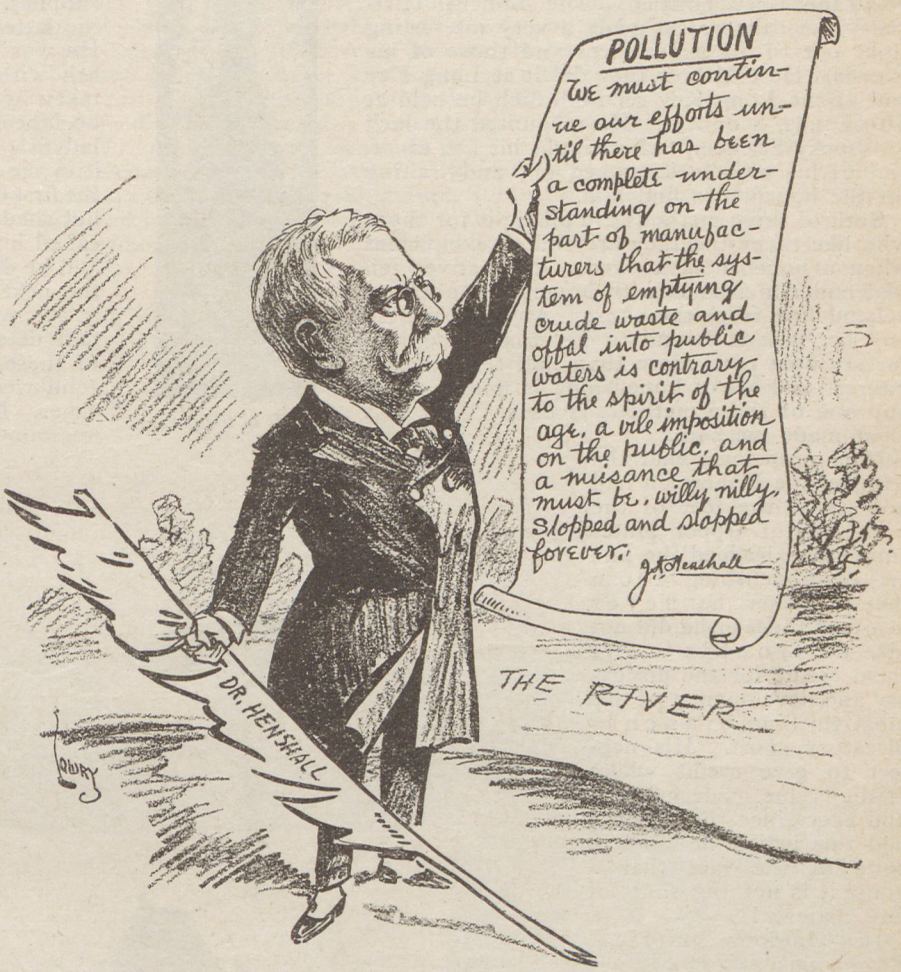
Conditions at Clarksville

Mr. F. E. Trigg,
Rockford, Iowa.

Dear Sir:

Your letter received and the contents noted and in reply will say that some of the fishermen here have stated that just north of the dam on the Shell Rock river that they have seen lots and lots of dead fish lying along the banks, and upon examination of the fish they have found that their gills have been closed shut evidently from the pollution from the Mason City plant or any other plant. It would happen again as it did last year or so, and it seems strange that some action can't be taken to have it stopped. There is no use for the state to try and replenish the river from year to year with new fish, and rather extended article on the subject. In its local and also its wider aspects the question under consideration is one in which every good citizen must ultimately take an interest and a hand in correcting the injustice to

DR. HENSHALL—FRIEND OF RIVERS


POLLUTION
We must continue our efforts until there has been a complete understanding on the part of manufacturers that the system of emptying crude waste and offal into public waters is contrary to the spirit of the age, a vile imposition on the public, and a nuisance that must be, willy nilly, stopped and stopped forever.
J. A. Henshall
DR. HENSHALL
THE RIVER

then have them all killed off with the pollution from the Mason City plant or any other plant. It would be a good thing if something could be done to have it stopped. With your permission I will use your article next week in our paper.

Yours for Success thru 1924,
J. M. Ramsey.

(Continued on page 49)

INFORMATION WANTED

IN order to keep our readers informed as to what is being done to check or mitigate the evil of stream pollution, or what progress is being made in that direction in the various states to accomplish that result, we would be very pleased to hear from any or all persons who are interested in the matter, in any section of the Union.

We earnestly desire to know what is being done by individuals, Conservation Societies or Game and Fish Protective Associations, and what progress is being made, whether favorable or otherwise, especially in inland waters. Good results have been made in some localities, and favorable progress is promised in other quarters; but we especially wish to know about the localities where but little or nothing has been accomplished, and the reason why. Please don't pass this up with the flattering unction that some other conservationist will reply, but do it yourself, then it will be well done, and done quickly, and receive our grateful thanks and cordial obligations.

J. A. HENSHALL

Why Men Go Bonefishing

By CHARLES W. DAWSON

Being a tale of Bonefishing at Upper Matecumbe

IN the third number of the Izaak Walton League Monthly, now "Outdoor America," December, 1922, I read an article by Zane Grey entitled, "The Bonefish Brigade." As always he made a very interesting story out of his experiences and those of his friends. He told how they did it at Long Key and of the Long Key record which he held at 10 pounds, 2 ounces. He recounted the luck of "Lucky Stickem," who caught his fish afoot, and of his own luck, staked out and waiting for the bonefish to find him.

Both of these methods are all right for those who like them and they are full of excitement when a bonefish is hooked. The natives tell of wonderful battles with bonefish hooked on a hand line from the shore. Any battle with any bonefish is bound to be stimulating but, for my own part, more than half the fun and interest and art of bonefishing is missed when any one of these methods is used. This isn't what made me sore.

A gift of the gods.

I am only sorry that the King of the Fishermen had not sat at the feet of the wise men of Upper Matecumbe and learned the fine art of bonefishing from them. Either he never heard of them or he did not take the trouble to give them credit for the discovery and development of this most thrilling branch of piscatory sport. His neglect to give credit where credit is due made me mad and ever since then I have had this article in mind in spite of the fact that I know it is nothing short of lese majesty!

In "Outdoor America" for January, 1924, is a bonefish story by Burton F. Peek, quoting a letter of J. B. McFerran I, written to W. H. Gregg and printed in his book, "When, Where and How to Catch Fish on the East Coast of Florida." The book was published in 1902. Mr. Gregg says: "Mr. J. B. McFerran of Louisville, Ky., who has fished for sport off the East Coast during the winter seasons for twenty-six years was the first sportsman to catch the fish with rod and reel, and is entitled to all the credit for the discovery and inauguration of the Bonefish 'industry' among his brother anglers."

Mr. McFerran and some of his Kentucky friends began fishing on the East Coast in 1890 and went back year after year until his death in 1921. While cruising from Key West to Miami in 1892 he put in at Cocoanut Grove to purchase supplies. In talking with one of the natives the latter called his attention to the bonefish. He was told that no one could catch a bonefish with rod and reel; that they were only taken by the grains or by hand lines. Although he fancied that the native had the well-known ladyfish in mind he decided to have a try at it in the hope that it was some new game. On the first day, as he expressed it, he "saw nothing but shadows in the water" and, although he was called home at once, his curiosity was aroused and he determined to give the fish another trial the next year.

The winter of 1893 saw him back on the flats determined to find some way to land one of these fish. In his own words: "For three solid weeks I worked and worried over these fishes. I could see them by the hundreds, but no sooner would I get within casting distance than they would go away like a badly scared flock of quail." At last his patience was rewarded and he hooked his first bonefish and caught nine more that same day. These were the first that had ever been taken with rod and reel. On one occasion four men of this party caught sixty-four fish in one day, turning them loose as soon as they had been landed.

Preston Pinder stalking a school.

Included in the first famous group of bonefishermen was Jno. B. McFerran I (nicknamed The President), Jno. B. McFerran II, Col. Bob Thomas, Col. J. C. Durrett and Mr. Davis. Of these Col. Durrett is the only one still living and now, in January, 1924, he is back at his beloved winter sport at Upper Matecumbe. Dr. Kelley, a later addition to the crowd, died about a year ago. Senator Henry Martin joined the group many years ago and is still an ardent bonefisherman. His largest fish of 12¼ pounds I believe to be the record for the Florida Keys. Jno. B. McFerran III caught his first bonefish in 1906 and still carries the mark of that battle in which the whirling reel handle hit one of his finger-nails and tore it out by the roots.

A convalescent from pneumonia, I was fortunate enough to be taken in at Upper Matecumbe in Feb-

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

Rufus Johnson with one of Col. Durrett's big ones.

ruary of 1907, where I made the acquaintance of Col. Durrett and Senator Martin and had my first bonefishing. The Kentucky crowd always gave full credit to their boatmen, the four brothers Pinder and Rufus Johnson, who was Col. Durrett's constant guide and friend. They had built their own quarters in connection with the house of Jerome Pinder, where I was entertained. Later Mr. J. H. Howell of Long Island and Mr. D. R. Richardson of New York City built a cottage nearby and spent a number of winters there. Senator Martin once caught seven fish in one day with a total weight of 53½ pounds, the largest being 11¾ pounds. Mr. Howell and a friend caught twenty-two in one day. Mr. Howell is noted for his casting which often runs well up toward three hundred feet.

Staked out, waiting for the strike.

Burton Peek speaks of the fact that "most fishermen prefer to pole along the banks until some sign denotes the presence of the fish, and then drop stakes and cast into the vicinity." In that sentence he barely touches the real art of bonefishing. This development is in a large measure due to the wonderful vision and fishlore of the native boatmen. Preston Pinder, who took me fishing during my first winter, was always a perfect marvel to me. Standing on the bow seat, he would pole the skiff gently and silently, looking out across the flats for sign of feeding fish. Bonefish pick up the crustaceans from the white coral mud of the bottom. If the water is very shallow their tails stick above the surface as their heads go to the bottom. In deeper water the slight stirring of the mud when the food is picked up produces a tiny cloud which rises to the surface. Preston would discover bonefish, whether "tailing" or "mudding," at most incredible distances and gently pole toward them, studying the while the direction in which the school was moving. He would plan a course which would take us up-tide and beyond the school where we would silently stake out. I would cast down the tide as far as I could and Preston would often throw left-over bits of crab toward my bait.

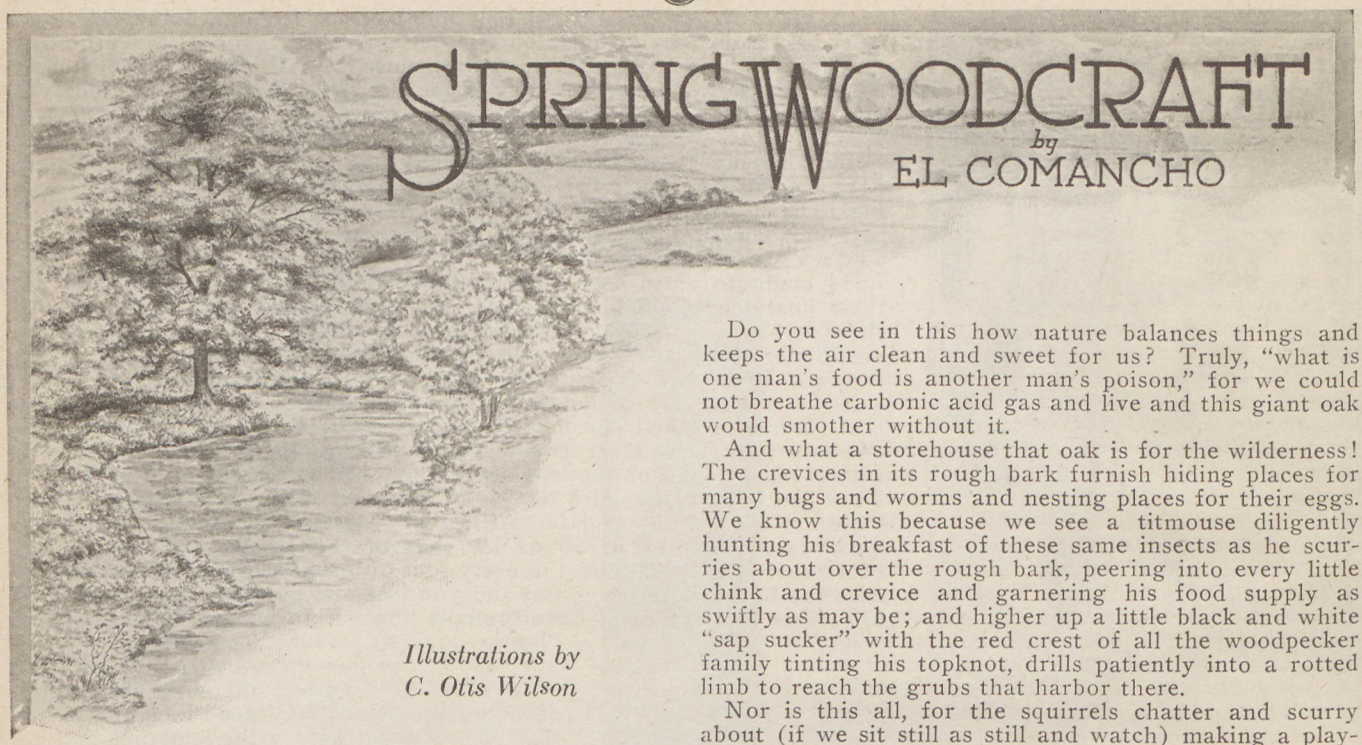
In such case, if one has not frightened the fish, and if the position has been skillfully chosen, the progress of the school brings them into the scent of the bait. Sometimes they strike the scent far down the tide and come up with a rush like a pack of wolves. You see them flash past the boat. You know one of them has your hook in his mouth and you do your best to strike him. The long loop of the line usually gives him opportunity to suck the juices from your crab and to disgorge the shells and your hook, before you have set it. If the fish comes quarteringly or across the line, you can usually strike him. If he turns away from you he will hook himself. Immediately the fun begins.

I have caught fish that weighed less than 3 pounds and some that weighed more than 9 pounds, but I never struck one yet that did not put up a splendid fight which held all of my attention for many minutes. The first run may be straight away for such a distance that you are compelled to pull up stakes to save yourself from the loss of six hundred feet of line, even under the drag of a leather brake which you are pressing as hard as you dare. At last he turns and shoots off on another run of 50 or 100 feet or even more, while you frantically reel in every foot of line you can gain. He makes run after run and you lose and gain line alternately until you have brought him within about 75 feet of the boat. It always seems to me that then the fish gets a good look at you for the first time and he never likes you. At any rate he starts a new series of rushes. Again you fight him and bring him toward the boat. When within about fifty feet of it he circles time after time. Finally he turns on his side and you bring him to net. I have never yet seen one netted "tail on." One flirt of his powerful tail will shoot him out of danger. When he is in the boat the fight is all over, for it appears to be a peculiarity of the fish that he dies without a struggle. Never but once have I seen one give a single flop after he had been landed.

Mr. Dawson's biggest bonefish

One of the

(Cont'd on page 79)



SPRING WOODCRAFT

by EL COMANCHO

Illustrations by C. Otis Wilson

HOW the springtime urges us on to the "Going-somewhere" trail; how the call of the wilderness reaches out to us even in the grim city and bids us come, come to the sweet-smelling, companionable wild places where everything is honest and true and busy—oh, so busy—fulfilling the purpose of life!

Let us go there, go to the Place-of-unknown-things and see for ourselves what we shall see and thereby learn many secrets and find out how to use our eyes and how to remember.

We shall go to some stream, to flowing water, for that is a highway of nature and likewise a hunting ground and gathering place for all nature's children.

Water is the one most important item in all nature's scheme of life. Food and shelter come next in order of importance, therefore has nature wisely planned that food and shelter shall be plentiful near all flowing water and, knowing these truths, woodcraft tells us that along the stream we shall find the signs we must see to enable us to get acquainted with our little wild neighbors and to know what they are doing and thinking about as they live their lives.

Along the stream then we shall find, written in plain woodcraft sign-language, the comedy and tragedy, the sober facts, the little, secret things in the everyday lives of all the little folks of the wilderness.

And doubt not that we shall find tragedy in plenty, for "the big fish always eats the little one" and nature builds up only to destroy again.

When we understand the scheme of things and the hard, fast laws of nature we begin to understand the Great Plan of all the Universe which is at once the most beautiful and yet the most pitiless of things.

We reach the stream, a goodly creek flowing between wooded banks, winding about across country and following a path that leads always downward from the high places toward the sea.

A great oak spreads its branches wide, covering a circle of half a hundred feet, its roots deep in the mellow earth and busy with their four-fold work of feeding, watering, supporting and firmly anchoring the massive trunk with its far flung limbs.

Just now it is putting forth new leaves of tender green to shelter the children of the wilderness and to rustle musically in the summer winds, while transforming sunshine into carbon and storing it away in the wood and also extracting, from the air, carbonic acid gas, which is poison to human lungs and the breath of life to all vegetation.

Do you see in this how nature balances things and keeps the air clean and sweet for us? Truly, "what is one man's food is another man's poison," for we could not breathe carbonic acid gas and live and this giant oak would smother without it.

And what a storehouse that oak is for the wilderness! The crevices in its rough bark furnish hiding places for many bugs and worms and nesting places for their eggs. We know this because we see a titmouse diligently hunting his breakfast of these same insects as he scurries about over the rough bark, peering into every little chink and crevice and garnering his food supply as swiftly as may be; and higher up a little black and white "sap sucker" with the red crest of all the woodpecker family tinting his topknot, drills patiently into a rotted limb to reach the grubs that harbor there.

Nor is this all, for the squirrels chatter and scurry about (if we sit still as still and watch) making a playground of the great limbs as they chase each other and romp in happy enjoyment of their own kind of fun; and it is fun for them as you can easily see, just plain fun that they enjoy as we enjoy baseball or anything else.

When they get tired they stretch out along a limb and go to sleep for a time in the warm spring sunshine, but like all children of nature they "sleep listening" and are ready to bolt for safe shelter within some nearby hollow limb in a flash should danger threaten.

When fall comes they will harvest a crop of acorns from this big oak and bury them in the ground, for they store a winter's food supply each fall and woodcraft tells us this is why squirrels live in or close to all big, acorn-bearing oaks; plain enough, isn't it?

Just cause and effect, the same as all woodcraft is, and very simple if we reason a bit and find out why things are as they are.

Be very sure of this: There is always a reason for everything in nature and good woodcraft insists on knowing what the reason is, and also why it is so, and not some other way.

And here is a seedling oak a foot high that has grown from an acorn dropped by the big oak and probably buried by some hungry squirrel which nature has given the task of tree planting by providing the instinct to bury nuts and acorns in the ground for his winter food supply and then to forget where he buried many of them, thereby leaving them safely planted to sprout and grow and produce more trees to feed nuts and acorns to more squirrels yet to come!

See what a nice endless chain it is and how careful nature is to provide her planters?

Many birds do the same thing with many kinds of seeds and thus the planting and seeding goes on and on endlessly, well safeguarded by nature where there is any danger of self-reproduction not being carried out, for nature is bountiful and, if undisturbed, always provides a great surplus and then carefully kills off, one way and another, the greatest number of any kind, leaving only enough to insure the continuation of that species.

Going back to the oak seedling, we know it is an oak and that it came from an acorn planted in some way in the soil just here.

Why did that acorn produce an oak and not a hickory or a cottonwood or something else that is not an oak?

This brings us squarely against one of the most fixed, unchangeable laws of nature which decreed in the beginning that "like shall produce like, nor shall it produce unlike."

The law is the law and an unchangeable thing that forms one little cog in the vast machinery of the Cosmic

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Universe that always has been and always will be beyond the interference of man.

We know that an acorn shall always produce an oak and nothing else, and that from the egg of a crow a crow shall be born and not an eagle.

This is the law and as the law is so shall it be without change; and that brings us to laws made by mankind which are as needful as the laws of nature and should be respected and obeyed by all of us because they mean, just as nature's laws do, the greatest good, welfare and pleasure for the greatest number of humanity, though sometimes they work hardship on the individual just as nature's laws sometimes work hardship, or even death, to the individual of a species which then becomes a sacrifice of one for the welfare of the multitude.

The oak tree has taught us a considerable number of things, hasn't it? Yet if we know nothing of woodcraft and how to apply it to our everyday lives, we are very apt to see in the oak tree only an oak, a big tree that makes useful lumber and provides good wood to burn and whose bark is useful in tanning leather; these other things we miss without woodcraft knowledge and yet they are the most interesting things about the big oak tree. So it is with all else in nature; we have only to become acquainted with things, to use our eyes and our minds to learn many delightful and amazing things; some of them very far reaching and wonderful.

Now let us stroll along the creek bank and use our eyes, for there are things written there in the muddy margin for us to "read as we run" if we only will.

"This bold fellow is making love to a little demure mate near by."

Hark! A dull, low, booming noise from the thicket across the creek, a dull, swiftly increasing beat, like the roll of a muffled drum, continues for twenty seconds and suddenly ceases.

What is it?

If we creep up ever so slowly, ever so carefully, without any noise whatever and without showing even the tip of a hat top, we shall, if we are very lucky, see a male ruffed grouse (Bonasa umbellus) (often called "pheasant" or "partridge") drumming on a log with his wings as he stands, stooping over and with tail widespread into a brown fan.

"Why?" asks woodcraft.

By careful, patient watching today (and perhaps for many other days also) we shall learn at last that this bold fellow is making love to a little, demure, brown mate who is somewhere nearby watching the performance!

It may take several years to find this all out, but that is the answer that woodcraft gives and it explains one of the little secrets of the woods that requires careful, painstaking study and observation before we get at the truth; and there are many such secrets to be learned before one may say he is a master of woodcraft.

Woodcraft then teaches patience and persistence and insists that we master ourselves in these qualities before she gives up her secrets; so we have learned some more truth that is good for us even though the teacher was the lovemaking cock grouse!

Here on the muddy creek margin is a small trail, weaving in and out of the edge of the water as it follows the stream.

"Who goes there?" asks woodcraft.

Let us find the answer.

The trail is a double line of tracks about three inches apart between the lines, and the tracks occur in groups of four about twelve inches to twenty-four inches apart, and each little track is round and somewhat catlike in shape though only half as large as a cat track.

Can't be a stray cat—too small, and besides a cat makes one single continuous line of tracks if walking, or leaves groups of four tracks, six to ten feet apart, if he is running. The cat is eliminated then.

A squirrel, perhaps? No, the trail is squirrel-like in being a double line, but it follows the water line, in and out, and the track groups are too far apart for the squirrel; besides the squirrel, like the cat, is not a water-loving animal and comes to water usually only to drink or to cross the stream. The squirrel then does not fit the "sign" and goes into the discard with the cat.

'Coon? No, track too small, not the right shape nor deep enough.

Some smaller animal made the trail, a nervous, quick-moving animal, about fourteen or sixteen inches long, that travels by short, quick, bounding little leaps as the trail plainly shows when we study the details of jump-length, depth of track and distance between footprints. The 'coon does not fit this group of facts at all, for he is fat, lazy and deliberate in his movements.

Here the trail shows a trampled condition over a space a foot or so across; the animal stopped here for something.

What's this? Tiny fish scales from a six-inch "sucker" minnow! The animal is a fish eater then.

That means that he belongs to the aquatic family of animals, so we have eliminated all but these now by the sign of the fish scales where he ate the minnow.

The natural aquatic animals hereabouts are the otter, beaver, muskrat, mink and weasel (or "ermine"). The

skunk sometimes turns partly aquatic, but we can eliminate him because his foot is too big to make this track and like the 'coon he is slow, deliberate and bear-like in his movements.

The pine marten and the fisher would about fit the sign—a little too large though—and besides they are mountain-loving forest inhabitants, not found here at all.

The muskrat lives in the water most of the time, eats fish occasionally, though he prefers clams and vegetable food. He rarely wanders along a stream bank this way, and when he does he leaves plain tracks with his big, webbed hind feet, and all four tracks in this trail are very round, like those of the cat. Clearly the muskrat did not make the trail then.

The beaver would make tracks each five inches long and webbed, and he never eats fish so he is not responsible.

"A quick lightning-like flash of brown body through the black night—"

The otter is very scarce and not likely to be found so near civilization and he is four feet long, away too large to fit these tracks, so he goes into the discard.

Only the mink and the weasel are left and the weasel track would be only about half this size, which puts him out of the running.

Mink then? Yes, can't be anything else that we know of, and mink character, size, habits and method of traveling all fit the trail—must be a mink. But let's follow the trail until we prove it, until we are sure, for good woodcraft deals with facts and does not guess at anything; it wants to know and know positively.

We follow the trail, it goes up the bank and is lost; we cast about for another sign now, looking for anything that a careless mink might leave for us to see.

Ah! A little fluff of feathers and a bit of torn skin! That's mink work. His nose caught a scent and he followed it up as silently as a shadow, to find a sleeping hedge sparrow perched on a low twig.

A quick, lightning-like flash of brown body through the black night, a single smothered chirp and it is all over, the mink has caught the sparrow; see where he landed there in the soft earth?

Here he feasted on the little warm body, tearing it savagely and crunching bones and all in his powerful jaws until, within a minute, the sparrow was a thing of the past, only a fluffy whirl of brown feathers are left to identify the victim and to help woodcraft tell the story.

This night tragedy—it occurred at night, for the mink is nocturnal and the sparrow too alert to be caught in daylight—almost conclusively proves the mink to be the trail-maker, yet it might be something else; there is just a shade of chance for doubt yet, so let's prove the case by following further; the trail will tell us if we go far enough.

A few more signs—fish scales, etc.—further clinch the evidence, but proof is still to be had.

Here the trail winds about under a tangle of water-washed roots, where a tree grows at the water edge.

These roots are very close together in places and close to the ground in others with space underneath where the water has washed the dirt away, yet the trail squirms about among the roots, plain as type in the damp sand underneath.

More evidence; only a mink has the lithe, snake-like body to crawl about among these roots and—ah! There are three or four dark brown, shining hairs just over the trail on the underside of a root that is so close to the ground that the animal has had to squeeze through to get under at all; see the deep, pushing imprints of the hind feet where he pushed himself under? See the claw marks on the other side where he clawed and pulled on the sand with his front feet to help get through under the root?

See this little knot on the root that scraped the hairs from his back as he went under?

Plain as day! And the dark brown hairs are just the right color and length to come from the back of a mink. A weasel would have shorter, lighter colored hair and he is only half the mink's size so he could have gone under the root without crowding, which all proves an alibi for the weasel and proves the case against the mink!

Woodcraft and reasoning have clearly identified the animal that made this trail as a mink (Lutreola vison: Hornaday), so we know just what has happened here as well as though we had watched that mink pass, for we know mink ways and habits, and by close study of the condition of the foot-prints and by recollecting that the weather has been clear and rather warm for a week past, we judge that this mink went by this point night before last as late as midnight and before three a. m.

If it had been earlier in the evening, or nearly daylight, the sparrow would probably have been awakened by even the stealthy footfall of a mink approaching him over the debris of leafage and twigs and then the sparrow would have plunged blindly away, flying as best he could in the dark, to escape a noise that instinct would warn him was dangerous and one that he would not want to get any nearer to him.

But between midnight and about an hour before dawn, which occurs about four a. m. in May, the birds sleep soundest, therefore the sparrow fell victim to the hunting mink probably between those hours.

That is woodcraft reasoning and it would in all likelihood prove to be correct if all the detailed facts were known absolutely.

So it goes. We may wander where we will with open

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The Grizzly King

By

JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

Illustrations by Frank B. Hoffman

CHAPTER ONE

WITH the silence and immobility of a great reddish-tinted rock, Thor stood for many minutes looking out over his domain. He could not see far, for, like all grizzlies, his eyes were small and far apart, and his vision was bad. At a distance of a third or a half a mile he could make out a goat or a mountain sheep, but beyond that his world was a vast sun-filled or night-darkened mystery through which he ranged mostly by the guidance of sound and smell.

It was the sense of smell that held him still and motionless now. Up out of the valley a scent had come to his nostrils that he had never smelled before. It was something that did not belong there, and it stirred him strangely. Vainly his slow-working brute mind struggled to comprehend it. It was not caribou, for he had killed many caribou; it was not goat; it was not sheep; and it was not the smell of the fat and lazy whistlers sunning themselves on the rocks, for he had eaten hundreds of whistlers. It was a scent that did not enrage him, and neither did it frighten him. He was curious, and yet he did not go down to seek it out. Caution held him back.

If Thor could have seen distinctly for a mile, or two miles, his eyes would have discovered even less than the wind brought to him from down the valley. He stood at the edge of a little plain, with the valley an eighth of a mile below him, and the break over which he had come that afternoon an eighth of a mile above him. The plain was very much like a cup, perhaps an acre in extent, in the green slope of the mountain. It was covered with rich, soft grass and June flowers, mountain violets and patches of forget-me-nots, and wild asters and hyacinths, and in the centre of it was a fifty-foot spatter of soft mud which Thor visited frequently when his feet became rock-sore.

To the east and the west and the north of him spread out the wonderful panorama of the Canadian Rockies softened in the golden sunshine of a June afternoon.

From up and down the valley, from the breaks between the peaks, and from the little gullies cleft in shale and rock that crept up to the snow-lines came a soft and droning murmur. It was the music of running water. That music was always in the air, for the rivers, the creeks, and the tiny streams gushing down from the snow that lay eternally up near the clouds were never still.

There were sweet perfumes as well as music in the air. June and July—the last of spring and the first of summer in the northern mountains—were commingling. The earth was bursting with green; the early flowers were turning the sunny slopes into colored splashes of red and white and purple, and everything that had life was singing—the fat whistlers on their rocks, the pompous little gophers on their mounds, the big bumblebees that buzzed from flower to flower, the hawks in the valley and the eagles over the peaks. Even Thor was singing in his way, for as he had paddled through the soft mud a few minutes before he had rumbled curiously deep down in his great chest. It was not a growl or a roar or a snarl; it was the noise he made when he was contented. It was his song.

And now, for some mysterious reason, there had suddenly come a change in this wonderful day for him. Motionless he still sniffed the wind. It puzzled him. It disquieted him without alarming him. To the new and strange smell that was in the air he was as keenly sensitive as a child's tongue to the first sharp touch of a drop of brandy. And then, at last, a low and sullen growl came like a distant roll of thunder from out of his chest. He was overlord of these domains, and slowly his brain told him that there should be no smell which he could not comprehend, and of which he was not the master.

Thor reared up slowly, until the whole nine feet of him rested on his haunches, and he sat like a trained dog, with his great forefeet, heavy with mud, drooping in front of his chest. For ten years he had lived in these mountains and never had he smelled that smell. He defied it. He waited for it, while it came stronger and nearer. He did not hide himself. Clean-cut and unafraid, he stood up.

He was a monster in size, and his new June coat shone a golden brown in the sun. His forearms were almost as large as a man's body; the three largest of his five knifelike claws were five and a half inches long; in the mud his feet had left tracks that were fifteen inches from tip to tip. He was fat, and sleek, and powerful. His eyes, no larger than hickory nuts, were eight inches apart. His two upper fangs, sharp as stiletto points, were as long as a man's thumb, and between his great jaws he could crush the neck of a caribou.

Thor's life had been free of the presence of man, and he was not ugly. Like most grizzlies, he did not kill for the pleasure of killing. Out of a herd he would take one caribou, and he would eat that caribou to the marrow in the last bone. He was a peaceful king. He had one law: "Let me alone!" he said, and the voice of that law was in his attitude as he sat on his haunches sniffing the strange smell.

In his massive strength, in his aloneness and his supremacy, the great bear was like the mountains, unrivaled in the valleys as they were in the skies. With the mountains, he had come down out of the ages. He was part of them. The history of his race had begun and was dying among them, and they were alike in many ways. Until this day he could not remember when anything had come to question his might and his right—except those of his own kind. With such rivals he had fought fairly and more than once to the death. He was ready to fight again, if it came to a question of sovereignty over the ranges which he claimed as his own. Until he was beaten he was dominator, arbiter, and despot, if he chose to be. He was dynast of the rich valleys and the green slopes, and liege lord of all living things about him. He had won and kept these things openly, without strategy or treachery. He was hated and he was feared, but he was without hatred or fear of his own—and he was honest. Therefore he waited openly for the strange thing that was coming to him from down the valley.

As he sat on his haunches, questioning the air with his keen brown nose, something within him was reaching back into dim and bygone generations. Never before had he caught the taint that was in his nostrils, yet now that it came to him it did not seem altogether new. He could not place it. He could not picture it. Yet he knew that it was a menace and a threat.

For ten minutes he sat like a carven thing on his haunches. Then the wind shifted, and the scent grew less and less, until it was gone altogether.

Thor's flat ears lifted a little. He turned his huge head slowly so that his eyes took in the green slope and the tiny plain. He easily forgot the smell now that the air was clear and sweet again. He dropped on his four feet, and resumed his gopher-hunting.

There was something of humor in his hunt. Thor weighed a thousand pounds; a mountain gopher is six inches long and weighs six ounces. Yet Thor would dig energetically for an hour, and rejoice at the end by swallowing the fat little gopher like a pill; it was his bonne bouche, the luscious tidbit in the quest of which he spent a third of his spring and summer digging.

He found a hole located to his satisfaction and began throwing out the earth like a huge dog after a rat. He was on the crest of the slope. Once or twice during the next half-hour he lifted his head, but he was no longer disturbed by the strange smell that had come to him with the wind.

CHAPTER TWO

A MILE down the valley Jim Langdon stopped his horse where the spruce and balsam timber thinned out at the mouth of a coulee, looked ahead of him for a breathless moment or two, and then with an audible gasp of pleasure swung his right leg over so that his knee crooked restfully about the horn of his saddle, and waited.

Two or three hundred yards behind him, still buried in the timber, Otto was having trouble with Dishpan, a contumacious pack-mare. Langdon grinned happily as he listened to the other's vociferations, which threatened Dishpan with every known form of torture and punishment, from instant disembowelment to the more merciful end of losing her brain through the medium of a club. He grinned because Otto's vocabulary descriptive of terrible things always impending over the heads of his sleek and utterly heedless pack-horses was one of his chief joys. He knew that if Dishpan should elect to turn somersaults while diamond-hitched under her pack, big, good-natured Bruce Otto would do nothing more than make the welkin ring with his terrible, blood-curdling protest.

One after another the six horses of their outfit appeared out of the timber, and last of all rode the mountain man. He was gathered like a partly released spring in his saddle, an attitude born of years in the mountains, and because of a certain difficulty he had in distributing gracefully his six-foot-two-inch length of flesh and bone astride a mountain cayuse.

Upon his appearance Langdon dismounted, and turned his eyes again up the valley. The stubbly blond beard on his face did not conceal the deep tan painted there by weeks of exposure in the mountains; he had opened his shirt at the throat, exposing a neck darkened by sun and wind; his eyes were of a keen, searching blue-gray, and they quested the country ahead of him now with the joyous intentness of the hunter and the adventurer.

Langdon was thirty-five. A part of his life he spent in the wild places; the other part he spent in writing about the things he found there. His companion was five years his junior in age, but had the better of him by six inches in length of anatomy, if those additional inches could be called an advantage. Bruce thought they were not. "The devil of it is I ain't done growin' yet!" he often explained.

He rode up now and unlimbered himself. Langdon pointed ahead.

"Did you ever see anything to beat that?" he asked.

"Fine country," agreed Bruce. "Mighty good place to camp, too, Jim. There ought to be caribou in this range, an' bear. We need some fresh meat. Gimme a match, will you?"

It had come to be a habit with them to light both their pipes with one match when possible. They performed this ceremony now while viewing the situation.

"He was a monster in size—his forearms were almost as large as a man's body."

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As he puffed the first luxurious cloud of smoke from his bulldog, Langdon nodded toward the timber from which they had just come.

"Fine place for our tepee," he said. "Dry wood, running water, and the first good balsam we've struck in a week for our beds. We can hobble the horses in that little open plain we crossed a quarter of a mile back. I saw plenty of buffalo grass and a lot of wild timothy."

He looked at his watch.

"It's only three o'clock. We might go on. But—what do you say? Shall we stick for a day or two, and see what this country looks like?"

"Looks good to me," said Bruce.

He sat down as he spoke, with his back to a rock, and over his knee he leveled a long brass telescope. From his saddle Langdon unslung a binocular glass imported from Paris. The telescope was a relic of the Civil War. Together, their shoulders touching as they steadied themselves against the rock, they studied the rolling slopes and the green slides of the mountains ahead of them.

They were in the Big Game country, and what Langdon called the Unknown. So far as he and Bruce Otto could discover, no other white man had ever preceded them. It was a country shut in by tremendous ranges, through which it had taken them twenty days of sweating toil to make a hundred miles.

That afternoon they had crossed the summit of the Great Divide that split the skies north and south, and through their glasses they were looking now upon the first green slopes and wonderful peaks of the Firepan Mountains. To the northward—and they had been traveling north—was the Skeena River; on the west and south were the Babine range and waterways; eastward, over the Divide, was the Driftwood, and still farther eastward the Ominica range and the tributaries of the Finley. They had started from civilization on the tenth day of May and this was the thirtieth of June.

As Langdon looked through his glasses he believed that at last they had reached the bourne of their desires. For nearly two months they had worked to get beyond the trails of men, and they had succeeded. There were no hunters here. There were no prospectors. The valley ahead of them was filled with golden promise, and as he sought out the first of its mystery and its wonder his heart was filled with the deep and satisfying joy which only men like Langdon can fully understand. To his friend and comrade, Bruce Otto, with whom he had gone five times into the North country, all mountains and all valleys were very much alike; he was born among them, he had lived among them all his life, and he would probably die among them.

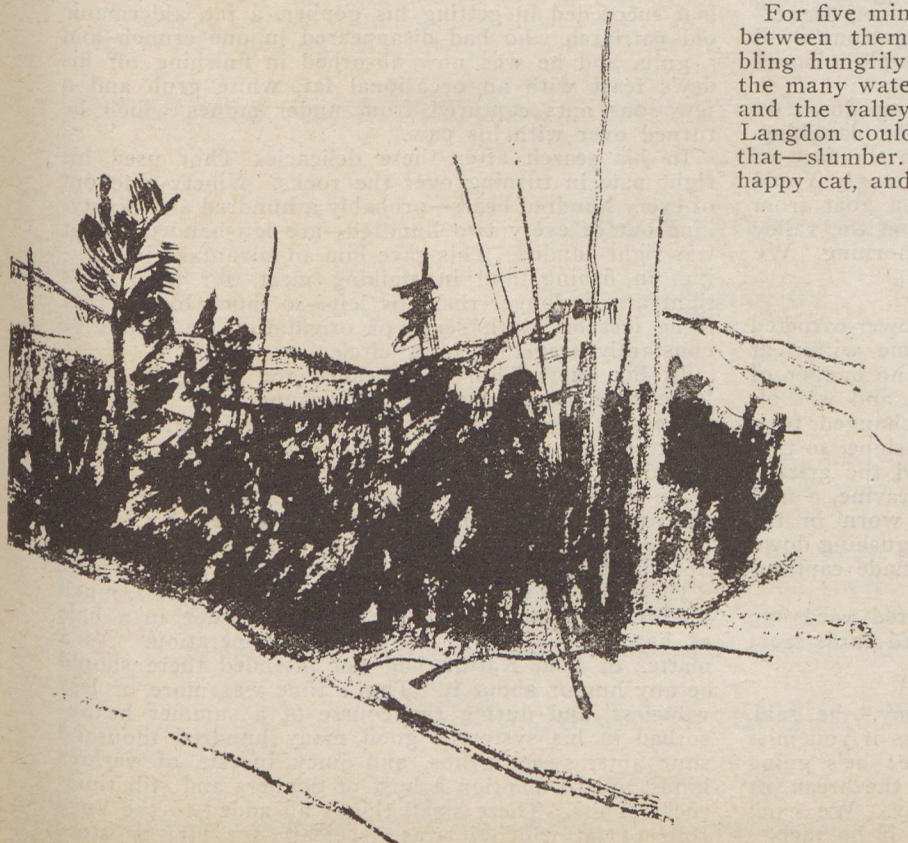
It was Bruce who gave him a sudden sharp nudge with his elbow.

"I see the heads of three caribou crossing a dip about a mile and a half up the valley," he said, without taking his eyes from the telescope.

"And I see a Nanny and her kid on the black shale of that first mountain to the right," replied Langdon. "And, by George, there's a Sky Pilot looking down on her from a crag a thousand feet above the shale! He's got a beard a foot long. Bruce, I'll bet we've struck a regular Garden of Eden!"

"Looks it," vouchsafed Bruce, coiling up his long legs to get a better rest for his telescope. "If this ain't a sheep an' bear country, I've made the worst guess I ever made in my life."

For five minutes they looked, without a word passing between them. Behind them their horses were nibbling hungrily in the thick, rich grass. The sound of the many waters in the mountains droned in their ears, and the valley seemed sleeping in a sea of sunshine. Langdon could think of nothing more comparable than that—slumber. The valley was like a great, comfortable, happy cat, and the sounds they heard, all commingling in that pleasing drone, was its drowsy purring. He was focussing his glass a little more closely on the goat standing watchfully on its crag, when Otto spoke again.



"I see a grizzly as big as a house!" he announced quietly.

Bruce seldom allowed his equanimity to be disturbed, except by the packhorses. Thrilling news like this he always introduced as unconcernedly as though speaking of a bunch of violets.

Langdon sat up with a jerk.

"Where?" he demanded.

He leaned over to get the range of the other's telescope, every nerve in his body suddenly aquiver.

"See that slope on the second shoulder, just beyond the ravine over there?" said Bruce, with one eye closed and the other still glued to the telescope. "He's halfway up, digging out a gopher."

Langdon focussed his glass on the slope, and a moment later an excited gasp came from him.

"See 'im?" asked Bruce.

"The glass has pulled him within four feet of my nose," replied Langdon. "Bruce, that's the biggest grizzly in the Rocky Mountains!"

"If he ain't, he's his twin brother," chuckled the packer, without moving a muscle. "He beats your eight-footer by a dozen inches, Jimmy! An'"—he paused at this psychological moment to pull a plug of black MacDonald from his pocket and bite off a mouthful, without taking the telescope from his eye—"an' the wind is in our favor an' he's as busy as a flea!" he finished.

Otto unwound himself and rose to his feet, and Langdon jumped up briskly. In such situations as this there was a mutual understanding between them which made words unnecessary. They led the eight horses back into the edge of the timber and tied them there, took their rifles from the leather holsters, and each was careful to put a sixth cartridge in the chamber of his weapon. Then for a matter of two minutes they both studied the slope and its approaches with their naked eyes.

"We can slip up the ravine," suggested Langdon.

Bruce nodded.

"I reckon it's a three-hundred-yard shot from there," he said. "It's the best we can do. He'd get our wind if we went below 'im. If it was a couple o'hours earlier—"

"We'd climb over the mountain and come down on him from **above!**" exclaimed Langdon, laughing. "Bruce, you're the most senseless idiot on the face of the globe when it comes to climbing mountains! You'd climb over Hardesty or Geikie to shoot a goat from **above,** even though you could get him from the valley without any work at all. I'm glad it isn't morning. We can get that bear from the ravine!"

"Mebbe," said Bruce, and they started.

They walked openly over the green, flower-carpeted meadows ahead of them. Until they came within at least half a mile of the grizzly there was no danger of him seeing them. The wind had shifted, and was almost in their faces. Their swift walk changed to a dog-trot, and they swung in nearer to the slope, so that for fifteen minutes a huge knoll concealed the grizzly. In another ten minutes they came to the ravine, a narrow, rock-littered and precipitous gully worn in the mountainside by centuries of spring floods gushing down from the snow-peaks above. Here they made cautious observation.

The big grizzly was perhaps six hundred yards up the slope, and pretty close to three hundred yards from the nearest point reached by the gully.

Bruce spoke in a whisper now.

"You go up an' do the stalkin', Jimmy," he said. "That bear's goin' to do one of two things if you miss or only wound 'im—one o' three, mebbe: he's going to investigate you, or he's going up over the break, or he's comin' down in the valley—this way. We can't keep 'im from goin' over the break, an' if he tackles you—just summerset it down the gully. You can beat 'im out. He's most apt to come this way if you don't get 'im, so I'll wait here. Good luck to you, Jimmy!"

With this he went out and crouched behind a rock, where he could keep an eye on the grizzly, and Langdon began to climb quietly up the boulder-strewn gully.

Courtesy Doubleday Page & Co.

"A mile down the valley Jim Langdon stopped his horse."

CHAPTER THREE

OF all the living creatures in this sleeping valley, Thor was the busiest. He was a bear with individuality, you might say. Like some people, he went to bed very early; he began to get sleepy in October, and turned in for his long nap in November. He slept until April, and usually was a week or ten days behind other bears in waking. He was a sound sleeper, and when awake he was very wide awake. During April and May he permitted himself to doze considerably in the warmth of sunny rocks, but from the beginning of June until the middle of September he closed his eyes in real sleep just about four hours out of every twelve.

He was very busy as Langdon began his cautious climb up the gully. He had succeeded in getting his gopher, a fat, aldermanic old patriarch who had disappeared in one crunch and a gulp, and he was now absorbed in finishing off his day's feast with an occasional fat, white grub and a few sour ants captured from under stones which he turned over with his paw.

In his search after these delicacies Thor used his right paw in turning over the rocks. Ninety-nine out of every hundred bears—probably a hundred and ninety-nine out of every two hundred—are left-handed; Thor was right-handed. This gave him an advantage in fighting, in fishing, and in stalking meat, for a grizzly's right arm is longer than his left—so much longer that if he lost his sixth sense of orientation he would be constantly traveling in a circle.

In his quest Thor was headed for the gully. His huge head hung close to the ground. At short distances his vision was microscopic in its keenness; his olfactory nerves were so sensitive that he could catch one of the big rock-ants with his eyes shut.

He would choose the flat rocks mostly. His huge right paw, with its long claws, was as clever as a human hand. The stone lifted, a sniff or two, a lick of his hot, flat tongue, and he ambled on to the next.

He took this work with tremendous seriousness, much like an elephant hunting for peanuts hidden in a bale of hay. He saw no humor in the operation. As a matter of fact, Nature had not intended there should be any humor about it. Thor's time was more or less valueless, and during the course of a summer he absorbed in his system a good many hundred thousand sour ants, sweet grubs, and juicy insects of various kinds, not to mention a host of gophers and still tinier rock-rabbits. These small things all added to the huge rolls of fat which it was necessary for him to store

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

up for that "absorptive consumption" which kept him alive during his long winter sleep. This was why Nature had made his little greenish-brown eyes twin microscopes, infallible at distances of a few feet, and almost worthless at a thousand yards.

As he was about to turn over a fresh stone Thor paused in his operations. For a full minute he stood nearly motionless. Then his head swung slowly, his nose close to the ground. Very faintly he had caught an exceedingly pleasing odor. It was so faint that he was afraid of losing it if he moved. So he stood until he was sure of himself, then he swung his huge shoulders around and descended two yards down the slope, swinging his head slowly from right to left, and sniffing. The scent grew stronger. Another two yards down the slope he found it very strong under a rock. It was a big rock, and weighed probably two hundred pounds. Thor dragged it aside with his one right hand as if it were no more than a pebble.

Instantly there was a wild and protesting chatter, and a tiny striped rock-rabbit, very much like a chipmunk, darted away just as Thor's left hand came down with a smash that would have broken the neck of a caribou.

It was not the scent of the rock-rabbit, but the savor of what the rock-rabbit had stored under the stone that had attracted Thor. And this booty still remained —a half-pint of ground-nuts piled carefully in a little hollow lined with moss. They were not really nuts. They were more like diminutive potatoes, about the size of cherries, and very much like potatoes in appearance. They were starchy and sweet, and fattening. Thor enjoyed them immensely, rumbling in that curious satisfied way deep down in his chest as he feasted. And then he resumed his quest.

He did not hear Langdon as the hunter came nearer and nearer up the broken gully. He did not smell him, for the wind was fatally wrong. He had forgotten the noxious man-smell that had disturbed and irritated him an hour before. He was quite happy; he was good-humored; he was fat and sleek. An irritable, cross-grained, and quarrelsome bear is always thin. The true hunter knows him as soon as he sets eyes on him. He is like the rogue elephant.

Thor continued his food-seeking, edging still closer to the gully. He was within a hundred and fifty yards of it when a sound suddenly brought him alert. Langdon, in his effort to creep up the steep side of the gully for a shot, had accidently loosened a rock. It went crashing down the ravine, starting other stones that followed in a noisy clatter. At the foot of the coulee, six hundred yards down, Bruce swore softly under his breath. He saw Thor sit up. At that distance he was going to shoot if the bear made for the break.

For thirty seconds Thor sat on his haunches. Then he started for the ravine, ambling slowly and deliberately. Langdon, panting and inwardly cursing at his ill luck, struggled to make the last ten feet to the edge of the slope. He heard Bruce yell, but he could not make out the warning. Hands and feet he dug fiercely into shale and rock as he fought to make those last three or four yards as quickly as possible.

He was almost to the top when he paused for a moment and turned his eyes upward. His heart went into his throat, and he started. For ten seconds he could not move. Directly over him was a monster head and a huge hulk of shoulder. Thor was looking down on him, his jaws agape, his finger-long fangs snarling, his eyes burning with a greenish-red fire.

In that moment Thor saw his first of man. His great lungs were filled with the hot smell of him, and suddenly he turned away from that smell as if from a plague. With his rifle under him Langdon had had no opportunity to shoot. Wildly he clambered up the remaining few feet. The shale and stones slipped and slid under him. It was a matter of sixty seconds before he pulled himself over the top.

Thor was a hundred yards away, speeding in a rolling, ball-like motion toward the break. From the foot of the coulee came the sharp crack of Otto's rifle. Langdon squatted quickly, raising his left knee for a rest, and at a hundred and fifty yards began firing.

Sometimes it happens that an hour—a minute—changes the destiny of man; and the ten seconds which followed swiftly after that first shot from the foot of the coulee changed Thor. He had got his fill of the man-smell. He had seen man. And now he felt him.

It was as if one of the lightning flashes he had often seen splitting the dark skies had descended upon him and had entered his flesh like a red-hot knife; and with that first burning agony of pain came the strange, echoing roar of the rifles. He had turned up the slope when the bullet struck him in the fore-shoulder, mushrooming its deadly soft point against his tough hide, and tearing

(Continued on page 61)

The Fisherman

A Novel by

ZANE GREY

THIS serialization will cover a period of years, and will embody all that any fisherman loves. It will be The Compleat Angler of America told as the life story of an American. The brooks, the ponds, the streams, the lakes, the rivers, the bright unquiet Atlantic main and the vast calm blue Pacific, the South Seas and the cold emerald salt waters of the North! A story of childhood and youth, of manhood and maturity, of mellowing age! Zane Grey will attempt to give the world the meaning of the joy, the beauty, the thrill, the religion, the philosophy, and the soul of angling.

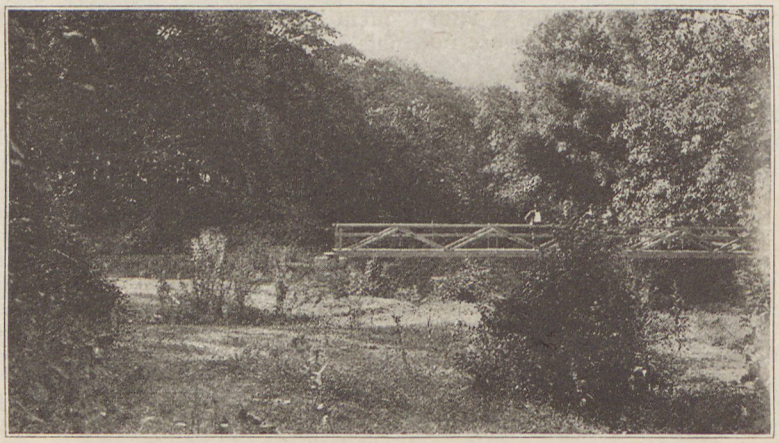
Beginning in the June Issue

Forest Preserves, Conservation and the Chicago Plan

By CHARLES H. WACKER
Chairman, Chicago Plan Commission

Written especially for Outdoor America

RUTHLESS wastefulness and lack of foresight are outstanding American characteristics. We are the most wasteful people upon earth, and our abundant natural resources will not save us forever. We are living on our capital. Our resources are rapidly diminishing, and the time is already in sight when some of them will have entirely disappeared. We must shake off our lethargy and awake to a full realization that our wastefulness, our extravagance, and our woeful lack of foresight will lead to disaster unless we call a halt soon.



Sylvan scene in a Cook County Forest Preserve.

Life has for its very foundation the natural resources of a country. The wasteful use of such resources places an unnecessary hardship upon every individual. Thus every American citizen should take an active interest in the problem of conservation of our natural resources of all kinds, if for no other reason than intelligent self-interest.

Continual complaining about what has or has not been done will not avail. The only way to meet the situation fully is to create a public sentiment so powerful and so effective that it will condemn wastefulness, carelessness, and short-sightedness; and will demand foresight, wise economy, and conservation. Lincoln said, "Public sentiment is everything; with it nothing can fail; without it nothing can succeed."

For decades S. O. S. signals have been flashed throughout the United States, appealing for concerted action to save our resources. Have they been heeded? No. Why not? Because lack of foresight in matters of general concern is a prevailing American failing. That is why we are never prepared for an emergency. That is why we never act decisively until a disaster has occurred, or until an economic situation has arisen so grave that it makes our very foundations totter. Then we usually act feverishly; without sufficient knowledge of the cause that produced the effect; and without time enough to work out adequate plans. The results are hasty, superficial, and ineffective remedial measures. What a contrast to private business efficiency!

"Enchanting green heights spread under a deep, flawless sky."

Fortunately, once in a while there arises an example of foresight that shines out like a beacon light, showing the way to like endeavor. Such an example is the city planning effort of the City of Chicago and the County of Cook, in the State of Illinois. Chicago has a definite, comprehensive plan for its future physical development, known as the Plan of Chicago. This plan of public improvement is definite in all of its essentials. It is economically sound, practical, and proving to be of immeasurable benefit to the entire city and every citizen, as, step by step, its recommendations are carried out.

The Plan was created in 1909 by The Commercial Club of Chicago, working through a staff of the best technical talent in the world, headed by the late Daniel Hudson Burnham and by Edward H. Bennett, consultant to the Chicago Plan Commission.

Ten of the fourteen improvements are street widenings, openings, and extensions; two other Plan improvements are great railroad terminal developments; the remaining two major features of the Chicago Plan which are going forward are projects that have an immense humanitarian as well as a great commercial benefit to confer. One of these projects is the creation of 1,138 acres of park lands by filling in the shallow waters along the shore of Lake Michigan from Grant Park in the center of the city, to Jackson Park five miles southward. This park is now under way, and is likely to be completed within the next five years, at a total cost of $34,000,000.

The other notably humanitarian project being carried out as a part of the

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Plan of Chicago, is the forest preserve development in charge of the Forest Preserve Commissioners of Cook County. When the Plan of Chicago was created fifteen years ago, there were fifty thousand acres of wooded land in and about Chicago available for forest preserve purposes. But the procedure necessary to acquire this land required so long a time; and the growth of Chicago and its suburbs was so rapid and so constant; that, by the time the Forest Preserve Board of Cook County came into existence, only 35,000 acres remained.

Of these the county has already acquired 30,000 acres at a cost of $18,000,000, and proposes to secure the remainder as quickly as its financial resources will permit. The tracts already acquired encircle the City of Chicago almost completely from Lake Michigan on the north back again to the lake on the south. They extend from the northern boundary of Cook County to the southern (a distance of over sixty miles), and lie largely along the Desplaines River valley.

When the forest preserves first began to take definite form, a magazine writer observed: "Forest preserves find their justification in the growth of a timber supply for the future, the maintenance of water supply, the favorable modification of climate, and the recreative uses that they serve for dwellers in the city. This last is foremost in the Chicago program, and in a purely economic way is of the highest importance. Even commercial supremacy, if it were an end in itself, depends on the comfort, health, and happiness of the people."

The attraction which these preserves hold for the city dweller is clearly set forth in a recent (1921) report of the Forest Preserve Board. It reads:

"Historians and naturalists have found in the Palos Hills forest preserve a delightfully productive and instructive field for their research in what, to them, is a favorite rendezvous with others of similar historical interest in Cook County—seven thousand acres presenting the enchanting green heights of Palos Park, spread under a deep and flawless sky, the silent hills rolling on and on until they dip into seemingly limitless prairies. The panoramic view from these uplands attracts and holds the imagination until the city resident is lost in wonderment. Hard roads, scientifically built, thread the tract of hills and valleys, and rise and fall to the delight of the motorist, who, if conversant with the historic memories all about him, lives again the story of fact and legend coming down from the days of the period when the picturesque red fathers of the land held their sway.

"Some of their mounds, and traces of others, may be found there today. The timber, gloriously heavy and varied, gives cool shade to innumerable trails for all who go afoot, while there are many open spaces for romping picnic parties within sight of the mounds, and even the ruins of two French forts where blockhouses frowned a warning to the Indians."

Dozens of varieties of birds make their home in the Skokie Valley, and in the spring and autumn seasons migratory birds and such wild fowl as geese and ducks find quarters there on their way to and from their breeding grounds in the Canadian region south and west of Hudson's Bay. At seasons of flood the Skokie becomes a shimmering pond. In the summer and early autumn the tract is a weird field of waving marsh grass, with patches of bull-rushes and other growth peculiar to the place. Every available means has been employed by the Forest Preserve Commissioners to protect bird life in the district, and thousands of bird houses (constructed by school children) have been scattered throughout the various preserves.

"At seasons of flood the Skokie becomes a shimmering pond."

The forestry department of the Forest Preserve Board is devoting much attention to the problem of reforestation. A nursery has been established in which there are about 800,000 seedlings; a veritable forest of two-year-old trees; and a more recent planting of about 200,000 seedlings and nuts. The Board also has in mind the establishment of an arboretum, which it hopes to make one of the world's greatest; and definite steps have been taken toward the creating of a wonderful zoo, where the animals will be kept in quarters as nearly like their native haunts as the ingenuity of man can devise.

Thus it is not too much to say that the Forest Preserves of Cook County stand out as a shining beacon by which other localities may be guided to similar developments. For, as a scientist wise in matters relating to forestry, has stated: "Next to maintaining and promoting democracy and the public health, there is no higher duty than that of studying methods of reforestation so that the next generation of Americans may not be despoiled of their natural, legitimate inheritance by the selfishness, indifference, and stupidity of this generation."

A Painter of the Out-of-Doors

Frank Stick sent this picture of himself with these words—"This picture was resurrected from some old newspaper files. It was taken 8 years ago and shows my usual self conscious, gun-shy expression, but I think the buckskin shirt is bully!"

I AM not able to remember back to a period when I was not engaged, in one way and another, in getting my full measure of happiness from the out-of-doors, and about the only early experiences which impressed themselves permanently upon my mind are those which dealt with my small adventures on the open prairies of Dakota. I remember the buffalo wallows, and the bleached skeletons which we used to come across, as my toddling footsteps followed my older brother through the waving grass and I remember vividly the excursions to the banks of the James River, when we captured great strings of bullheads, with now and then a lusty pike to give a real sporting flavor to the enterprise.

So dearly did I love the open, that early in life I determined to choose a vocation that would give me full opportunity to live an outdoor life. My early bent was toward zoological collecting, and the life of a naturalist. Even before I reached my teens, our home resembled, at times, more a museum of natural history than it did a dwelling. There were stuffed birds of all kinds depending from the walls, and bitterns and cranes stood with grotesque outstretched necks in the corners. Squirrels and other small mammals disported on the chandeliers, and peered queerly from every vantage point. I use the word stuffed, in referring to these specimens, advisedly. I took to collecting wild creatures of all kinds, also, even to bringing home harmless adders, and other species of snakes, which, at the most inopportune moments, were apt to come slithering from my pockets.

Pine Cove —Frank Stick's home at Interlaken, N. J.

While the art of taxidermy gave place eventually to a less messy method of expressing my personality, it did serve its purpose in giving me an understanding of animal anatomy, which has been of considerable value in my painting. Later on, in fact, I spent several years with a professional taxidermist, with the idea in mind of perfecting myself in this necessary foundation for my work.

The rolling prairies of my boyhood have always held a wonderful fascination for me, but I can not say that their appeal has been stronger than certain other phases of nature. I have tried never to paint a subject until I was thoroughly familiar with it, and this has given me a welcome excuse to spend a great part of my time away from the civilized centers. The inspiration for the things I put on canvas must come to me direct, and this, I think, is as it should be. It means, at least, that whatever I put into my pictures is my own.

My first bass was taken in Iowa, and my first forays after ducks, geese, and lesser game were undertaken in the same state. With us boys, the first day of vacation meant an embarkation in an unwieldy, flat-bottomed boat, en route to our camping grounds four or five miles down the river. Channel cats, crappies and pike came to our rods, and frequently huge yellow cats, sturgeon and buffalo were taken on the set lines. The woods were full of squirrels and rabbits, and altogether we usually fared sumptuously, though toward the end of our trips, our larder frequently con-

The readers of OUTDOOR AMERICA feel an intense gratitude to the great American writers and artists who have rallied so magnificently to the cause of the Izaak Walton League and its magazine, and they undoubtedly feel particularly grateful to Frank Stick, that splendid painter of the out-of-doors and all forms of wild life, who from the very first issue of this magazine has contributed each month, absolutely without pay, drawings and paintings of great beauty and great value. In the last ten years Frank Stick has painted and sold more genre pictures of outdoor subjects than any two American artists. He is doing and doubtless will continue to do his tremendous share in the conservation work of the League and its magazine, and he has the whole-hearted admiration and gratitude of all the lovers of this outdoor cause.—*THE EDITOR.*

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A Duck Study

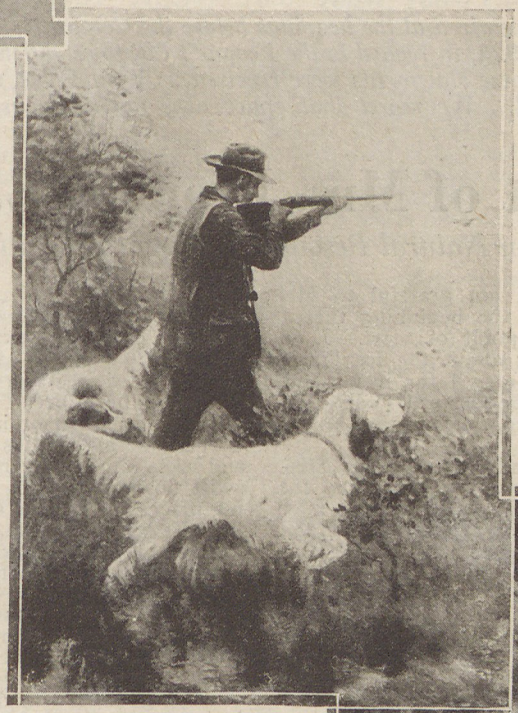
The Last Leap. Courtesy of Charles R. Frederickson

tained little but fish and flesh.

During my boyhood my parents never lived closer than a quarter of a mile from the river. I contended at that time, and I think to this day, that the time spent in reaching my fishing grounds was totally wasted, and even at that period, I determined if I ever had a boy of my own, he would have a better deal. In carrying out this idea I have erected my present home on the banks of a wooded lake, where my little fellow will be able to wet a line without moving from the side porch. It has the further advantage, that if I desire to paint a fishing scene, or to introduce a group of pines or oaks into my pictures, I have but to raise one or the other of the curtains of my studio. Wild ducks breed in the little cove adjoining, and we feed the young from our hands. Herons and ospreys visit us daily during the summer, and bull-frogs bellow beneath our windows. We like it all, my wife and youngsters and myself.

When I reached an age where I felt it imperative to go it alone, I naturally struck out for wilder environments than were afforded by my home territory, and for several years I engaged in various occupations which gave me an excuse to spend my days under the blue

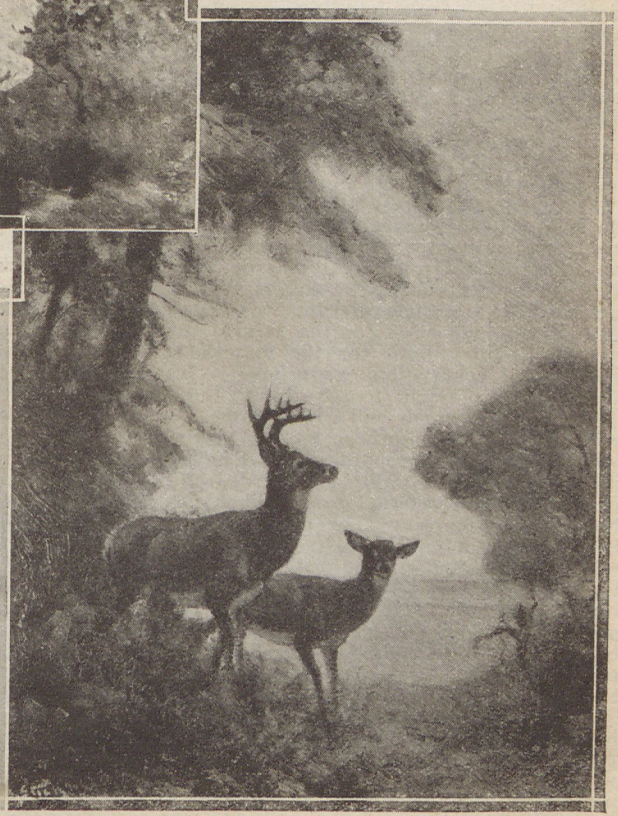
(Continued on page 48)



Courtesy of Robert Chapman

Buck and Doe Study

The End of the Trail
Courtesy of The Osborne Company



Reproductions of a few of Frank Stick's paintings

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

The Mississippi River Wild Life and Fish Refuge

A stretch of wilderness beauty beyond compare

Testimony by twenty-two witnesses was given at the hearings before the Committee on Agriculture, House of Representatives on February 11, 12, and 13, 1924, in regard to the League's bill to establish the Upper Mississippi River Wild Life and Fish Refuge. Many of these statements were received with applause, which we are assured is a very rare occurrence in hearings of any kind. We regret that space does not allow us to publish the entire proceedings.

Statement of Mrs. Frances E. Whitley

Chairman Conservation Natural Resources, General Federation of Women's Clubs

MR. Chairman and gentlemen, I am grateful to Mr. Hawes for making it clear in the beginning that I am to present only the one point of view. I do not pretend to know anything about the legal side of this, or anything of that kind, but may I for just a few minutes tell you why the women of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, through their board, have passed unanimously this resolution:

Whereas the region along the lowlands of the upper Mississippi River is one subject to overflow and not suited for agricultural purposes; and

Whereas it is highly valuable in its resources of food supplies, as a shelter for migratory birds and fur-bearing animals, and is a place of great recreational possibilities: Therefore

Resolved, That the members of the board of the General Federation of Women's Clubs indorse the bill to create a national wild-life refuge in this region.

We passed that resolution indorsing this bill to create a national wild-life refuge. It is not because we are fishermen and sportsmen; it is not because it is going to mean anything to us from that point of view, but it is because this stands for one of the things that we have been working for ever since this division was organized in 1894, which is to try to conserve for the future some of the resources of this country both for the material prosperity and for the natural beauty that we believe is just as great a heritage which we ought to pass on to our children.

This region which will be, we hope, the site of a national wild-life refuge, embraces a part of the Mississippi River which for years some of us who have been familiar with its beauty and its value have ardently hoped would some day be made a national park. Thus far we have made no headway in securing that park, because there seemed to be difficulty in persuading some of our good friends with whom we worked to secure the creation of a national park that it should be done. It is hard to persuade them that a region which has no mountain peaks, no geysers, nothing spectacular, but is simply beautiful—we think the most beautiful in the whole Mississippi Valley, taking it all together, and comprising points of great historical interest—should be made into a national park.

At the conference held to consider what the results would be of the proposed drainage of the Winneshiek Bottoms (which is, as you know, a part of the tract included in the wild-life refuge proposition), we heard from the soils experts from our agricultural college who told us that the soil thus reclaimed would be unprofitable and unsatisfactory, as it has proved in similar experiments farther down the river.

We heard from those who lived in such sections, and could tell how costly the experiments had been. Then men, who had collected figures, from the fish markets for that region showed how, in its present condition, the returns from this tract had been greater than could be hoped for from the same lands when drained.

Scientific authorities told us how drainage of these ponds and lakes into the river, diking it and turning it into one great swift flowing channel would wipe out, not only the spawning places of the fish, of the mussels which can not continue to exist without them, but would destroy the homes of the fur-bearing animals which have lived in this region.

Representatives from the Government Fisheries Bureau showed by figures how much less it costs the Government to supply the constantly increasing demands for fish to stock the lakes and rivers from these shallow ponds and streams than from the artificial hatcheries; so that it would seem that if the Government is to carry on the work of supplying such demands it would be a wasteful policy to leave to certain destruction such resources as these.

In fact, the figures on all these natural resources which are menaced by drainage (as they will be as long as they are without Federal protection) give convincing proof that the appropriation involved in this bill would be a good business investment.

Then we found that this region which has been so dear to us for years, which we have been hopeful might be saved for the future, was in danger of having the very heart of it destroyed by this drainage project to which Mr. Hawes has referred. A conference was held about this matter in August, at which were present not only the lovers of the beautiful out doors, nature lovers, but experts from the Bureau of Fisheries, men from the colleges of agriculture, and other people who realized how the pecuniary profit of the few today would sacrifice the good of the many in the future, and it seemed to us that here was something that we should be interested in.

May I say that I went to the men who understood what the history of drainage along the Mississippi River had been and heard what they had to say as to its probable value if it were reclaimed. I went to the dealers in farm lands in that section of the state and asked them if they thought anyone ought to feel obliged, for the sake of adding more corn land to Iowa, for instance (speaking of the one state alone), to give their consent and sit idly by and see a project put through that would take the very heart out of this region. These men said it was not a thing that was needed,

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

and they did not believe, from their experience, that it would be valuable, and one of the most prominent of those men assured me, I do not know whether profanely or prayerfully, that there was one thing we did not need just now and that was more corn land there.

Then I went to the executive committee of the general federation. It seemed to us that here was a time when the general principle for which we had stood might well be brought to mind, that it was worth while to save for the future some of this outdoor beauty which has been ours to enjoy, to consider the value of the recreational possibilities that would forever be destroyed if we let this thing go by and made no effort to stop it.

Then I remembered that about two years ago this coming spring I was in Mississippi and Tennessee at the time of the great floods, when there was so much suffering among the people along the low lands; when for miles and miles everything was overflowed with that dark flood of water carrying bodies of drowned animals that were swept down on the floods, and one of the prominent men in Mississippi said to me, "This is what you are doing to us, you people up north; you cut away the forests along the upper Mississippi and its tributaries, drain out the natural reservoirs and ponds and low lands that used to serve as reservoirs, and catch basins to take care of the freshets and flood water, and this is the result."

Then I came back and found that they were preparing to drain these reservoirs also. This little picture on this bulletin shows you something of the character of the lowlands, these ponds and lowlands that serve as reservoirs to take care of the waste waters at high water times. And it seemed to us that everything pointed to the fact that here was an opportunity for the Government to prevent a further waste of the natural resources; that the money which was asked for in this appropriation would be more than made up if we escaped some of the destruction that has followed the taking away of the natural defenses of our rivers.

Gentlemen, there isn't a State in the Union from which I have not had response from the women, assuring me of their hearty sympathy in this matter, which they feel is not a sectional matter. I think it would give a recreation ground for the middle West, which, as the previous speaker has said, has not enjoyed such advantages to any extent, and it would prevent the destruction of something which, once destroyed, we could never get back again. I thank you.

Statement of Prof. B. Shimek

Professor of Botany, University of Iowa, Iowa City, Iowa

AS a setting for what I shall have to say, permit me to state that I am a graduated civil engineer, and that I practiced the profession during much of the time for 10 years, and intermittently for 10 or 15 years more, during a part of the time in connection with smaller drainage projects; that for two years I was an instructor in zoölogy in the University of Nebraska, and during that time and in the years preceding I devoted much time to the study of the food habits of fishes, the habits of the pearl or river mussels, and the food habits and migration of birds; that for nearly 34 years I have been connected with the department of botany of the State University of Iowa, my work consisting chiefly in the consideration of problems in plant ecology—the botany of out-of-doors—my investigations being carried on largely in the field, and much of the time along the Mississippi River and its tributaries; and that for several years I have been a field assistant in the Iowa Geological Survey, devoting myself to the investigation of surface geology, including soils and subsoils, particularly as related to plant distribution and plant welfare.

I favor the reservation of the bottom lands of the upper Mississippi Valley, as contemplated in the bill before you, because it is the only way in which the advantages of this and similar areas can be perpetuated, and because I am convinced that these advantages far outweigh any gains that might be secured by any other treatment of the area. Unless so reserved, it will be ruined by promoters of various drainage projects.

I believe in selective drainage. Some areas can be drained to advantage, but many fail to come up to expectations or are wholly bad. I can point out a long list of failures of this kind, one of the most conspicuous in Iowa being the Rice Lake project in the district represented by your honorable chairman. Here an attempt was made to drain a beautiful lake about 20 feet deep, in an area so flat that a fall of less than one-tenth of a foot to 100 feet could be secured. Drainage could be only partially accomplished, and the commercial value of all the crops which could be produced on the "reclaimed" peat beds could not possibly equal that of the wild rice alone which was destroyed in the shallow parts.

I was in charge of a drainage project near Iowa City about 40 years ago, in which a bed of putty-like bag iron ore was encountered, and to this day the drained area has little value.

The failure of the Muscatine Slough drainage project, which Mr. Baker has already discussed, is another case in hand, and many more might be cited. The trouble is that we have left the problem of drainage almost wholly to the engineer, who is competent to tell us if an area can be drained, but who neither by training nor by experience is qualified to say whether it should be drained.

There are several valid objections to drainage projects on the lowlands in question. The great cost of the necessary protective levees has been noted. Not only is the expense great, but the levees do not wholly prevent overflows, as has been shown both here and in Europe; on the contrary, the narrowing of the channel results in a greater piling up of the waters during floods. At Dayton, Ohio, engineers constructed great flood basins to reduce the head of high waters, and in the Mississippi Valley, where nature has provided such basins in the form of broad lowlands, they are deliberately planning to reduce them.

Another fact should not be overlooked. All Government works along the Mississippi, as well as the navigability of the great stream, are constantly jeopardized by the quanti-

(Continued on page 47)

Whenever I get any time, I kneel down and pray for the passage of the ***Upper Mississippi Wild Life and Fish Refuge Act.*** *That means the resurrection and the life to the birds, the beasts and the fishes.* —*Robert H. Davis*

"Under natural conditions this area will become an accessible recreation ground for millions of people."

The Lost Legend

A Chronicle of the Fragmentary History of one

PAUL BUNYAN

Mythical Hero of the American Forests

As Told by John Rogers to His Grandson, and Compiled by

DONALD HOUGH

Illustration by H. H. Field

PART IV

IT was a good many years ago that I discovered Paul Bunyan in that Northern Minnesota lumber camp. Since then, I have worked for thirty years in the pine timber, following it across Minnesota, doubling back to clean up Wisconsin, until the real forests were gone and my friends and companions all went to the far west. But I was well along in life, and tired of the woods (or at least I thought I was) so I remained behind.

As you have guessed by this time (if you are paying any attention at all to my story) I never found Paul Bunyan in person. I talked to a great many men who worked in his camps; and, for that matter, I once worked in one myself—it was the winter of the Blue Snow, that's when it was, and I was with Shot Gunderson's crew on the Big Onion. That was the winter Paul invented the round turn, and I'll never forget the time—but to return to my theme.

It Is Part of the Undying Creed of Every Lumberjack That He Has, at Some Time or Other, Worked for the Mighty Bunyan.

In spite of all the first-hand information which was available, I was not able to trace the history of Paul Bunyan in detail. Though I made a sincere effort to obtain the facts, I finally gave it up. This seems strange when you consider the number of men who had worked for Paul. I'll never forget the year of the— but, as I started out to say, I never found out where Bunyan was born, or why, or when. All I could ever discover about his past history was that he had invented lumbering, including all the tools and the best methods, which he worked out by a long, tedious process.

What he did in the East is particularly vague, though he started operations there. It is my opinion that he merely was born there, and that he climbed to fame and accomplished all (or most) of his work in the lake states of Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota. By rights, North Dakota should be included among these, and since it is in Dakota that Paul Bunyan made his first appearance west of the eastern pineries, it is Dakota that we shall first consider in outlining, as well as can be done, the life of this mighty lumberman.

It is positively known that Bunyan logged off North Dakota, and that he did it in one winter, from a single camp. This was record time, even for Bunyan; but he was able to accomplish this feat, it is said, because of the assistance of the Seven Axemen, the greatest woodsmen who ever lived, including all history, past, present and future. The Seven Axemen of the Red River, they were called, and the camp from which they worked was situated on the Red River, just across the line from Minnesota.

The Seven Axemen of the Red River, Mightiest Figures in All Lumbering History.

Two unquestioned facts bear this out. It is certain that Bunyan logged off North Dakota, because there is not a tree left standing in the state (even the stumps have been removed), and it is just as sure that he did it from one camp, because no lumber camp ruins ever have been discovered west of the Red River of the North. It is beyond question that he did it in one winter, because the efficiency of the Seven Axemen was such that more time in which to do the job could not possibly have been consumed.

Evidence shows that Bunyan had used the axe handle in the East, but when he hired the Seven Axemen he discarded this and equipped his mighty crew with great double-bitted axe heads tied to a long rope. The method used by the Axemen was to advance in skirmish formation, swinging the axes in mighty circles as they advanced. At each sweep they cut down a section of timber.

As I have pointed out, little is known about these mighty woodsmen. They are said to have been jolly fellows, with hearts as large as their two fists. Their size has never been recorded, but it is known that they used cordwood for toothpicks, and that a portion of bacon for each consisted of the side of a full grown pig. I have heard (but it is a doubtful tale) that each of the Axemen had two helpers, to be used in carrying dulled axes back to camp, and in bringing up fresh ones. This assertion is hardly plausible, for the reason that it required a week to grind one of the axes, but it in a way bears out the contention that it was the winter of the North Dakota operations that Paul invented the grindstone.

History Has It That Paul Invented the Grindstone, But It Remained for the Men of the Cities to Invent the Nose.

In the East he had sharpened the axes of the crew by rolling smooth stones down the hills and having his men run alongside, holding their axes against the boulders until sharp. The lack of hills in Dakota was the first obstacle Paul had to overcome, and he did it by inventing the crude "revolving rock," later known as the "grindstone." This was an excellent invention, probably ranking with the cotton gin in its ultimate effect on American history.

The "revolving rock" was a large affair. The exact measurements were lost when the Little Chore Boy got angry at it one day and threw it out of sight. But it is known (at least so I have heard in many a camp) that it was so big that every time it revolved once, it was pay-day.

Lumbering in North Dakota (some authorities claim it was here that Bunyan logged off section 37 and lost it forever) presented many difficulties. The Little Chore Boy, in order to find water deep enough to accommodate the camp bucket, had to go over to Lake Superior for his supply. The bucket leaked, and it is interesting to observe that the greater portion of the ten thousand lakes of Minnesota are in line between Lake Superior and the Red River. This also gave rise to the Mississippi River—a fact which can be proven by visiting St. Paul or Minneapolis, past which the river can still be seen running.

The history of the breaking up of the Red River camp is fogged. It is known that the Little Chore Boy stuck with Paul, because he is frequently found with him later. The three hundred cooks have never been accounted for. When the last log went down the river, they filed out of the cook shack with their turkeys over their shoulders and were never seen again. The Seven Axemen disappeared. They tramped down the tote road one day, never so much as glancing back, and were lost forever.

The Seven Axemen! Noble figures they were, unequaled by anything ever seen or heard of since, or ever before, or ever likely to be seen or heard of (with any base of truth) in the future.

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

II

The task of the historian is ever a difficult one. The obstacles to be surmounted by Bunyan's biographer are many—it is so hard to make things come out right. It is a certainty, it seems to me, that Paul Bunyan operated, roughly, from east to west. It does not seem right that he should move to Dakota, thence to the lake states. But this he must have done, for the facts related in the preceding paragraphs do not permit of manipulation.

From Dakota, then, Bunyan moved east. He had become enthusiastic about lumbering on a huge scale, and perhaps his operations in the lake states were the greatest ever seen. He seems to have worked them all at about the same time, though many authorities claim Michigan was used as a headquarters. It is with his early struggles in these states, however, that we are principally concerned.

Again Paul found it necessary to change his methods—or rather to invent new ones. He stepped across the Red River with his grindstone under one arm and his dog under the other. The grindstone had come to stay. This was all he had, excepting the dog, which was the famous fore and aft one so often referred to by Paul's friends. The exact description of the dog has long since been lost, but an old tale has it that Bunyan once mistook him for a tually proved to be an excellent idea, for the dog found that he could run on his front legs until tired, then turn over and run on his rear ones, in this manner always keeping himself fresh. This dog was the father of the famous moose terrier, who used to bring in moose for the larder during the time Big Ole had charge of the cooking.

This Was During the Winter of the Deep Snow, When Paul Had to Let His Axemen Down to the Trees With Ropes.

But as I was saying, Paul Bunyan stepped across into Minnesota with the dog under one arm and the grindstone under the other. The first thing to do, as he saw it, was to solve the question of transportation, and how well he did it, with the Blue Ox, is a matter of history. Because of the nature of the terrain, the logging roads were all crooked, and the first duty of the Ox (for he could pull anything

(Continued on page 47)

Trap Shooting Department

Conducted by GEORGE C. FRANKLIN

Trap clubs all over the country are asked to submit suggestions for increasing interest, helping beginners, caution to instructors, and matters of kindred interest, and to send in pictures of their clubhouses and of any of their members who are making phenomenal scores. This department will encourage discussion of the comparative merits of trap shooting and other sports and the great pleasures of the sport itself. All articles intended for this department should be mailed to George C. Franklin, Trap Shot Editor of Outdoor America, 1006 Patterson Building, Denver.

DEAR Sportsmen, all over the world: If it were not that assurance has been given me by a lot of old trap shooters, that they would help, I certainly would not have the nerve to tackle this job—but if Brother Dilg had listened to the argument that someone else could start the Izaak Walton League better than he could, I am afraid our wonderful organization would never have been given birth—so, until someone comes forward who has had editorial experience and relieves me, I shall try to stir things up and get some of you to write for this column for self-protection, if for no other reason.

There are so many reasons why everyone who loves out-door sports should spend a little time at the traps, that it would be easier and take a lot less space to write the excuses for their not doing so, but a negative argument never gets us anywhere.

As I looked up from my paper just now my view was the range of mountains to the west, a storm is gathering and heavy banks of clouds lie dark and threatening along the crests from Pike's Peak to Long's Peak, and over the skyline of the city are many flags, which are at half mast. You all know why, and you all remember those dark days when the heavy clouds hung over Europe and anxious eyes studied the line on the Western Front which was each day advancing a little nearer Paris, and the grim menace to civilization tightened another notch; and you all remember how our hearts stood still, and then leaped with joy and gratitude when the news of that first battle in which American Marines took part, and an entire regiment picked and equipped for the triumphal entry in to Paris melted and vanished at the foot of the tower erected for the warlords before the accurate marksmanship of our soldiers. Boys whose ancestors were marksmen and who were themselves as sure of the accuracy of their aim as they were of their singleness of purpose.

Marksmanship is as much a characteristic of an American as any virtue we possess, and unless our youth are given an opportunity to practice the art which comes so naturally to them, it will be a lost heritage.

Those of us who have seen the big game vanish from the prairies and foothills, no longer advocate killing, except under the strictest obedience to our game laws. What is to take the place of these and give us the fellowship which comes from mingling with sportsmen, but the rifle range and traps?

Ask your boy, if he would like to shoot (provided you are prepared to let him do it), and see how quickly he will respond to the opportunity offered him. Then, when evening comes, you and he can sit down and discuss the scores, the misses, and the kills of a day at the traps, you will be grateful to "Outdoor America" for showing you another way to pal with your boy, or your girl, for I have found as many girls who would love to shoot, as boys, if only they were given the chance. Then, when the time comes that they talk in hushed voices of the glorious days of the past, the brightest spots will be those where you and they looked out across the meadow over a well-trained dog, and enjoyed the only hunting left to us now, small game, and they were able to shoot because they had been trained to shoot, and could enjoy their skill without leaving a lot of maimed and suffering birds to mark the passing of an inexperienced shot.

We are not a race of "mollycoddles" and we never will be, for it is as natural

(Continued on page 62)

The Trap Shooters' Department is greatly pleased to have the first response to our request for contributions come from the little lady, so well known to trap shooters all over the country as "Betty Buch"—winner of the Woman's Trophy in the Prairie Zone Tournament, in 1920. Woman's State Champion of South Dakota for four consecutive years. Coming through the grilling contest at the Grand American, Chicago, in 1920, with the remarkable score of 96x100.

Last year she won the Woman's State Championship for Colorado, breaking 187x200; finishing the year with the highest average ever made by a woman amateur considering the limited number of registered targets available.

Mrs. Buchanan is also an enthusiastic golf player and is frequently seen on the Lakewood and Country Club links. Universally loved by both men and women, lover of outdoor sports, she is giving largely of her time to protection of wild life in the Rocky Mountains and gives the Izaak Walton League her unqualified support.

We hope that other ladies will follow her lead and write of their experience for this column.

More Gun Powder and Less Face Powder

(Being words of approval on a well-known saying of Annie Oakley.)

By MRS. C. M. BUCHANAN

DURING my seven years of interest in trapshooting, I have held the firm belief that all women should learn to handle a gun of some kind; if for no other reason than overcoming of a fear which the majority of the so-called weaker sex all too evidently possess. A great many of you who do overcome this fear, possibly, will not care to take up shooting as an active interest; but the hundreds of you who really wish to do so and are held back by a feeling of nervousness or horror of the recoil, I wish to assure you that this will soon pass away, and be replaced by a realization of something worth while accomplished. The recoil is scarcely noticeable after learning properly to hold the gun.

It has been my great pleasure to be present at the debut of some twenty or thirty women at the traps, and without exception they have assured me that they would not exchange their experience for any money. Then, too, I have yet to meet the father, brother or husband who would not enthusiastically applaud any efforts of his women folk along this line.

Many of the women who shoot do not hunt; they find compensation enough in the keen competition found at the traps. I am glad to say, there is no royal road to favor for the woman shot, no advantage is given or taken, but she is met on even terms. Ability to shoot a good score is not necessary, but true sportsmanship is, and great is her reward in true fellowship who proves herself worthy.

I should like to write briefly of my own start, in the hope that the recital will give encouragement to many. I had had a little experience shooting at tin cans thrown into the air. (These make a very satisfactory target for the first attempts; the important thing at such a time is to get the feel of the gun.) I had shot a few clay targets thrown at known angles from an old "expert model" trap, placed on a raft

(Continued on page 62)

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

Why You Belong in this League

By THE EDITOR

I KNOW if you and I could sit down and have an honest to God talk that it would result in your either joining an Izaak Walton Chapter or starting one. I know I could present matters to you so that your conscience and your common sense would command you to do one or the other. There is no doubt, my brother, about your being needed, and you are needed badly RIGHT NOW.

In writing, I am taking it for granted that you are a lover of wild things and wild places. Not just a talker about these things, but that deep down in your heart you love this America of ours and believe with the League that outdoor America is the chief asset of the American people. I believe you understand that the health, character and sturdiness of our citizenship largely depend on these things. Our ancestors were mighty men—they established for us the greatest nation the world has ever known. If we are the right sort we want our boys and girls to be like them and, my brother, they haven't a chance if we continue to stand idly by and permit our kids TO BE SOLD OUT.

I hope you will read (in this issue) Col. W. B. Greeley's article, "Keep America's Forests Green." Every word of it is true—**tragically true.** And Col. Greeley only touches on one of the three vitally important subjects concerning our out-of-doors. Here are the League's three great tasks: Pollution is perhaps the first. We have permitted our waters to be polluted to a larger degree than has any other nation in the world. Pollution is not so much a matter for sportsmen as it is a matter of human life. Pollution is yearly taking its toll of life and to a much greater degree than the public know. A proper understanding of the menace of pollution would mean a public indignation of so great a force that it would be hard to keep it in bounds. Pollution will continue to work its havoc until **our people** prove to their State Governments, and to Official Washington, that the people really care and do give a damn.

The second great task is the question of reforestation, and decent and sane appropriations by our State and the National Government to fight forest fires. At present we appropriate four hundred thousand dollars to fight these fires, and in 1922 we had 62,000 forest fires. That sum is a disgrace to the American people. It has caused European nations to wonder how our people can permit such thoughtless inaction upon the part of our State and Federal Government.

China has practically no forests—do you want your children and your children's children to live in a land like that? Do you want floods to come down upon them, killing them by the thousands? That's what happens in forestless China. And, my brother, thousands of other evils too numerous to mention here.

Don't you want to help this League to pass decent State and Federal appropriations for reforestation and for forest fires? We can do it if every man of us does his duty so that the voice of the League can be a commanding voice at our State and National Capitols. Can't you see, my brother, that the League **needs you** and that **you need the League?** Isn't it plain to you that you can't help us to win our fight unless you enlist? What right have you to sit on the side lines and watch your brothers battle for your outdoor land? Don't you know that this League has no commercial basis and that its magazine has no stockholders, but that when it gets enough circulation that it will make money because of the advertising, and that every penny of these profits will go into the League's treasury to help us win our battle which is your battle too?

The third great task of importance is **indiscriminate drainage.** We have unscientifically drained in this country an area greater by eleven million acres than that of the five Great Lakes. And the tragedy is that in our ignorance less than one-third of this wholesale drainage has resulted in even indifferent farm lands. We have made deserts of once lovely places in which migratory wild fowl and all sorts of wild life found paradise. Today wild fowl frequently starve during the northern and southern flights because of a lack of resting and feeding grounds. Here again, drainage is not a matter of the sportsmen only. It concerns the health and happiness of our people. The Dayton flood was entirely due to indiscriminate drainage, and we have many less notable evidences of the evil of ignorant drainage. Our farmers are already beginning to pay a heavy price because of too little evaporation areas. Plants need moisture in the air as much as in the soil. It is often said that the wealth of America lies in its soil.

Can't you see my brother sportsmen, that the problem of saving sport in this country is a national problem—not a county or a state matter only? Conservation for "my county" and conservation for "my state" won't do. There is only one sure course and that is **conservation for "my United States."** Now, my brother, I hope that you are convinced and that you will immediately join an Izaak Walton Chapter or start one in your town. Don't forget that this magazine is a gift at one dollar, and realize that to spread the truths found herein we must have many readers. You should therefore do your sportsmen friends the favor of introducing **our** magazine to them so that they too may enlist, and thus help to do the great works that this League has sworn to do.

Membership-at-large coupon of residents of vicinities having no local chapter

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You may enter my name for membership-at-large in the IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA and send me membership card and I. W. L. A. button to the address given below.

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Gentlemen:

You may enter my subscription for one year at $1.00 to the OUTDOOR AMERICA, DEFENDER OF AMERICA'S OUT OF DOORS.

Enclosed find $1.00 to cover one year's subscription from date.

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If YOU believe in this cause PROVE IT by signing and mailing both of these coupons.

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Our Outdoor Calendar

By
WARREN H. MILLER

April

This department of fascinating and practical outdoor lore will appear regularly and will be conducted by Warren H. Miller, former editor of Field and Stream. There is no better authority in America on camping and living in the open than Warren H. Miller. —The Editor.

THE Big Season is upon us once more! From now until November we will let no week pass without at least two days under canvas, the Red Gods willing! I would enlarge upon this remarkable statement somewhat. Why all that trouble, for just two days, Saturday and Sunday, if we can get that much? O ye who are chained to desk and store—to house, house, house! You will never know until you have tried it what even two nights out of the week in a tent will mean to your poor, worn, tired, half-alive body! Trouble? It is worth systematizing, this going after health and "pep." I know; for I worked it out, from a beginning of four camps a year, to a schedule of once every month in the year, and finally, during spring, summer, and fall, every week. I was lucky enough to have Saturdays that were my own; the system, then, arranged matters so that the family was there at the station when I came out on the train, Friday evening. They were all equipped, with mine and their duffle, and all I had to do was to stay right on the train until we reached the jumping-off place. A few minutes in the first copse of woods sufficed me to shift the city linens and trousers, put them in the duffle bag, and reappear in the good old flannel shirt and breeches—and I was as good as any of them.

Friday night we were camped in our tents. Saturday and Sunday were ours in the blessed woods, fishing, shooting, canoeing, or just loafing, but oh, what sleeps in the ozone of the woods! What dawns, with all nature fresh and new and sweet! What days, with canoe and bait-casting rod or upstream with the rubber boots and sandals and trout outfit! What camp fires at night, with the banjo and the ukulele and the roaring song! Only two days, but they made the rest of the week look poor and shabby.

Not in a camp shack, mind you. There is not enough difference between the home bed in the house and the cot in the shack to get the full benefit. No; you want a tent, one open to the air of the forest and the smell of it and the sounds of it. Then you awake refreshed and lion-hearted, and come home Sunday night ready to tackle the week's work, an alert and alive man.

The idea wants system to be a success. The casual week-end camp becomes quite easily a species of purgatory if gone into with any old equipment and no adequate protection against cold and mosquitoes and rain. Yet it can all be done on very little weight; packs and provisions that the family can tote to the train without undue travail. It goes without saying that the children will look forward to these week-end camps as the big, big event, marking each week with a red letter day. Your wife, too, if you give her the chance. She will not relish at all being left behind, and her weight will be against the project from first to last if it involves lonely Sundays for her. But beware how you take her into the woods with makeshift outfit, with cold and uncomfortable sleeping arrangements, with clothes that are not the thing at all. She may endure it once, for yours and the

"Spring usually found us on the trout streams."

"Our surf camp on the dunes with beach shelter tents."

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

"Pal and her outfit; her own pack rests against the tree."

children's sake, but why not fix it so that she can really enjoy it?

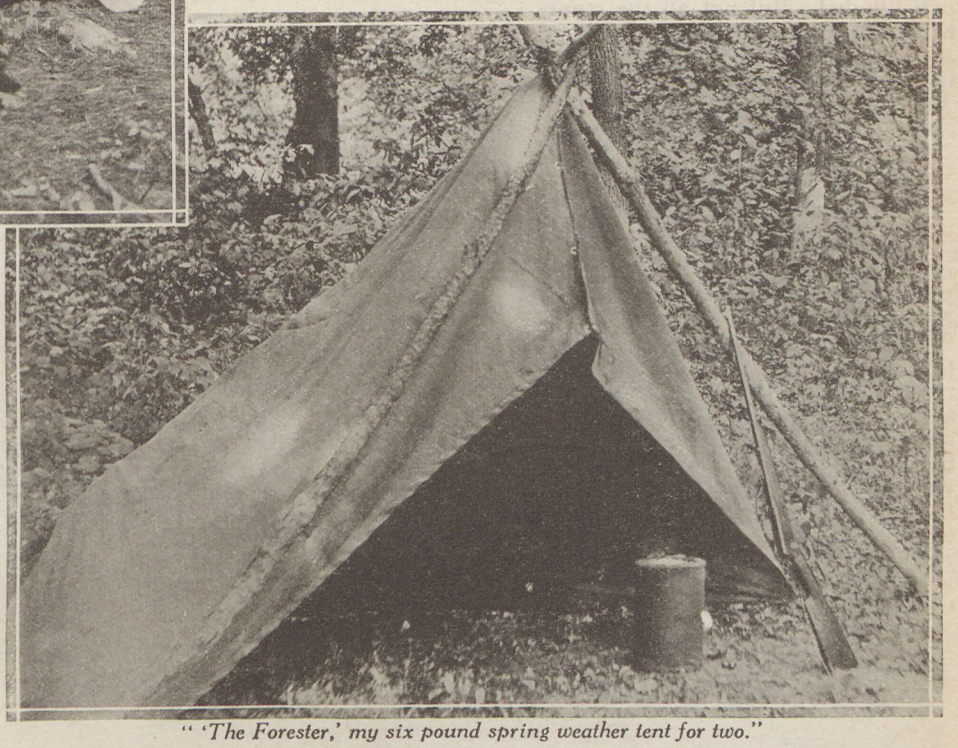
I took the family along every time. They doubled my own enjoyment, even though they halved my time for the serious business of fishing and hunting. But I laid deep schemes and spent considerable money before ever the idea of taking them along was broached. We were four, then, and each and every one had to have a complete and efficient outfit. I began with the partner of my joys and sorrows. A khaki Norfolk jacket for her and a divided skirt with bloomers underneath; laced and waterproof women's hunting boots; beaded moccasins for wearing around camp; two hats, a brown silk one for warm weather canoeing and fishing, and a sassy red plaid Mackinaw one with a cockade of feathers in it for cold weather; plenty of wool socks; a khaki and a wool shirtwaist; a horrid red tie; a light duffle bag with pockets in it to carry her personal effects; a shouting red and black Mackinaw coat; a white wool night toque—these outfitted her with clothing that made quite a man of her in the woods. For her sleeping bag we made one of brown sateen, quilted, with much Australian wool batting in between; and then we bought her a nifty trout rod of her own, a bait-casting outfit, a .410 bore double shotgun. . . . .

Our reward came the first time she got into a canoe, bound for a four-day trip down a wild river with unsurpassed scenery strung along both banks.

"Oh, I love this! I adore it!" quoth the person in new khaki, dipping in her paddle for our first rapids. After that there was nothing to it! She became an outdoor "nut." She learnt to fish—trout-rod, bait-casting-rod, surf-rod. She shot rapids, and traversed silent lakes with nothing on their banks but sheer beauty. She learned to shoot, and brought us many a fool-hen on our big-game trips. She already was the star rider of the family, and when we went to the Rockies for the first time on a month of mixed horsepacking, trouting, and shooting, there was little that heaven had that could touch it!

Of course the two children were along on that first canoe trip. They sat in among the duffle bags in the bottom of the canoe, a boy and a girl, aged eleven and nine. Shrill squeals of juvenile excitement as we dipped into white water. More yells of delight, when the little river would hurl the canoe bodily into the alders around a bend. Mamma and papa performed prodigies of paddling; broken branches and sticks came aboard in showers; and lo, scarcely was that excitement over before a down tree, clear across the bank from side to side, required that the whole family should get out on it while the parents hauled the canoe over it and shot her down into the waters beyond. And then that portage, over an old and abandoned carry, where the canoe was snaked up twenty feet above the ground into the branches of a prone spruce, while the whole family, climbing like squirrels, helped! Games!—Pish, this was reality!

The kids had each their own quilt sleeping bags and khaki boy scout clothes. Each his or her own packsack, of child size, carrying part of the general provisions. Choosing the camp site, as banks, lakes, ponds, islands were passed, became a matter of the most intense interest along about four o'clock. A tiny rivulet, telling of a spring somewhere back in the sticks; a beach, a point, and that matter was settled. Then the organization set to work at home-building for the night. The kids chopped tent stakes and firewood; Pal and I cut tent poles and got out the "rag houses" from the packs. On these trips we used two tents that are favorites with me for mild weather camping beginning in the month of April, the "snow" and the "forester." The first is an enclosed tent with rather high peak for ladies' use, easily and quickly put up with a short club for ridge pole and a pair of shears. The second is an invention of mine dating from 1905, designed to give the warmest possible tent with an open night fire in front. The angles were worked out to reflect the heat from all sides upon the sleepers, and the hood of the front is cut to such shape as to let in all the rays radiated from the camp fire, yet keep the heat in from running out along the ridge pole. This tent sets up with three poles and eight pegs. A mosquito screen snaps on under the edge of the hood. In April the nights are cold and a backlog fire in front of the tent is a great comfort. As soon as these two tents



" 'The Forester,' my six pound spring weather tent for two."

(Continued on page 62)

Keep America's Fo

IN the summer of 1910, twelve men were fighting a forest fire in the Coeur d'Alene Mountains of Idaho, under the direction of Forest Ranger John Pulaski. A sudden hurricane carried the fire into the tops of the trees and in a twinkling surrounded the little band with a seething furnace of flame. Terror was stampeding the seemingly doomed men into blind flight and certain destruction. But the Forest Ranger held them together, led them to an abandoned mining tunnel, and crowded them into this rabbit warren as a last desperate chance. As the flames and smoke swept over them, Pulaski held odds and ends of blankets or clothes stripped from their backs over the mouth of the tunnel with his bare hands, dropping one bit of cover when it became ablaze and thrusting another into its place. The heat was intense. The men cried out that they were being suffocated like rats in a hole. They stampeded for the opening. Pulaski fought them back, knocked them down, held them in by sheer physical strength.

The fire passed on and these human lives were saved, although their heroic leader was seriously burned and half blinded. But not all the stout-hearted woodsmen who fought to save Uncle Sam's forests in the terrible summer of 1910 lived to tell the tale. Some of them lie in reverently tended graves at Wallace and St. Maries, Idaho.

What is the cause that not only in the northwest but in the Lake States and every forested region of the Union has enrolled its heroes and its golden stars? It is the battle cry of "Keep America's Forests Green." It is the challenge to stop the destruction and desolation of outdoor America from

Here is a wonderful article. Read pon your soul. It should convey to you ho pa any outdoor America left for our child ou excuse for carelessness in the woods an o sh he knows how to love them and to care f. B intends to lead a fight for larger forest opri help. Next issue look for our support tor bill should be made into law and in the sue w Also in May read Zane Grey's article en ores and see for yourself what vandalism is our

Pictures courtesy Fore

the incessant burning of our woodces. duty upon which President Coolidgelaced ing the week of April 21 as "Forestction to save America's forests.

We have read much of the destruf the by the German armies, and the shein th yet here in America we burn up ear m of French forests which the war olate. forest fires in 1922, and they swep 11 n mile strip extending from New Yor to D one year, and you will form a fair of th of the red enemy of America's fore

Readers of "OUTDOOR AMER arcel is our great preserver. Not only furni material of modern civilization and y pre resources of an industrial nation. preser and when they disappear both the and which they protect disappear with The thousand years ago when they fra pro of the fountain. Wooded spaces cove our wild life, and when the red e esolat birds and game animals in its fiery Fores health and moral fiber among the A peop sturdiness and rugged character to gener they disappear, these vital sources nal s Forests blackened and desolated mean

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

rests Green

By W. B. GREELEY
Chief, U. S. Forest Service

Read ponder and think and let it sink into
ou ha patriots are needed if we are to have
child our children's children. There is no
ds an o should be forbidden the woods until
care f. Beginning with this issue the League
orest opriations and we want and need your
pport tor McNary's Senate Bill 1182. This
n thesue we will print the bill and explain it.
le enforest Fires, Automobiles, Good Roads"
m is dour Forests.—*EDITOR.*

American homebuilder, and more costly paper to every American reader. They mean bankrupt land which can support neither people nor communities nor roads. They mean water courses which fluctuate between excessive floods and bare trickles. They mean the loss of our game and bird population and the impairment of America's great outdoor playground.

But green forests are the background, the absolutely essential background, of the America that we all want for ourselves and for our children. Green forests mean abundant lumber, and cheap lumber, for our homebuilders and farms and factories, print paper for our magazines and newspapers, cross ties for our railroads, and stulls and lagging for our mines. Green forests mean productive land, land that will support a virile rural population, land that will maintain communities with schools and churches and good roads. Green forests mean beautiful streams and streams that flow steadily. They mean fish in

ourtesy Forest Service

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Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

those streams as well, and the abundant population of birds, fur bearers, and game animals, great or small, which form one of the most prized assets of America. And every green forest means another opportunity for the American people, for the great masses of American people, not the elect few, to enjoy the health-giving recreation of the open spaces which is more and more imperative as our social and industrial life becomes more intense.

Self-evident, as all of these things should be, not many Americans realize the full measure of our national dependence upon our forests. They do not realize that this country consumes nearly half of all the lumber manufactured in the world. They do not realize that, even after the changes of recent years in methods of construction, 98 per cent of our rural dwellings are still built of wood, and from 59 to 98 per cent of our city homes, as reported by the various states. Nearly every American community has felt the pinch of the housing shortage. Hundreds of thousands of American families have had to forego the pleasure and satisfaction of building their own home in accordance with the traditions of their fathers. And yet every year we burn up enough timber to house the entire population of Kansas City or Louisville or Denver.

Few of us realize that the United States uses more paper than all of the rest of the world combined, and over 90 per cent of our paper is made from wood. Compare the abundant use of paper in the United States, the equivalent of 149 pounds a year for every man, woman and child, with the annual consumption in China of about one-tenth of a pound per capita—and let the thought sink in of what abundant forests mean to an aggressive, forward-looking people in contrast to the forest desolation for which China stands as a horrible example. And yet every year we burn up hundreds of thousands of cords of paper-making wood, enough to supply the presses of a large city.

With the best that we can do, hard times are ahead for America in her timber supply. We use and burn up four times as much wood every year as our forest areas are growing. And we burn over twice as much forest land every year as the lumberman cuts with his axe. The vast storehouses of virgin forest with which a lavish nature endowed us will not last much longer. We must become a people of timber growers, not only to build houses and print newspapers, but to preserve the great outdoor spaces with their streams and wild folk and their health-giving service to the nation. And the first commandment of forestry is to outlaw the forest fire.

Sixty-two thousand forest fires a year—and 50,000 of them caused by sheer human carelessness! That is the most terrible power of the red enemy—his thousands of unwitting allies who turn his destructive forces loose in the woods from sheer carelessness or ignorance. There is no more reason for the usual forest fire than for the usual grade crossing accident. Can we not train the American who takes to the open in the code of the woods just as he must obey the traffic code of the city? Can we not drive home the etiquette of the forest just as we teach our children the etiquette of the home? No smoker would drop his lighted match or burning cigarette on the rug or table cover of the friend who is entertaining him; but thousands of smokers every summer toss their flaming matches or smouldering ashes on the carpets and furnishings of their great friendly, neighborly host of the outdoors, the forest.

Fifty thousand man-caused fires every year! The "tailor-made" cigarette dropped in the woods while still aglow, the smouldering pipe heel knocked thoughtlessly into dry pine needles, the camp fire left unextinguished and unattended—all of these and their like sinister fellows must be outlawed. The real woodsman or fisherman or hunter takes pride in the care and skill with which he constantly guards the forest haunts which he loves from injury. He wants green forests, and only green forests. I wish that we could pin a badge of shame on every woodsman or fisherman or hunter of the other sort. I would like to make him wear a red band around his arm for a year as a confession of his thoughtless allegiance with the red enemy.

It is not difficult for anyone to prevent himself from being an unconscious firebrand in the woods. There are six or seven simple rules of safe woodcraft which the Forest Service prints on all of its camping permits and on every map that is handed the recreation seeker in the National Forests. Break every match before it is dropped. Grind cigarette stubs into the dirt with your heel, as you would a venomous snake, or if that cannot be done, drop them into an old tomato can. Build camp fires only on dirt or rock; and when they are left, first drown them and then bury them, and bury them in real dirt as befits the grave of an incendiary. And carry under your hat the thought that any fire in the woods, whether you have started it or some one else has started it, means exactly the same thing to you as a fire in your neighbor's house or wheat field.

But to keep America's forests green demands much more from all of us than personal care and responsibility. The proclamation of the President of the United States as another summer approaches is a call to arms. It is a summons to all good citizens to rally to the protection of outdoor America, to give their support to organized public effort and to state and national movements thoughtfully designed to stop the destruction of our forests and restore one of our great natural resources. We are striving to write into the laws of the Union a national forestry policy which will make the growing of timber just as much of a national purpose and accomplishment as the fostering of agriculture. Country-wide cooperation between the federal government and the states in protecting forest lands from fire is the first and most essential step in this national program. It deserves the staunch support of every American citizen who treasures the welfare of our forest areas, whether from the standpoint of the industrial materials which they produce or the wild life which they harbor and propagate or the streams which they feed or the infinite and fruitful forms of recreation which they afford.

We should back up with no less energy the work of our own states in forest protection and forest renewal. Twenty-seven states are now in the league—the league that stands for green forests in America as against the desolate wastes of China. Some of them are going ahead rapidly with efficient organizations for fire prevention, the creation of state forests, and the planting of denuded lands. Others are just making a start. Every one of them needs the serious interest and enthusiastic support of its own citizens. And there are still the laggard states which have not caught the vision, which have done nothing, some of them states in which the forest fire far from being an outlaw is still a respectable citizen.

As a nation, we are making headway in the protection of our forests as compared with ten or fifteen years ago; but there is still much to be done. President Roosevelt foresaw it all when he said that forestry is one of the most vital internal problems of the United States, and that no nation can permanently prosper which does not give jealous care to its natural resources. The call to action has been sounded. Will every reader of "OUTDOOR AMERICA" respond?

Forest Fires, Automobiles, Good Roads *by* ZANE GREY IN THE MAY ISSUE

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

Superior National Forest Boundary Extension

Outdoor America is the official organ of the Association

Pres. Superior National Forest Recreation Association
By PAUL B. RIIS

THERE have been persistent rumors of opposition to the Superior National Forest Boundary Extension in its present forms, which took concrete form at a meeting in Eveleth, Minn., one of the Range cities, February 14th. Delegates from Commercial Clubs and other interests of northern Minnesota met here for a discussion of the subject, resulting in the passing of resolutions which unalterably opposed the passage of the Fuller bill in any form, as being unjust, unfair, confiscatory and detrimental to the best interests of northern Minnesota. Its enactment into law also would, in a large sense, hinder the development of eastern St. Louis, Cook and Lake counties.

Nature's "Court of Honor" at Clearwater Lake.

Another meeting was held the day following, February 15th, at Duluth, at the Chamber of Commerce Rooms, with representation from the Range cities, the Duluth Chamber of Commerce, Col. A. S. Peck of the United States Forest Service and District Forester of the Superior National Forest, District Forest Inspector Crosby A. Hoar, Duluth, and friends of the movement. The Association was represented by directors M. W. Peterson and George Brozich of Ely, Albert Hoel of Gilbert, Herman T. Olson and Gus Carlson of Tower, and the writer.

Advance information made it clear that the proposed boundaries were chiefly objectionable because of their seeming inclusion of much valuable farm lands, although the Fuller bill specifically states that lands chiefly valuable as forest lands and the protection of stream flow were sought. To meet this argument the Forest Service prepared a map at the suggestion of the association, showing a much modified boundary, as presenting a more definite outline of the extension desired. The Fuller bill would be applicable to this boundary also and exclude farm lands, thus the outline would be further skeletonized thereby and present virtually nothing more than a consolidation of the four component parts of the forest, the principal object in the minds of those interested in its preservation.

Col. Peck pointed out the importance of such a step because of its necessity to safeguard the present holdings, to give more adequate fire protection and a better administration of the forest. He further pointed out the value of acquiring non-agricultural lands for the growing of much needed timber, which should be recognized as a crop, assuring the audience that the passage of H. R. 488 would guarantee permanent industries. Crosby Hoar explained the working of the bill and provisions under which it was drawn in greater detail. The lands to be acquired, he stated, are waste lands, cutover, and practically worthless for agriculture and useful only for purposes of reforestation. The length of time required to mature a crop of timber would make private forestry correspondingly impractical and prohibitive. He further showed figures which indicate that there are in the State of Minnesota alone idle agricultural lands available to suffice for the next seventy years according to a rate of settlement during a term of years. Also, that the Government pays to the counties in which the forests are located twenty-five and ten per cent of its gross revenue, derived from the sale of timber and other forest products. As much of the lands included now in this National Forest has been tax exempt lands since the time of man, the much greater area on which this twenty-five and ten per cent item will be paid should more than offset any loss occasioned by removal of lands from the taxroll.

The writer presented the case of the Superior Forest from the standpoint of national ownership, much needed for a playground for the people of the United

(Continued on page 64)

The alluring wilderness shore of Rose Lake is typical of the charms of the Superior National Forest.

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

Brief News of the Chapters of the Izaak Walton League of America

Michigan Division Officers: President, Edward J. Slade, Flint; Vice President, Henry Schuil, Grand Rapids; Secretary, Andrew T. Shively, Lansing; Treasurer, Dr. Harry C. Benson, Lansing.

IN the city of **Lansing** was held during February the first annual convention of the **Michigan Division** of the Izaak Walton League. A splendid delegation of sportsmen attended and an entire day was consumed perfecting a constitution, which is regarded as a model one and which provides for extension work in Michigan which ultimately will spread chapters in every city, large and small, throughout the state.

Of particular importance in the Michigan division is a membership committee which will have charge of the creation of new chapters and the increase in membership of the ones already in existence.

President Shively of the Lansing chapter, the largest in Michigan, presided at the sessions and carried the work through with promptness and dispatch. It was particularly interesting to note that every delegate took active part in the deliberations and all matters of policy were decided upon only after thorough discussion.

The convention day activities were brought to a close by a banquet attended by 1,500 people. Dr. Preston Bradley of Chicago was the principal speaker of the evening. The Nipigon moving pictures were shown.

Missouri Division Officers: President, Dr. H. J. Waters, Kansas City; Honorary President, Frank Wielandy, St. Louis; Vice President, G. C. Kellogg, Carthage; Secretary, Jack R. Cunningham, Kansas City; Treasurer, Bruce Ramsay, St. Louis.

THE **Missouri Division** of the Izaak Walton League, at its first annual convention held in Kansas City, laid plans which in the very near future will bind all sportsmen of the state into a co-ordinating, functioning body and insure for all time to come an Outdoor Missouri replete with fish and game, and with the wild things, and the wild places protected and cherished.

It was a great meeting of Americans, this Missouri convention. There were men with snowy hair who helped make history, and there were young men, eager to do their share toward keeping the pledge of the League.

The principal business of the convention was naturally getting an organization together and getting things under way so that there shortly will be in Missouri a hundred chapters. Illinois and Iowa, the leaders of the states in the number of chapters, were advised to look to their laurels, for it was entirely evident that the men of Missouri were in the fight to put the great old state at the top of the League roster.

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NEW CHAPTERS IN FEBRUARY

Officers were elected as above and the 1925 convention city will either be St. Louis or Carthage. A spirited battle is on for that honor and, regardless of which city is chosen, the 1925 convention will be attended by at least a thousand sportsmen.

The Heart of America Chapter, Kansas City, was the convention host and a splendid program of entertainment was provided. President Will H. Dilg was the principal speaker of the evening, making a special trip from Washington to attend the sessions. Ozark Ripley also was a banquet speaker, and the famous Nipigon moving pictures were shown.

Close cooperation between the chapters and the Missouri fish and game department was pledged. Elsewhere in this issue appears a reproduction of a violation report card, designed by Frank Middleton, fish and game commissioner, and used by members of all chapters. The picture tells the story and it is expected that other divisions will make similar arrangements.

On March 7, when this article was written, there were 42 chapters in Missouri.

Illinois Division Officers: President, Dr. Halford J. Morlan, Chicago; Vice President, Dr. Rodney J. Tull, Rockford; Secretary, William B. Kemp, Joliet; Treasurer, Frank L. Meyer, Pontiac.

THE **Illinois Division** took another series of forward steps February 27 and 28 when the sessions of the second annual convention of the division were held at the Jefferson Hotel, Peoria.

The first day was devoted to the meeting of the various committees, thus leaving the second day open exclusively for convention activities. Resolutions, submitted previously to the committee, were read and generally adopted, but not after every delegate who had special views was enabled to have his say. Not all resolutions submitted were adopted, however, but in the end fish and game in Illinois, which as Judge Dickinson says, "cannot vote," gained real, conscientious champions. Among the important resolutions, was one importuning the state of Illinois to obtain for a game and fish refuge the famous Duck Island property, the last stand in the Illinois Valley for fish and game and occupying the same position in that section as the Winneshiek in the Upper Mississippi. A letter from Will H. Dilg was read by James O. Heyworth, president of the Chicago Chapter. The letter created such an impression that it was ordered printed and copies sent to every member in Illinois.

Leslie G. Pefferle, vice president of the Illinois Division during 1924, acted as the able chairman of the convention.

National Convention

Time—April 10, 11, 12.

Place—Hotel Morrison, Chicago.

Object—To more closely bind together the sportsmen of America and to lay further plans for protection forever of America's wild things and wild places.

Attendants—Official delegates and alternates of the chapters of the League and all principled sportsmen and other lovers of the out of doors, whether delegates or not. As the Izaak Walton League is America's greatest organization of sportsmen so will the convention be America's greatest gathering of sportsmen.

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

Dr. Walter Ritchie, president, taking advantage of Mr. Pefferle's capabilities as a parliamentarian. Mr. Pefferle also had thrust upon him by President Kelly of the Peoria chapter, the honor of being toastmaster at the evening banquet.

The honor of holding the 1925 convention went to Streator, that city winning over Aurora.

The evening banquet taxed the largest hall in Peoria and the most seasoned convention veterans declared there never was a more interesting program. Speakers were Dick Bradley, of Peoria, versatile after-dinner speaker of international reputation, Dr. Morlan, Rev. Walter H. Macpherson, who was accorded Mr. Dilg's place on the program, and Sam Roache of the state fish and game department. The Nipigon fishing pictures were shown.

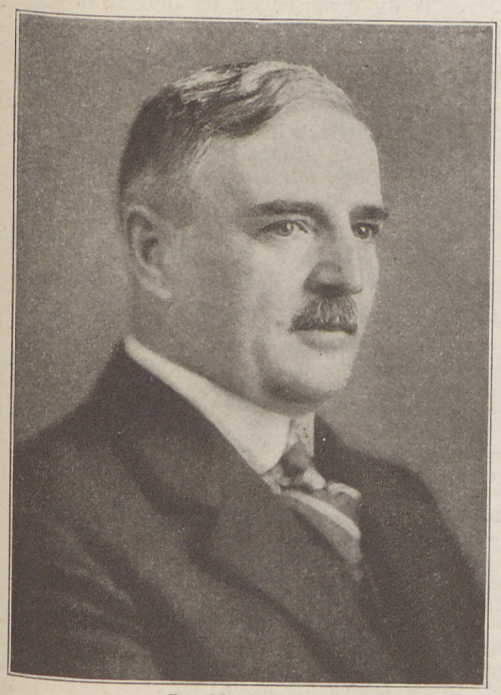
Illinois on March 7, had on its roster 67 chapters.

Chapter Officers

YOU doubtless have before this received letters regarding the national convention to be held at the Morrison Hotel, Chicago, April 10, 11, and 12.

You have also received certificates as to chapter representation at the convention. It is vitally important that these certificates be filed as soon as possible so that the business of the convention can go forward with promptness and dispatch.

This convention needs your chapter and your chapter needs the inspiration which will come from attendance of delegates.



Dr. H. J. Waters
President Missouri Division, I. W. L. A.

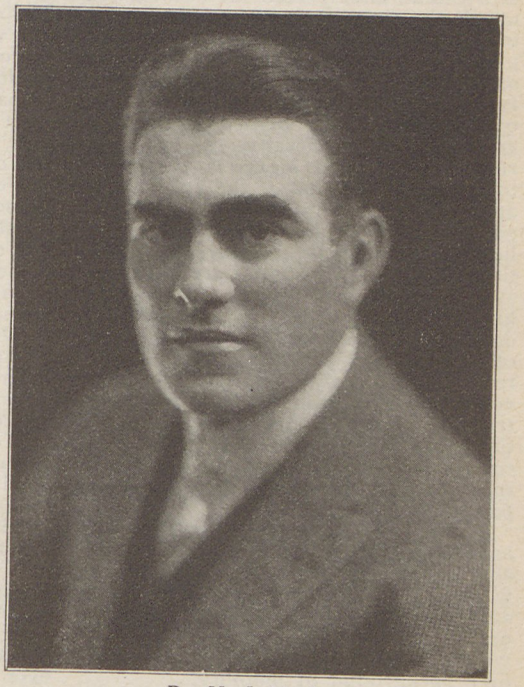
THE **SIOUX CITY**, Iowa, chapter president, E. L. Vennard, writes of a very unusual and unique occurrence in connection with the big banquet held there recently. In the first place several hundred new members came in as a result of the meeting, but the radio as usual played the feature role. The Rev. W. H. Macpherson, speaker of the evening, directed his remarks to an unseen audience in addition to the one before him. The address was broadcast and five minutes after he had finished telephone calls began coming in from people who had "listened in" at their homes and who asked for the privilege of joining the chapter. The first call was from a lady. Sioux City has hurled a challenge to all other Iowa chapters so far as membership is concerned and judging from the growth of this brand new chapter the older units in Iowa need to look to their laurels.

AT the supper given by the **CHATTANOOGA**, Tenn., Izaak Walton Chapter, January 14, in the Sunday School room of the Christian Church, plans and policies were adopted for the future, the sole pervading idea being to preserve the American outdoors, for the present and coming generations.

A large attendance enthusiastically greeted the speakers, and the witty recitals of the toastmaster, Rev. Thomas McCallie, whose knowledge of fishing and everything connected with the outdoors put him immediately in touch with his audience.

Conservation of woods and waters—as well as fish and game, are the ideals of the Izaak Walton League. Only by devotion to this ideal can we expect this land of former abundance to be again supplied for its people with game and fish. Plans of the Izaak Walton League include the creation of fish hatcheries, stocking streams, preventing drainage, and full support for the migratory refuge bill and public shooting grounds.

Ozark Ripley, the well known outdoors writer, was the speaker of the evening. He attributed the disappearance of game to the slacker methods of sportsmen and business men who permitted the gifts of Nature's bounteousness to pass away without effort to save them. Other states had gained fame and big commercial prestige through the game and fish laws they passed which increased the supply amazingly. The Chattanooga Chapter of the Izaak Walton League numbers over 400; before next season it will reach 1,000 and the state some time in the near future will have a membership of 20,000 and their pastimes, hunting and fishing, will have to be considered.



Dr. H. J. Morlan
President Illinois Division, I. W. L. A.

Edward J. Slade
President Michigan Division, I. W. L. A.

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

Outdoor Literature

Reviewed by THOMAS AMBROSE
Vice-President of the I. W. L. A.

Salmon and Trout Angling: Its Theory and Practice on Southern Stream, Torrent River and Mountain Loch, by Joseph Adams, with a foreword by the Marquess of Hartington, with eighteen illustrations—8 Vo. cloth, 288 pages. E. P. Dutton and Company, N. Y., Publishers.

A LITTLE more than one-half of the book is devoted to salmon fishing in Scotland and Ireland, well calculated to stir the envy of the American angler, to the great majority of whom this supreme type of sport is denied. There are directions for rod making, and for tying of local patterns of salmon flies of interest to the British angler but caviar to the generalty of American rodsmen—but the story is pleasantly told and we are glad of the privilege of accompanying the angler through the pages of his book, looking on whilst he does the fishing. With rare exceptions the salmon he takes are not monsters but are worth-while trophies of his skill. Most of his trout fishing was done in the chalk streams of the South of England and with the regulation patterns of the dry fly. There is a brief account of fishing in Canada for bass, trout and muskellunge, and of casting the spoon for salmon in a river on Vancouver Island, where he enoyed a day's sport landing three fish, aggregating 75 pounds.

There is an appeal not only to the angler but to the lover of birds, plants and the teeming life to be found by the waterside in the great Outdoors. No angler can read the book without acquiring useful hints, or refreshing cobwebby information stored in the shadowy background of memory.

In my reading, I marked and have transcribed the following passages in the belief that they may be of practical value to such of my readers as may be new to the game:

"It is always advisable to make one's pleasures pay before carrying out the program. If it is drafted in the true angling optimistic spirit, one's holiday is a success before the rod is unpacked or a line cast upon the water.

"To me long runs, swift rushes, deep dives timed to light, but even, pressure, are the delight of angling.

"Trout fight shy of coarse gut. I have found the take fall off when I mounted a stouter cast, and come on again when I reverted to a finer.

"I have sometimes fished all day with one pattern of dry fly on the Test, and the fish seemed to care for nothing else.

"No angler who was doing fairly well with flies—that possessed an added charm in being his own handiwork—would have recourse to any description of bait fishing.

"It is pleasant to recall the good days, as it is prudent to consign the bad ones to the limbo of oblivion.

"For dry fly work a tapered line is unquestionably the best, and a level line for the use of the wet fly.

"To see a rod straighten out and feel a loose line through defective tackle gives food for reflection of a very unpleasant nature.

"Dry flies are such perfect imitations of the real article that the trout take them quite innocently and show their surprise when they find themselves hooked.

"To see a trout rising to a fly within casting distance often militates against good angling.

"The fundamental principle of all angling is to let the trout see nothing but the fly.

"The gut must be fine enough to inspire the hope that the trout will not see it.

"The gradual lengthening of the line by a series of casts should be done over the bank where the process cannot be seen, and not over the water where it may be.

"Distance on the water is always more than it looks.

"The great thing is to give the fish as little time for inspection as possible and to cast a few inches above his nose is the certain means of doing this.

"The 'hare's ear' is one of the deadliest early flies on the river and bears no earthly resemblance to the mature insect.

"Most of the 'fancy' flies are attempts at finding some substitute for the fly in its subaqueous state.

"The temperature of the water is a material consideration where angling is concerned.

"The difficulties of angling make its charm.

"A fly must be on its best behavior before Salmo Fario will have anything to do with it.

"The angler's heart would be cheered by learning that a scientist had finally produced a dull tint for leaders that would not flash in the sunshine.

"I have an almost irresistible temptation to try and foul-hook a 'tailing' fish. I cannot lay that sin to my charge although in my heart I have committed it.

"Upon a barren bright day the unquenchable optimism of the angler looks forward to the better luck that the later hours of the day will bring.

"When the trout are seen rising to the May fly it is a waste of time to proffer artificial patterns. It needs quite a procession of the beautiful winged creatures to start them feeding in earnest.

"Avoid the temptation to use gut left over in the fly hook from last season. To test it, put the casting line into equal quantities of milk and water over night, and try its strength next morning. This test is the nearest thing to infallibility.

"No one has any business to be an angler who is not essentially an optimist.

"When fish are rising freely, every angler loses his head, more or less.

"Carelessness is the mother of mischief.

"Then comes the afterglow of pleasant meditations in which all black obsessions are forgotten and only bright ones survive."

Books for review in Outdoor America may be sent direct to Thomas Ambrose, 330 East 22d Street, Chicago.

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Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

The Lost Legend

(Continued from page 35)

that had two ends to it) was to pull them out into a straight line. Since the roads led directly from one point to another, it was necessary to use the same one coming and going, and the problem of turning around to go back became a troublesome one. It was Paul's custom to lift the Ox around, when he came to the end of a road, and start him back again, but his inventive genius would not be denied, and he devised the round turn, which is in use to this day, no better one ever having been discovered.

But I must not wander from my theme. The deeds of the Blue Ox have been recounted. The Seven Axemen with their swinging axes were gone, and in the lake states Paul found pine trees larger than he had ever seen before. But he was a man of action, and during his second winter he invented the two-man saw. He had tried axemen, and had found them wanting. The trees were too big. He once sent out two monster crews, intent on making a record drive in the spring. But the two crews worked hard for a week before they discovered that they were all chopping at different sides of the same pine.

The trees, according to men who have worked with Bunyan, were some of the largest ever seen. It is particularly unfortunate that nobody ever thought to measure one of them. All that anybody can remember about their size is the fact that one of them fell into the river (the Big Onion) and splashed all the water out of it. The water was splashed so far that the river bed remained dry for some time—how long, has never been accurately determined, but it is an historical fact that two settlers proved up homesteads on the river bottom before the water ran back again.

One of the Trees Was So Big That Whenever Paul Wanted to See the Top of It He Had to Call Out His Whole Crew to Help Him Look.

The injury thus done to the river did not worry Paul Bunyan, however. The Onion never had worked right since the day of the big fog, as near as I could discover by interviewing one of Bunyan's cooks who worked in that camp. The fog that day was so thick (though I do not vouch for the veracity of this particular version) that the fish in the river all got lost in the woods, not being able to tell where the river ended and the fog began.

This fog was so thick, I've heard it said, that it began to leak through the cook shanty roof. Bunyan called out his crew and put them to shingling. They shingled for three hours and then quit because they were hungry. When the fog lifted, there was a terrible crash, and everybody rushed out to see what caused it. They discovered that, not being able to tell when they came to the ridge of the roof because of the denseness of the fog, they had nailed two hundred rows of shingles right onto the heavy mist.

It was during these early operations that Bunyan first started to add the fancy trimmings to lumbering. Other operators were beginning to appear, and in order that he might always know his own logs, Bunyan started marking them, accomplishing this by pinching a piece out of each log with his fingers. About this time he created bookkeeping, so that he might keep his accounts straight. Johnny Inkslinger was the first bookkeeper, or camp clerk, and he was a very efficient person. The first winter he was employed he hit on the plan of leaving the dots from the i's and the crosses from the t's, and in this manner saved Paul nine barrels of ink on the payroll alone.

Paul was now well set up in business, and it was during this period that he made his great reputation; it was now that he did all of those things which have made his name a household necessity over all America.

Before leaving him, however, we must tell something of his personality, and individual prowess, for these determined, in large part, his great success. He was an expert lumberman. It is related that he could ride logs through water which ran so fast that it would tear an ordinary man in two just to try to drink of it. He is given credit for once having poled his way the entire length of the Mississippi river on a peavey, and he could roll a log so fast that it made foam solid enough for him to walk to shore on, and he is known to have crossed wide rivers in this way. At first this seems almost impossible, but, as one old lumber jack once reminded me, you can still see this foam coming down the rivers, thus proving the whole thing.

Among other things, he was a good hunter. It is related that once he spotted a deer two miles away, sticking its head over a log. Paul took careful aim and fired, and the deer dropped. Imagine his chagrin, however, when a second later the deer again thrust his head over the log. Paul let him have it again, and the occurrence was repeated. Having only twenty-eight cartridges, Paul fired every one, and on the last shot, the deer stayed down. Almost sick over his poor shooting, Bunyan went to dress the deer, and was somewhat surprised (or at least reassured) to find twenty-eight dead deer behind the log, each shot between the eyes.

And He Invented a Shotgun That Would Shoot Geese So High That by the Time They Had Dropped to the Ground They Were Spoiled.

As a trailer, no living person could be considered as in the same class with Paul Bunyan. He had a wide reputation in this respect. Once he came upon the carcass of a moose that had died of old age, and, having several hours to spare, and being, anyway, of a curious turn of mind, he trailed the moose back to the place where it was born.

As I have said, it was during these days that Bunyan was making his name immortal, and it is impossible to trace his activities completely, but there is one operation that stands out distinctly, and which may serve as a fair example of life with Bunyan, and that is the Great Round River Drive.

(To Be Continued in May)

Statement of Dr. Shimek

(Continued from page 33)

ties of silt which are carried by the river and its tributaries. If the bottom lands are cleared and the soils loosened by cultivation, the amount of this silt will be enormously increased, as it is also by the clearing and attempted cultivation of the slopes of the bluffs along all these streams. As a matter of fact, the future of the Mississippi River demands that not only its bottom lands and bluffs, but those of its tributaries as well, should remain covered with an anchorage of permanent vegetation.

It is thought by some that the soil of these bottom lands is particularly rich, but this is not the case. The great bulk of these areas presents three types of surface features:

First. Sandy prairie: This is often reached by higher floods, and is covered with prairie plants, the deep-rooted prairie grasses predominating. Disturb these areas, and the sand is readily washed away by floods, or blown about by winds. Small portions of these areas may be used for truck gardening, but when the adjacent lower areas are drained, the water level sinks, and the sandy areas are overdrained. That has been the result on Muscatine Island.

Second. Alluvial timber: This is usually on black soil, and hence is more tempting. Almost without exception these forests start on sand bars, as may be seen now almost anywhere along the river, where thickets of tree seedlings cover the bars. During floods fine silt is deposited among these trees, and this, with the fallen leaves, etc., builds up a soil. I have personal knowledge of places where more than three feet of rich, fine soil were formed during the period of my observation. Remove the trees, however, and this soil will be washed away, or covered with sand and gravel during the first flood, or at best the crops will be ruined by back water.

Third. Low swamps and ponds: These, which are most valuable in fish culture, are usually too low to be drained completely, or at least are easily flooded, and at best lose from one to three crops out of five because of excess of moisture.

Practically none of these lands, when drained, are valuable as farm lands. In the Muscatine district they have a value of less than one-third of that of upland farms six or eight miles away, which latter run from $225 to $275 per acre, and at that the farmer finds no buyers. Indeed, because of their location and the high taxes, some of the owners will be forced to give up the land to the holders of the drainage bonds, because the land is not worth as much as the amount of the bonds.

Ex-Senator George M. Titus, of Muscatine, one of the most experienced farm-loan men in Iowa, told me recently that his firm will not loan a dollar on this drained land, and that when anyone comes to make a farm loan one of the first questions which they ask is if the land is in the drainage district, and, if so, the loan is not likely to be made.

Before this drainage district was established this land was not valuable, but since the drainage none is really good, and some is worse than before, because, according to the owners, it is overdrained, and they now need the moisture. Yet they were compelled to share in the expense of the drainage. The present landowners in most cases had these misfortunes forced upon them, or have been the victims of promoters who enticed them upon these poor lands. This certainly should not be repeated elsewhere in the lowlands of the Mississippi.

In conjunction with the evils wrought by the attempts to disturb these lowlands, it is worth while to set out the advantages which such areas present when left in their natural condition, as is contemplated under the pending bill. These advantages may be enumerated under the following heads:

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(Continued from page 47)

First. Prevention of the silting up of the Mississippi River: I have already called attention to this important question. This will be a constantly increasing danger unless steps are taken to prevent the further destruction of the natural plant anchorage of the areas involved.

Second. Recreation grounds: Under natural conditions, this area will become an accessible recreation ground for millions of people in the Mississippi Valley, and will be available for 12 months of the year.

Third. Fish-breeding grounds: The waters of these lowlands are the great fish-breeding grounds of the Mississippi Valley. What will happen to them if natural conditions are not preserved was well illustrated in the Muscatine area. I have personal knowledge of the fact that previous to the attempted drainage of that area game fish, such as black bass, crappies, pickerel, etc., were very abundant in all the cut-off ponds or "sloughs" which then abounded, and it was common to see the "nests" of the black bass around when the parent fishes hovered for the protection of their spawn. All this has disappeared in that area, and this will be repeated in all similar areas if disturbed.

Fourth. Fish-feeding grounds: The lowland ponds contain great numbers of mollusks, crustaceans, frogs, aquatic plants, etc., which serve as fish food, and all these can be protected only by preserving the natural conditions.

Fifth. Pearl-button industry: The river mussels, or clams, the shells of which are used in this great industry, are directly dependent upon migrating fish for their propagation and distribution, and this industry will be crippled or destroyed if places suitable for the fish are not preserved.

Sixth. Water-fowl breeding grounds: Valuable game birds use these areas for breeding grounds. They will increase under proper protection for these bottom lands.

Seventh. Bird sanctuaries: Our insect-eating birds are mostly timber species which will find food and nesting places in the protected lowland forests. To these birds fleshy fruits and juicy caterpillars are equally necessary. Fruit growers complain that their ravages upon cultivated fruits are increasing. This is because we have everywhere destroyed the berry-bearing woody plants, and the birds are driven to our orchards by hunger. Restore and preserve their natural food in the forests, and there will be much less cause for complaint.

Eighth. Fur-bearing animals: Valuable fur-bearing animals, especially the muskrat and the mink, will be perpetuated if these, their natural habitats, are preserved. Under these conditions they will increase, just as the bison, once considered near extinction, has increased under proper protection, until now it is reported that it will be necessary to dispose of the excess in the Yellowstone region to other reservations, or to hunters.

Ninth. Native food plants: These wet bottom lands naturally produce wild rice and the lotus, both valuable food plants. Both could be greatly increased under proper protection of their natural habitats.

Tenth. Preservation of evaporation areas: It is a fact well known that plants need moisture in the air quite as much as in the soil. You can not, for this reason, grow most house plants successfully in a dry heated room, no matter how much water you pour upon the soil. I have made many psychrometric measurements of the relative humidity of the air, and I am convinced that the presence of marshes and ponds results in the diffusion of moisture in the air to quite remote areas upon which crops may be grown. We often hear it said that the wealth of the Mississippi Valley is in its soil. It is nearer the truth to say that it is in the water of the soil and the moisture of the atmosphere. We should preserve all the sources of the latter—otherwise, we "kill the goose that lays the golden egg."

Eleventh. Forest experimental work: A large part of the bottomland area would serve admirably for forest culture, and if properly handled the forest could yield much valuable hard wood without losing its value as an anchorage crop. Black walnut, sycamore, swamp white oak, and other valuable lumber trees could be grown successfully.

Twelfth. Scientific research: The area is admirably adapted to scientific investigations along several lines. It is especially conveniently located for this purpose with reference to the educational institutions of the four States which include the area, and could, of course, be used by others. The following fields promise especially valuable results:

(a) Plant succession: Important studies on plant succession are possible, particularly in relation to forest development and the dispersal of weeds along our streams.

(b) Soil building: No better area could be found for the study of the development of our soils.

(c) Bird migration: If preserved, the area will continue to be a great highway for bird migrations, and will thus remain a great out-of-doors laboratory for studies in this field.

(d) Fish foods: Needed observations on the food of fishes, both plant and animal, could be made to great advantage under the preserved natural conditions.

(e) Problems of scientific interest: The area would offer splendid opportunities for the investigation of many purely scientific problems in botany, zoology, geology, meteorology, etc.

All the advantages and opportunities here enumerated will be lost if the area is not preserved in its natural condition. The problem is of great direct concern to a large and populous section of our country, and in its economic aspects it affects the entire country. The valuable resources of the region should not be sacrificed for the questionable personal benefit of a few individuals.

A Painter of the Out-of-Doors

(Continued from page 31)

sky, and most of my nights under a canvas roof. I trapped during several winters, acted as guide during the summers and fall, and all the time I studied the forests and lakes and mountains, and the ways of the creatures that inhabited them, and put down my impressions with pencil and brush. At this time I did considerable writing and editorial work for a western sportsman's publication, usually sending in my contributions from the field.

My art school education consisted of four months in the Academy of Fine Arts. At the end of this period, a picture, showing a sportsman landing what I imagined looked like a bass, was sold to a magazine for ten dollars. It was one of the big events of my life. I admitted my proficiency then, and passing out from the portals of the school, I began a career, which, I fondly imagined, was to lead quickly to success. Fortune was at that time, and is today, a secondary consideration.

A few months later I received a communication from Howard Pyle, the greatest illustrator the world has produced, and perhaps America's foremost painter of genre subjects. This letter was to the effect that I was accepted as a member of his small art colony at Wilmington, Delaware. On top of this great bit of fortune, I got a commission to do two large pieces of scenery, each twelve by forty feet in size. This would give me the necessary funds for my eastern trip, and would keep me going until my pictures received some recognition in the east. And so I began work with a song of thanksgiving, a full heart, and a fuller palette. One of the scenes, I remember, represented Vesuvius in eruption. On this canvas I achieved some rather noteworthy results from a technical standpoint. By experiment, I learned that I was able to represent the sparks flying from the flaming crater superlatively well, by standing back eight or ten feet from the stretcher, filling a huge brush with juicy yellow, and flailing it at the can-

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Spring Woodcraft

(Continued from page 22)

eyes and reasoning mind and read the signs as we see them, always remembering that any given effect is the result of some definite, given cause which can be learned if we but apply woodcraft knowledge and reasoning.

The birds are busy, some already feeding new-born young, some still nest-building; that brilliant red flash in the open yonder was a swift-winged scarlet tanager (Piranga erythromelas), hurrying to the home nest in the heart of the deepest thicket hereabouts, busy at the task of living and bringing up this summer's brood.

We can find that nest by careful, patient watchfulness, helped by the woodcraft knowledge that the tanager, shyest of birds, builds only in the secluded woods and such places are not plentiful.

The mourning dove or turtledove (Zenaidura macoura carolinensis) we will find content with a mere platform of coarse twigs placed almost anywhere so it will hold two white eggs and later a pair of naked, awkward squabs.

Each bird has its own habits and ways of life even to methods of flight, and we have only to watch carefully to know them all at sight; and if we listen we shall soon be able to understand their limited language, for each note in a song or call has a definite meaning to all other individual birds of the same species; many bird calls are also understood by all the creatures of the wilds, thus making an understandable, though limited, kind of a "universal language" that we shall find no difficulty in learning by patient observation over a period of time.

There are so many things to learn, so much to tell of the ways of the wilds and the woodcraft needed to understand all that we see and hear, or even feel or smell, that a big book would be needed to hold it all and space here is limited so we must go slowly and learn as we go.

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

Pollution

(Continued from page 17)

Report of Greene Health Officer

Mr. F. E. Trigg,
Rockford, Iowa.

In answer to your writing of condition of Shell Rock, at this place, would say the condition is absolutely rotten. Dead fish below the dam around the open water by the hundred. Furnishes feed for hundreds of crows.

The creamery and one meat market here each put in some ice of this year's crop for immediate use. After being in the refrigerator 24 hours they had to remove it on account of the fearful odor. The condition in general is a fright.

S. E. Bigelow.
Jan. 21, 1924.

P. S. Use this and my name if you wish.

Conditions at Shell Rock

Shell Rock, Iowa, Jan. 30, 1924.
Editor Register:

We have in the past two or three years found at some seasons of the year many dead and diseased fish in the river near here. I think this occurred mostly in the fall and early winter. Our local people think the Mason City sugar factory and perhaps some other factories emptying refuse into the river were mainly responsible for the trouble. This is about all I can tell you of conditions here.

Very truly,
Dan Jerolaman,
Mayor.

Editorial Comment on Situation

The above letters have been given to acquaint the reader somewhat fully with past and present conditions touching the pollution of Lime Creek and the Shell Rock. For the purpose of further informing our readers, it seems in place to give a brief additional sketch of the pollution of Lime Creek as it has been observed in the locality of Rockford before it unites with an even larger body of water in the Shell Rock.

A dozen men from the Rockford community will go on the witness stand and state under oath that no fish were killed in the lower stretches of the river until the beet sugar factory started operations, and that even after that time, between the flushing out of the stream with spring freshets and early October each year, the water was reasonably clean and the fish healthy and active. But within just the time that it took the stuff dumped into the creek by the beet sugar factory at Mason City to pollute the stream at its different stages, fish became groggy and soon died. So foul has the stream been during these annual periods of pollution, especially in season of low water, that it was simply an open sewer, the stench from it spreading to a mile or more on either side, livestock refusing to drink it and wildfowl refusing to alight on its surface. Farmers living along the stream for more than 20 miles have had to close their windows on warm October days in order to keep their meals down, and to shut their windows at night in order to sleep. It is putting it mildly to say that this condition is one that ought not to be tolerated, and if the people discommoded and injured have the right kind of gumption, one that will not have to be.

Some readers may take the view that the above is pretty plain talk. It is. It is time for plain speech and considerably past time for some aggressive, effective action on the part of those who are hired to interpret and administer our state laws.

The situation which owners of ice houses, up and down this polluted river, find themselves in is serious. The Register understands that the supply of ice put up at Marble Rock has been condemned as unfit for use, that Dr. Bigelow holds the same view of that at Greene, and that ice cut in the Shell Rock and stored at Allison is so foul-smelling that it cannot be used; while the chances are more than even that the ice which has been put up at Clarksville and Shell Rock is in the same condition. If it stinks up a meat market refrigerator as it does in midwinter, what will it be doing next July and August? If the ice at these several points is not fit for use, the fact should be determined now, when other clean ice can be secured. The owners of these ice houses clearly have grounds for damages against the parties responsible for the pollution of this stream.

While there is very little doubt that the industrial plants are killing the fish at the present time, there are a host of small offenders—small towns, creameries, rendering plants, etc., that are dumping their sewage or waste into streams, tending by so much to make them ill-smelling and unsanitary. This pollution must be stopped along with the big plants, and must be effected if the Izaak Walton League's objective of sweet, clean streams, in which it is a pleasure to fish and bathe, can be realized. To this end each community should take the initiative in stopping its own pollution of its streams, and not wait for injunction proceedings by the state board of health or the town down stream before cleaning its own doorstep.

Note: The expense connected with the printing, mailing and posting of extra copies of the Register of Feb. 6, containing article on Pollution is met by the Rockford Rod and Gun Club, which has voted to transform itself into a local chapter of the Izaak Walton League.

For the first time in the history of the state of Iowa, a trip of investigation, and a meeting was recently held to take up practically the solution of the subject of the pollution of Iowa's streams.

Just before the meeting adjourned, the following resolution was presented and passed by a unanimous vote:

> **"That it is the sense of this meeting, that we hereby request our state legislators that they use their best efforts to introduce and secure the passage of a bill appropriating not less than $25,000 annually for sanitary surveys to be made of Iowa streams at present being polluted or in danger of pollution; and providing an adequate penalty for the pollution of public waters; and that copies of this resolution be forthwith submitted to our state Senators and Representatives, to State Board of Health, the state Fish and Game department and to the Attorney-General."**

Residents of Mason City, Charles City, Rockford and Greene appeared before Governor Kendall and other officials to protest against the pollution of the Shell Rock river, which, they declared, had reached such proportions that it threatens the health of persons living in the vicinity of the stream.

G. O. Gould, representing the local Izaak Walton post is among those who appeared before Governor Kendall to protest the condition of Lime Creek and the Shell Rock river. Mr. Gould expresses the earnest hope that there might come from the meeting and from an aroused public sentiment elsewhere in the state, influences that would finally make all Iowa streams sweet and clean.

The Rockies!

If you are a normal person the very term will call to mind care-free summer days amid the wild, exhilarating beauty of this greatest mountain-vacationland—days spent on horseback or afoot over wonder trails leading up to the high places, or motoring, fishing, golfing and wild-flowering in sunny, green valleys.

Plan now to enjoy it all this summer

With through trains from Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City and Omaha, equipped and operated in true *Burlington* fashion, the *Burlington Route* serves the whole Rocky Mountain Region all the way from Pikes Peak to the Canadian Boundary and on out to Puget Sound, with Scenic Colorado, Rocky Mountain National Park, Yellowstone Park, Glacier Park and the great new cities of the Pacific Northwest on the way.

Interesting booklets—material for many a pleasant evening of "planning"—yours for the asking

P. S. EUSTIS,
Passenger Traffic Mgr.,
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Chicago, Ill.

Burlington Route

THE BARBLESS HOOK ARMY
FIGHTS FOR BETTER FISHING
PAT. ALLOWED

"Smiling Bill's"

BARBLESS HOOK ARMY

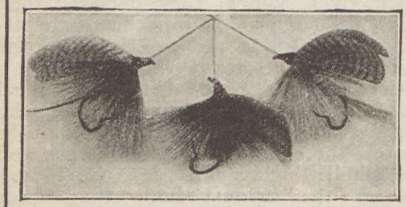
is marching to the front in its great fight against the useless destruction of millions of small fish, and for the restoration of good fishing.

The "Barbless Hook Soldier" will draw big pay in better fishing and he will get a big bonus of larger fish and plenty of them. His weapons will be a barbless hook, a cheerful smile and a sportsman's creed. His battle cry, "Save the Little Ones."

Enlist Now—Don't Wait

Many have already enlisted, but the "Army" needs thousands more, for it is a big fight. The sooner you enlist the sooner you will draw your "pay" and get your "bonus." Urge your friends to enlist. They will make better fishing for you.

To be an "enlisted man" you must have weapons, so order a few flies or hooks and receive an emblem, as shown at the top, to wear on your fishing hat or coat.



The First Barbless Hook Club

To the Centerville Rod and Gun Club of Centerville, Iowa, with 100 members, belongs the honor of being the "First Barbless Hook Club in America."

This club, desiring to improve the fishing conditions in their waters, decided after due investigation and deliberation that the best thing they could do would be to abandon the use of barbed hooks. Therefore a rule was adopted by the club prohibiting members from using anything but barbless hooks hereafter. All honor to these pioneers.

The First Barbless Hook Town

The honor of being the "First Barbless Hook Town" goes to Alpena, Mich., situated in a very famous fishing section of Michigan.

The nine local dealers in fishing tackle in this place recently signed an agreement that requires each one to put in a full stock of barbless flies and hooks, and to push the sale of same. And further to hold another meeting at the end of the season to consider abandoning the sale of barbed hooks entirely.

This action was taken after our barbless had been well tested by local expert fishermen.

Send for interesting testimonial letters from nationally known authorities, and also our catalog of barbless flies and hooks.

THE W. J. JAMISON CO.

Dept. C-737 S. California Ave.

Chicago, Ill. U. S. A.

Bill Jamison — *The Inventor*

Angling Memories

By MEMBERS OF THE LEAGUE

Edited by WILL H. DILG

Every Fisherman Has One Good Fishing Story in His System

Sketches by R. Feyerweather Babcock

Back in 1890

By Judge W. F. RIGHTMIRE

FROM the Missouri River about one third of the distance across the State of Kansas, we meet with an outcrop of limestone, that extends across the state from north to south more than 150 miles to the Oklahoma line, and of a width of sixty miles where it crosses the Cottonwood River Valley.

In Chase county there are many large springs that flow from breaks in the limestone strata, and the streams used to be filled with large mouth black bass, crappies and the trout-catfish, and the other kinds of catfish. But the bass and the spotted side trout catfish, were the most gamey of all the fish in the river and creeks. But oil wells there have killed the fishing in the past five years.

I lived at Cottonwood Falls, the county seat of Chase county, for some years, until the nomination of Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of the state fell upon me in 1890, and in December I moved to the capitol, at Topeka; but whenever I had the time I went to the Cottonwood River on a fishing trip, and it was on one of these trips that the following incident occurred.

One of the government officials and I arranged for a Friday and Saturday trip to the Cottonwood, and I took an early train to Cottonwood Falls to secure a supply of bait, which at that time of the year consisted of minnows and crawfish, as our fishing was done by trolling, with a float on the line some 4 or more feet above the hook, on which a live crawfish or a chub minnow was hooked by passing the hook through the tail.

I secured a supply of both kinds of bait, and my partner arrived on the evening train, ready for Saturday, as he could not be induced to go fishing on Sunday.

During the night he had an attack of cholera-morbus, and could not go on Saturday morning, but he said if he was well enough he would be at the foot of the lower fall when I came back, where he would do some casting in the big deep pool; but that I must catch a good string for each of us.

I always culled my fish as caught, stringing none that I estimated at a weight of less than 2 pounds, using a sharp pointed stringer that I passed through the transparent membrane of the fish's lower jaw and out of the mouth, which did not injure the fish in any manner, and it was a fine sight to see the string of bass swimming along the side of the skiff, on the line of the stringer. I worked down the river, drifting and slowly rowing the skiff a distance of two or more miles, then kindled a fire, boiled a pot of coffee, broiled two bass hanging on sticks, near the fire, which with the lunch furnished me at the hotel made a satisfactory meal, then a seance with the old briar-root, through two or three fills, then back up the river to the boat landing at the foot of the lower fall. It was a day that the bass were on the feed, and when I drew near my partner, who was waiting for me at the boat landing, I rowed the boat so that he could see the string of 22 fine bass swimming near the rear of the boat, and oh, how he did exult over the prospect of taking the string back to Topeka with us to show to and divide with our angling friends!

I pushed the boat near enough to him for him to get hold of the painter rope to tow the boat to the landing where it could be tied, and I arranged the oars in the boat, dumped the bait can, stepped to the stern of the skiff and untied the stringer, and was drawing it in, when my partner slipped from a rock and as he fell he jerked the painter rope and I took a header over the side of the skiff into the pool, where the water was of a depth of 10 or more feet. In my struggle to rise and swim to the boat my foot caught the string of fish and pulled the end of the stringer from my hand, and when I caught hold of the skiff and crawled out on the rocks, well, I leave it to your imagination as to my feelings and the praise? I gave the partner for his clumsiness. As he would not join me in fishing on the next day, we returned to Topeka that evening, with wet clothes on each, and without bass, but a friend angler gave each of us a 6 pound trout catfish to take home with us. I used to look back at this occurrence with regret at the loss of the string of bass, but as the years have rolled away I try to see the comic side of the event, and console myself with the thought of what a fine string of bass for breeding and stocking the Cottonwood River that I donated on that occasion.

Send in Your Fishing Stories
Five Great Prizes

FIRST PRIZE—Choice of any rod, fly or bait, made in America.

SECOND PRIZE—Choice of any reel, fly or bait, made in America.

THIRD PRIZE—Leather fly rod case.

FOURTH AND FIFTH PRIZES—Autographed famous fishing books.

Be sure to read the ads in Outdoor America

Turn to the Right

By K. V. Bennis

THE big end of a fishing trip is in memory that comes to recount the many pleasurable moments in the open, the companionship in camp life, the peaceful contentment of carefree hours beside a stream, and when the active end of it is past, and home once more, the happenings linger forever, to brighten many moments in the telling.

This is a memoir, not a story; therefore, it starts with the finish, and that reminds me that at the start we drove all night to see the sunrise on the desert and feel, well, if you like the open, you know what the "feel" is, and if you do not like it, then you had better ask John Steven McGroarty how to become a member of the Congregation, and then work overtime to get in.

We headed for Bishop, for the first time, and had been told how to get the dope there as to the best fishing places. We got the dope all right, from a very busy garage man; too busy, in fact, to stop right then and make a minor repair on our car, but— "Oh! going fishing? Why, most any of the streams around here are good. Oh! if you're going as far as Mono you better run down to the River before you get to Convict and try it there. Before you come to a fence at the upper end of Long Valley there's a blind road turns off the right, after you pass the willows. Let's go in the office and I'll make a map of it."

Then, after the map had been made— "You follow the blind road to the Bath-tub—that's a little hot spring on the right hand side—and then go straight ahead. What's the matter with your old bus? I guess I'd better fix her, and let this bird wait. Well! so long boys—wish I was goin'—keep straight ahead at the Bath-tub—drop in when you come back."

He returned to his work on the "bird's" car, too busy to fix cars for ordinary folks, but fishermen—well, that's different.

We found them—the willows, the gate, the blind road—several anxious miles and OH Boy! the Bath-tub and then "not so good." The road forked, and straight ahead could be two ways—well, anyway, we went straight ahead and after a very doubtful journey of six miles we sighted the River. Not much daylight left, so fishing first. We were soon at the River with our rods. On the bank we found the remains of a large trout— Wow! To get one that size!

We met at camp about an hour later, cold, hungry and fishless—and it was cold. The wind had a short run from above timber line to our camp. Our fuel supply was just equal to bacon, eggs and coffee, although we did impose on it to the extent of cooking three eggs apiece.

The next morning we melted the ice out of the coffee pot, examined the radiator in fear and trembling—my partner never forgets anything—found enough fuel to make coffee and cook some bacon and eggs. We fished for some time and although it was not prearranged, we met at camp about the same time. The prospect of continuing a bacon-and-eggs diet was still very favorable.

We reached Convict Lake some little time after this—our radiator having consumed most of our breakfast food en route.

At the Lake we rented a tent, and after first draining the radiator we made camp. Our genial host (that always sounds like something good to follow) strolled over to acquaint us with the many wonderful fishing places—

"In the morning we must fish the Lake before the wind comes up, and in the afternoon we can get plenty of small fish in the stream, or we can run down to the river and get some big ones— How far? Did we remember coming through a gate?" I'll say we did. "Well, just beyond it there's a blind road that goes to the river— Is it easy to find? Oh! yes, when you get to the Bath-tub you go straight ahead on the left hand fork. Where does the right hand fork go? Oh! that goes to Hot Creek—there aren't any fish there; the water's too hot.

A Whopper!

By R. K. Cummings

HERE'S a story that was told me
By a fishing friend of mine.
It must be true because he'd never lie.
"It was in the fall," said he,
"That a fish gave me this spree.
Listen close and you'll hear what they
can do.

I was rowing very slowly
With the rod between my knees,
My eyes upon the bobbing tip intently.
When the line gave such a jerk
That I sure did have to work
To save my rod from Davy Jones'
locker.

What occurred the next few minutes
Is a story hard to tell.
I surely thought a whale had grabbed
my bait.
After jerking, twisting, turning
In his first wild rush for freedom,
This fish of mine began to do his stuff.

He settled down and pulled so hard
That soon the boat was moving.
He gathered speed, I gathered spray.
I laugh now, but that day I prayed
And wondered what was coming.

We three, the boat, the fish and me,
The shore were fast approaching.
'Aha!' said I with bated breath
'You surely now will face your death,
I'll have you fried for breakfast!'

No sooner had I thusly spoke,
Than from the lake a swordfish broke
And dove straight for my line.
He cut it clean, my fish swam free,
And thus did end that little spree,
It's true now, don't you snicker."

Angling Memories

(Continued on page 66)

Lou Eppinger's Latest Production

NOTANGLE SPINNERS!

NOTANGLE SPINNER
WITH FLY
75c
WITHOUT FLY
50c

The Spinner that Anglers have long been looking for. Notangle means to Fishermen just what the name implies — No Tangles.

Here's what the Bell and the Hump does:

The Hook of Fly cannot become enmeshed with the Spinner.

The Bell, acting as a weight, is set forward and holds the Fly or Hook straight ahead.

The Hump holds the Bell securely, so that it cannot open accidentally. Yet by merely pressing the hump with the thumb, the Bell slides back easily, allowing for instant changing of hooks or Flies.

Notangle Spinners are made in three sizes and weights. The **No. 400** series are intended for Fly and Bait Rods and trolling. The **No. 500** series are intended for light Casting outfits and trolling. The **No. 600** series are intended for all kinds of casting outfits, including Steel and Bamboo Casting Rods, also for deep trolling. Price 50c each, at all dealers.

Write for Four-Color Catalog and send Your Dealer's Name.

"If I were to be turned loose in the woods of the North, all I would want is one of your Osprey Silk Casting Lines and a couple of those wabbling Dardevle Spoons, and I would catch all the fish I'd need the rest of my life."

Robert Page Lincoln

Osprey Waterproofed Silk Line

Send for Free Samples. Here is probably the most durable line on the market. Extra close weave and absolutely even texture. Resists the action of salt or fresh water. Some fishermen have used the same Osprey Silk Line for Four seasons—and say it is good for more (but just between us, we think they ought to get a new one by now).

Stocked by alert dealers everywhere. Write us direct for free samples and prices. Give your dealer's name, too— we'll appreciate it.

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and Lake Region of

Wisconsin Michigan

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Go where you can camp, canoe, play golf, hike over pine-scented trails or just loaf.

Write for illustrated folder, "Summer Outings" and copy of game law leaflet. You should have them in planning your trip.

Special Summer Train Service

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226 W. Jackson St.
Chicago, Ill.

Splendidly Located Hotels, Exceptional Opportunities For Summer Homes

694

Bird Lore

by Bob Becker

HO! For April and the arrival of spring!

When April smiles with blue skies and the first spring flowers, when the birds sing and lure us afield, it is good to be alive. That's the way we feel when this month comes 'round, giving us the first shot of spring fever. April is a fickle month. She promises much and often she gives the outdoor lover a full measure of pleasure. But you cannot tell about irresponsible April. She's liable to do you dirt with cold winds and unseasonable weather. But the red winged blackbirds do not care. The meadow larks which sing cheerily from the fields don't give a "never mind." The blue birds and the robins are also indifferent to April's whims and fancies, because this month is a promise—a promise of sunnier days, of nesting joys and troubles of another year of life.

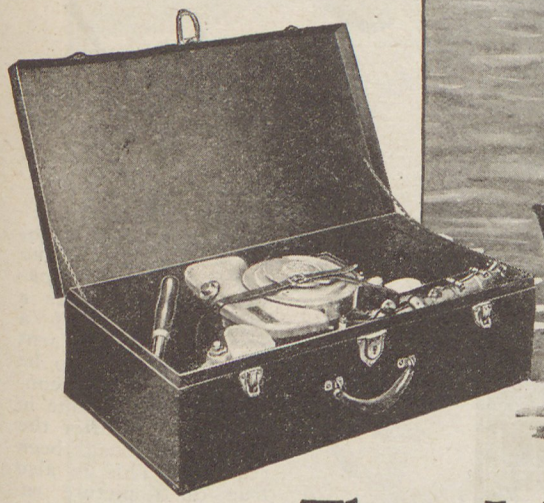
No need to urge you bird fans to get outdoors this month. The trouble with most of us is that we want to do nothing else but! With field glasses we like to hit for the woods and fields the latter part of April to enjoy the bird choruses and to see the flash of red on our old friend, the red winged blackbird. Talk about your spring tonics, your sulphur and molasses, your sassafras tea, there is nothing in the world to equal a walk in April to restore the old pep and desires for a fishing trip.

You haven't forgotten to put out your bird houses, have you? They ought to be in place if you want a couple of interesting tenants this season. Better try one house for wrens, anyway. The house wren is one of the most companionable, lovable little fellows you can imagine. He'll sing his head off for you, intrigue your interest and every day show you how much he trusts

(Continued on page 54)

All pintails but three—find the mallards. Photo by George High.

Pack your Johnson in this suitcase and take it with you—anywhere



These Johnson Enthusiasts Bought Years of Motor Boating Satisfaction

THERE can be only one reason why dealers sold more Johnson Outboard Motors last year than any other make: its dependable performance has definitely set the Johnson Motor apart from all other outboard motors.

Compare the Johnson's appearance with that of other outboard motors. Instantly you will be impressed by its clean-cut look. Then compare its construction—and you'll understand the reasons behind its outstanding durability and unusual performance that have assured thousands of Johnson owners years of motor satisfaction.

This hitherto unknown durability and dependability result directly from the fact that L. J. Johnson, while appreciating the soundness of the "outboard" idea, saw clearly what was the matter with old style outboard motors and applied sound engineering principles to the Johnson Motor.

He gave the Johnson Motor exclusive universal steering and reversing with automatic tilt and the Johnson shock-absorber drive to prevent damage from submerged obstructions and drive a boat wherever it will float; the Johnson float-feed throttle controlled carburetor that gives a perfect firing mixture at all speeds and temperatures; the Johnson Quick-Action Magneto that eliminates the uncertainty of batteries and their extra weight; twin cylinder design that does away with vibration and consequent damage to a light boat.

The Johnson Motor is the only motor that can be attached to any type boat or canoe without altering the boat. It delivers full 2 horse power and drives a rowboat at from 7 to 9 miles per hour or a canoe from 10 to 12. And with all this power, flexibility and dependability goes *real portability*, for the Johnson weighs

ONLY 35 POUNDS

It can be carried in a suitcase that fits under a Pullman berth.

In short the Johnson Motor puts speedy, pleasant, certain water-transportation within everybody's reach. It makes rowing obsolete for the fisherman, the sportsman, the sailor and everyone who wants to get the most out of the water.

Go to the nearest Johnson dealer and get a free demonstration—if you don't know him write us for FREE CATALOG and we will gladly send you his name.

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16 big cups
of hot coffee or iced drinks
—or 8 lbs. of food

On auto, camping, boat or fishing trips—for picnics, vacation outings and year around use at home—an Aladdin Jar is simply wonderful. Holds enough for all for all day. Keeps food or liquids hot or cold.

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SEND $1.00 TODAY
For a Year's Subscription to
OUTDOOR AMERICA

(Continued from page 52)

you. An old tomato can, painted green, a hole in the bottom for drainage, cut edges smoothed off so the bird won't cut its feet, will often look like a million dollars to Mr. and Mrs. Wren. By the way, if you want a dandy little pamphlet about bird houses and how to make them, write to the Supt. of Documents, Washington, D. C., for Farmer's Bulletin, Number 609, which can be secured for the large sum of five cents.

The last entry in the Prize Photo Contest is shown this month. Sabin C. Bronson, 202 St. Paul Ave., Duluth, Minnesota, is responsible for this entry. It shows S. B. and some of his bird friends. In the next issue of the magazine we hope to report to you the decision of the judges and announce the winner of the contest. "So stand-by for a short time. This is Birdlore broadcasting from 'Outdoor America,' Chicago. We will soon tell you who cops the $125 camera in the prize photo contest."

George High of Chicago, who has no small reputation as a crackerjack of a photographer, sent us a picture to be entered in the contest but it came in several weeks after the deadline had been reached. This is also true of a picture received from Giles Putnam. Sorry your photo didn't get under the wire in time to compete in the contest, G. H., but we want to show it to the bunch anyway. Incidentally, Mr. High has made some splendid pictures of waterfowl and waterfowl shooting.

Great blue heron. Photo by Walter Hastings.

Taming northern Wisconsin partridges. Mrs. D. K. Claybough holds one on her hand.

The friendly chickadee. Photo contest entry by Sabin E. Bronson.

"Bob"—the red shouldered hawk. Photo by Ernst Keil.

We have seen several of them and they are corking. The one shown this month is of a flock of pintails. Yes, we agree with you. It's tough to look at this picture after the duck season has closed.

It takes the boys and girls to sometimes show us the way in getting acquainted with birds. And in this day and age it's a healthy sign when the youngsters show interest in the outdoors and the wild creatures which are an integral part of the forests and streams

(Continued on page 56)

There's a Bungalow Camp at the NIPIGON

Just across that roarin' river from the weatherbeaten town. A big, comfortable camp tucked away in the woods on a bluff where the Nipigon runs out of Lake Helen for its last wild dash to Nipigon Bay and Lake Superior.

Nipigon's great lure is the square-tailed, red-spotted trout, monarch of swirling pools and boiling rapids. The "Nipigon trip" takes several days by canoe, with experienced guides. One sportsman last summer made his 28th trip in 30 years. It keeps him young. He's never landed better than a 10-pounder. Wants to break the Nipigon trout record—now 14½ pounds.

This Bungalow Camp makes an admirable starting and finishing point for the river trip. It also offers excellent one-day fishing trips, for bass as well as trout.

You have your own cozy bungalow. Meals are served in the community house. Your womenfolk would find the camp thoroughly restful and enjoyable. Open from June 15 to September 15.

For further particulars see any Canadian Pacific Agent. Offices everywhere. New York, 44th and Madison; Chicago, 140 S. Clark St.; Pittsburgh, 340 Sixth Ave.; Cleveland, 1040 Prospect Ave.; Buffalo, 160 Pearl St.; Cincinnati, 201 Dixie Terminal Bldg.; Detroit, 1239 Griswold St.; St. Louis, 420 Locust St.; Minneapolis, 611 2nd Ave. S.; St. Paul, Robert and Fourth; Montreal, 141 St. James St.

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The true moccasin golf shoe—comfortable and flexible. Plenty of room for toes and yet good support for the instep. Crepe rubber soles. Furnished all one color or a combination lustrous and dull brown. Also made of imported waterproofed veals. Shoe or oxford heights, all sizes.

Meet us at the Travel and Outdoor Life Exposition at Chicago Coliseum May 12-17. See the materials which are put into Russell Moccasin Footwear and watch our shoemakers make the famous "Ike Walton".

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JONAS BROTHERS 1034 Broadway DENVER, COLO.

(Continued from page 54)

which so many of us enjoy when we go fishing. We want you to read the following letter from a young lady (age 13) of La Grange, Illinois, who has had some interesting experiences with wrens. If there are any doubts in your mind about putting out some bird boxes this spring they should be dispelled after reading Beulah Evans' friendly and much appreciated letter which is in part as follows:

Dear Mr. Becker:—

I have just finished reading your part of Outdoor America because I love birds. We have a pet wren up at the lake. Our cottage has a very large porch. Bobby Wren is, as I have already said, our pet. He is not the kind of a pet that a canary makes as our bird is wild and not in a cage. This wren has his nest on the porch and up in one corner. Two years ago we had a screen put on the outside porch. The wren's nest was on the inside and there was no way for him to get in and out after the screens were put on. So mother made one of the men drill a hole the size of a quarter in the side of the house not more than a foot away from the nest so he and Jenny Wren could get in and out without any trouble. Before the screens were put on Mr. Wren would come and sit on my hand when I called him. Afterward he would do it because he was afraid he couldn't get away fast enough on account of the screens. This particular wren has been with us for four years. And we (mother, Dad and I) hope that he and Jenny will show up again this year.

Last year a very funny thing happened. There was a strange Jenny Wren that used to come in at our Mr. Bobby's entrance hole. When she would do that and stay on the porch a while she would forget which way she had come in and would be unable to get out again. Always when our pets came back you could expect a fight. Jenny was jealous and her mate was mad. That poor little intruder with two other wrens after her didn't know which way to go so I would open the door and let her out.

When the little wrens appear in the spring we have lots of fun watching the parents teaching them how to take care of themselves. I wish I had some pictures to send you of our pets as they are so interesting and cute.

Sincerely,
Beulah R. Evans.

I hope you can read this. I am 13 years old but write as if I were only two years of age. If you see Mr. Fullerton I wish you would tell him I am going to try his idea of catching fish with frogs."

Well, we are mighty glad to hear about your pet wrens, Beulah. We hope they will be with you again this year. If Mr. and Mrs. Wren do occupy their usual apartment be sure and write us how they get along. And you like to fish too. Well, you ARE welcome to the campfire.

D. K. Claybaugh, superintendent of the Coleman Lake Club, Goodman, Wisconsin, certainly is a contender in the bird taming contest. Do you know what northern bird he and Mrs. Claybaugh have gotten very friendly with? The partridge! Mr. Claybaugh writes that the partridges come up to the house and sit on his wife's hands, which shows what patience and friendliness can do. We wish that they would loosen up a bit and tell us more about their experiences in taming partridges. Come on, D. K., dip your pen in the inkwell and relate how the aristocratic grouse became so friendly.

It is safe to say that nearly every angler has had some unusual and fascinating experiences with birds while pursuing the gentle art of luring a trout or a bass. Just by way of backing up this statement we are going to let you read the following story as written to us by a fisherman. (Sorry we do not know his name.) He writes as follows about the cedar bird in northern Wisconsin:

Late one August afternoon a few years ago, while standing below the dam of Post Lake, the headwaters of the Wolf river, I had an experience which I have vainly tried to duplicate—one which, however, may come to others in Northern Wisconsin, if they are on the lookout for it.

I was angling quietly, alone, with good success for a time, and then there was a lull. However, I kept on in an expectant attitude and was probably standing in statuesque repose. Suddenly I felt a light tap on my hat, and only then did I notice a dozen or more cedar birds around me, flitting about, resting for brief intervals on timbers, stones and other natural objects. Could it be that one of the birds had alighted on my hat? Next came a slight impulse, and I saw one fly forward at the level of my head. Then one flew to my fish pole, pretty well forward, so that it bent down gracefully. In another moment I felt a third tap, this time again on my hat. After this came the most thrilling act of all, for the boldest of the cedar birds perched itself within two feet of my forward hand and gave me a minute of extreme delight. Never before had I seen a beautiful wild creature at such close range in its natural surroundings, except a few which had been captured and were pitifully cowering through fear. The delicate coloring of the bird, resplendent in the evening sunlight, was far beyond what the most skillful taxidermist can hope to preserve. The memory of it is one of the most treasured that a number of happy vacations in our northern land of delight has given me.

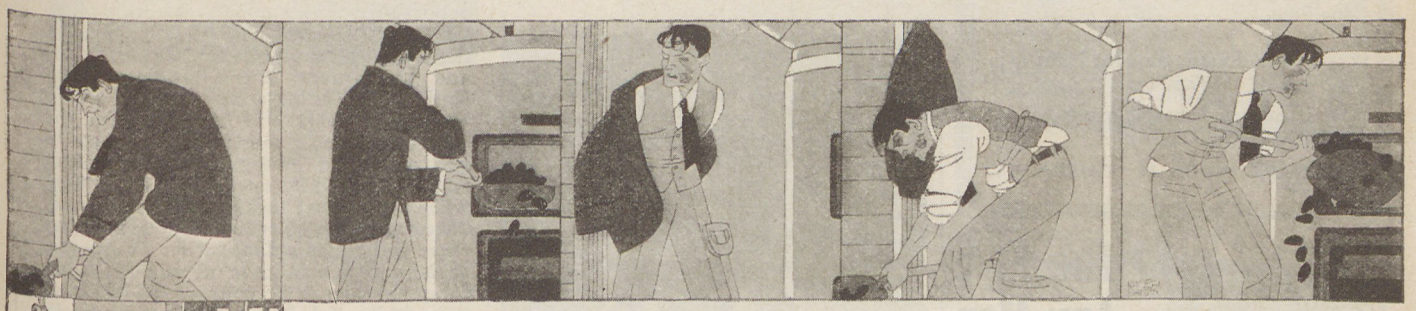
One of the birds that (along with screech owl, crow, and red tailed hawk, etc.) we may find nesting during April, is the red shouldered hawk. Ernest Keil of Dayton, Ohio, kept one of these red shouldered fellows as a pet for a long time, and has written us a mighty interesting yarn about this bird. E. K. is a dyed in the wool bird fan and sure does know 'em. We're glad to share his letter with you. He writes:

"One of the most aristocratic birds that ever lived under our roof was a young red-shouldered hawk, and you will excuse us, Mr. Becker, we called him Bob. Take a look at his picture and you will admit he has the appearance of a spry and game little fellow. He was the youngest, but as often happens the most enterprising of a family of four. The spirit of adventure, perhaps, caused him to break home-ties before he could fly; he could scoot, but not fast enough to escape capture.

Bob was a fine bird, proud and fearless, the fire of defiance fairly crackling in his keen eyes. At the beginning of his stay with us he was the exponent of outraged dignity, ready to fight at the least provocation and his powerful talons and hooked beak were things not to be trifled with. His utter contempt for all of us seemed unlimited, he showed it at all times, and never for one moment did he lose his haughtiness.

(Continued on page 69)

It's the *last few* shovelfuls that break the father's back!



Drawn by Ralph Barton for A.R. Co. © 1924

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Write on a postcard your name and address and the number of rooms in your house. You will receive full information about the size and type of IDEAL Boiler best suited to it.

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Your postal card will involve no obligation. Mail it whether your house be large or small, whether it *is* built, *being* built, or merely *being planned.*

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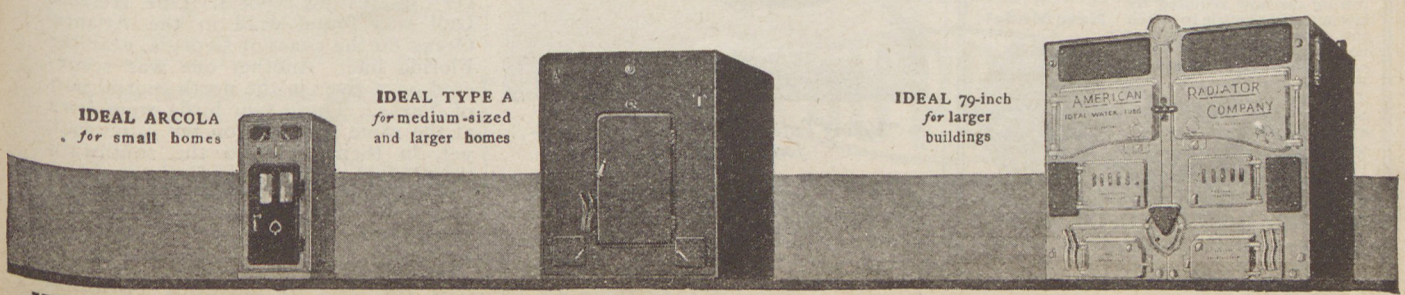

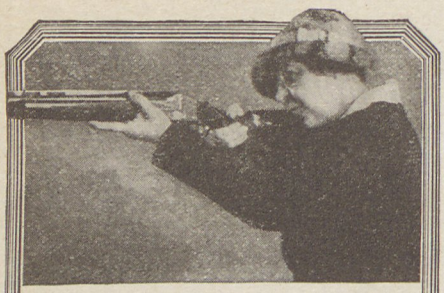

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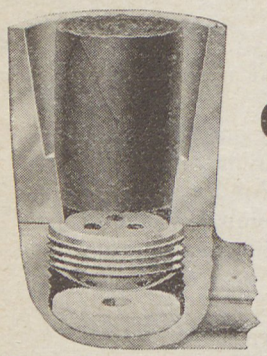

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is the first worth-while discovery in pipes in 20 years. It smokes like a cigar, tastes like a pipe—but is always clean, never gets strong! With every Sherlock Holmes Pipe, we ship two bowls, one for our Perfectpack mixture, the other for your regular mixture; the moisture pads that keep the pipe clean; three boxes of our assorted Perfectpack tobacco, all ready for smoking — only $6, all prepaid, delivery guaranteed, money back if you want it. Black Bakelite bowls, Redmanol stem. Your dealer can supply pipe and smokes —or shipped direct upon receipt of only **$6.**

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Now in stock together with Outboard Canoes, "Indian Girls," hunting boats, row boats and high grade launches.

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Wild Birds Wear Bands

By W. I. LYON

DO you know the fascination of trapping and banding wild birds? Have you held a bird in your hands, examined him carefully, released him, and then found that, instead of being frightened away, he comes back to your traps again and again; sometimes the same day, the same week; perhaps he reports to you nearly every day all summer; yes, and some of them year after year.

The surprising part of the work is that the birds are not frightened by being handled, which can best be illustrated by the fact that a White-throated Sparrow was re-trapped eight times on the same day. A Towhee was trapped

"Robin that has returned four consecutive years."

over one hundred times in two months, and a Fox Sparrow was trapped one hundred and sixty-five times during the winter season that he remained in the north on account of the good food that he could find.

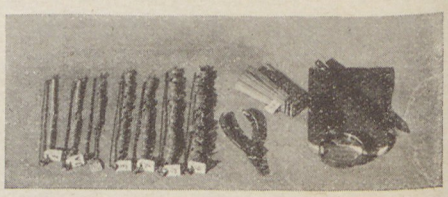
This method of work started in a small way with a few individuals and grew to such an importance that it has

"Young Tufted Titmouse perched comfortably on hand."

been adopted by the U. S. Biological Survey, Washington, D. C. Special permits for Bird Banding are issued to those who will volunteer to place the bands, which are furnished by the Survey. Permits are issued only to persons over eighteen years of age, who have sufficient experience and knowledge of birds to carry on the work with scientific accuracy.

The Inland Bird Banding Association is a volunteer organization that is cooperating with the Biological Survey in promoting the interest and finding more volunteers to carry on the work in the district between the Appalachian and the Rocky Mountains and from the Gulf of Mexico to the Arctic. The Great Lakes are situated in the middle of this district and offer a wonderful opportunity for quick results. The Gulls and Terns nest in colonies on the isolated islands in the Great Lakes, and the Inland Bird Banding Association is planning a campaign in which many volunteers will be needed for the coming season's work. They hope to get a list of every possible nesting site which will be occupied so that they will be prepared to assign different volunteers, spaces in which to work so that there will be no duplication of efforts. It is our appeal that if you are able to spend a part of your vacation about the middle of July, in this nesting work, or know of someone who could be induced to volunteer, notify W. I. Lyon, Secretary, 124 Washington Street, Waukegan, Illinois.

The bands are placed on the birds' legs to trace their life histories. The little aluminum band, that is placed on the leg of each bird, has a serial number and bears the legend, "Biol. Surv., Wash., D. C." There are no two numbers alike so as soon as a band is placed on a bird's leg, he is individualized for his life. In this way his history can be



Bird banding outfit.

traced. The purpose of the investigation is to learn how long birds live, what routes they travel in migration, how many miles they travel in a day, whether or not they return to the same locality, whether or not they keep the same mates, and many other interesting questions.

Mr. W. S. McCrea, of Chicago, Illinois, placed some bands on Gulls and Terns two years ago, and a little while later he received the returns from two very interesting reports. One Herring Gull was found dead in the Atlantic Ocean on the coast of Georgia, near the Florida line. Another one was recovered on a river in the north central part of Texas. These two birds were born at the same time and on the same spot, yet, in their flight to the southward they had separated and gone at such opposite angles that they were almost as far apart when found as they were away from their home. The results, so far, show that had these young birds

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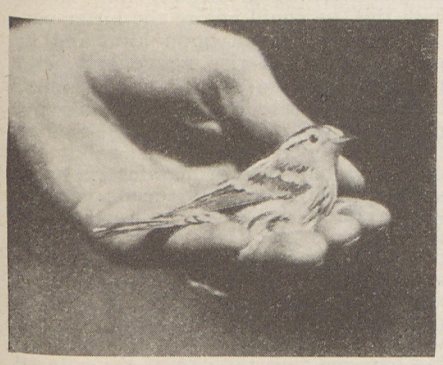
lived, in all probability they would have returned to the same island to build their nests in the future. Another report of last season shows that a Caspian Tern that was banded in the same vicinity on July 26, 1923, was killed November 25, 1923, at the mouth of the the Magdalena River in the Republic of Colombia, South America. At the time the band was placed, this was a young bird and unable to fly, so time



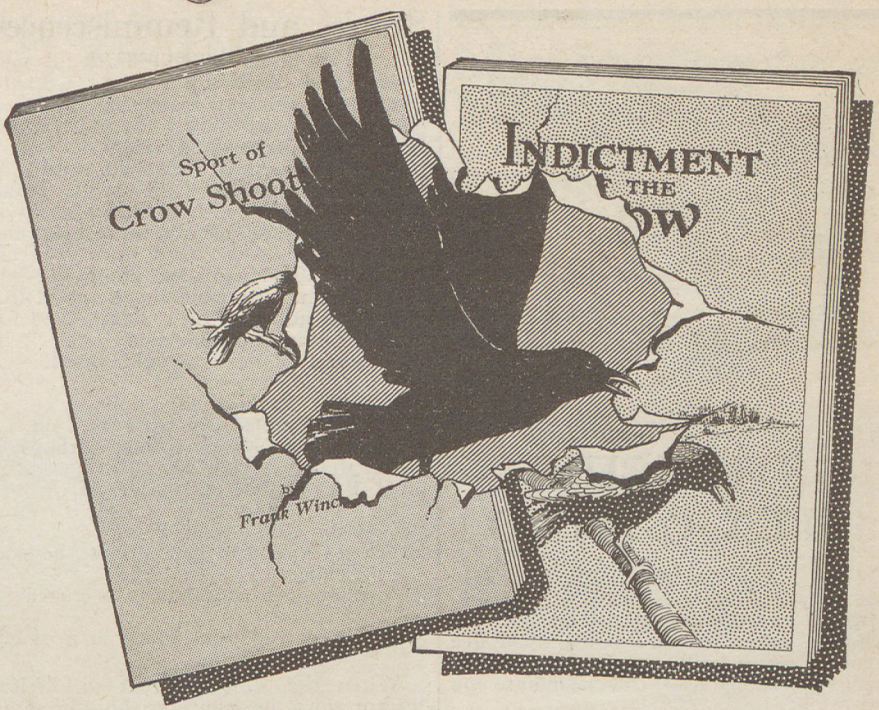
"Black and White Creeping Warbler quietly posing for its picture."

must be allowed out of these four months that passed, for the bird to grow up and gain its strength before it made the trip of over 2,500 miles to the place where it was found. There is another record of a Common Tern that was banded on the coast of Maine and four years later was found floating on the Niger River of British West Africa. It was picked up by a native and turned over to a missionary who, in turn, sent it to our American consul. Two Blackheaded Gulls that were banded at Rositten, Germany, started on a westward flight, and one of them was recovered at the Island of Barbados and the other, on the coast of Mexico.

There have been a number of returns from banded ducks and game birds in the last few years. One sensational return was a little Bluewinged teal duck banded several miles north of Toronto on Lake Scugog by H. S. Osler, and was taken sixty days later on the Island of Trinidad, over 3,000 miles from the place where he was banded.

"Yellow-bellied Sapsucker showing stiff tail feathers used in climbing."

Mr. Baldwin's work at Thomasville, Georgia, has proved that birds return to their southern home year after year quite the same way that they do to the home in the North.



The outlaw of wild life —*get him!*

A crow hunter is a conservationist.

The crow is a destroyer of bird life and an enemy of the farmer. Crows eat the eggs of game, song and insectivorous birds, and kill their young. These feathered outlaws destroy growing crops and cost the farmers of this country millions of dollars in damage every year. The crow is a pest and a nuisance — hunt him down!

The International Crow-Shoot

To conserve the game supply for sportsmen, the du Pont Company is offering $2,500 in merchandise prizes for team and individual scores in an International Crow-Shoot—open to sportsmen in the United States and Canada.

Send for these two booklets, "The Indictment of the Crow," and "Crow Shooting as a Sport," giving full information on the Crow. Write today so you can enter the big shoot at the start.

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & CO., INC.
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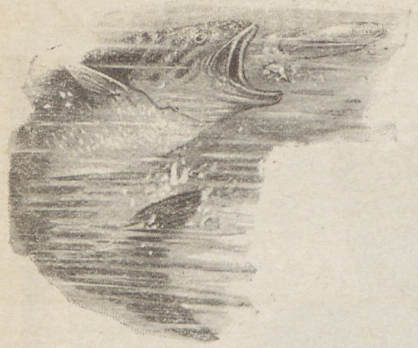
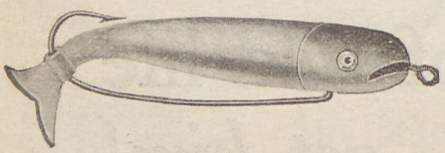


STREICH'S FLEX-O-MINO

Here is a new artificial bait. The only one of its kind on the market. It is the only artificial casting bait on the market that when in water is really and truly a live minnow that actually swims. As a fisherman you will appreciate this the minute you test it out.



Streich's Flex-O-Mino differs greatly from any other bait on the market not only because of its being alive when in water but because of its many other special and outstanding features. Space here prohibits going into details so in the following paragraphs we will list only a few of the most important features of this new bait.

The fisherman can cast into the weeds and have little fear of having to pull out several pounds of weeds or in getting so tangled he will break his line and lose his bait, for this bait is practically weedless.

The fisherman need have no fear when using this bait of the body rubber tearing when the fish strikes. This is impossible. The body simply cannot tear inasmuch as it is made of good live rubber and instantly collapses the moment the fish strikes.

The hook itself, which is made of the best quality swedged Sheffield steel is removable without the aid of any tools whatsoever. All that is necessary is to detach the rubber tail of the bait, swing hook forward and pull out from a slot in the head.

The weight of this bait is only one-half ounce, being the standard weight used by all sportsmen and professional casters, this weight having been found the easiest to swing when casting, and while speaking of weight it might also be added here that this bait will swim in only one position. It will not swim on its side or back, due to the fact that most of the weight of this bait is below the center of the head.

At present Streich's Flex-O-Minos come in the following variety of attractive color combinations:

Style A—Red head and white body.
Style B—Copper head and white body.
Style C—Nickel head and white body.

Streich's Flex-O-Mino can be had at most sporting goods dealers. In the event your dealer cannot supply you send us a dollar direct, mentioning style desired and we will send you the bait, postpaid.

Streich's Bait Works
708 W. Jasper St. JOLIET, ILLINOIS

Stories and Reminiscences

(Continued from page 6)

And said "now my needs
Just force me away from that car."

"C" is for Collier, old Holt,
Who stopped that bear with a jolt.
He caught him with a sling
And tied him with a string
Just like he had been a mule colt.

"T" is for Teddy on the scoot,
He tore up the cane by the root.
When he got to Holt's side
And found the bear tied,
He swore he never would shoot.

"P" is for Parker, jolly John,
When it comes to a frolic he's on,
They can beat him shooting, perhaps,
But if they tackle him at craps
That Presidential party is gone.

"F" is for Stuyvesant Fish,
When they asked him to hunt, he said "pish,
I haven't lost any bar, am guarding this car,
I only bother with game in a dish."

When the Colonel went to Africa, interpreting the pious wishes of some politicians who detested his pernicious activities, he said, "Every lion in Africa is expected to do his duty." That he escaped the righteous indignation of the bears of Mississippi, was owing solely to their sectional devotion.

The story goes that a little bear said, "Why does he want to kill us, we have always admired his strenuosity, and have neither done nor wished him any harm. We are entitled 'to a square deal,' and an 'equal opportunity.' Let us organize, waylay him, and revenge ourselves for this unprovoked assault." This proposal was about to prevail when the patriarch of the swamp arose and said, "Brethren, what you say is true; we could kill him, and under ordinary circumstances would kill him, but we must sacrifice our lives for our country, for they would go right off and lay it on the South."

In 1905 Roosevelt was elected president. He received no electoral votes from the South. The campaign in the South was mainly personal, and was embittered on account of the Booker Washington incident, and the appointment of negroes to office, such as those in Indianola and Charleston.

He was proud of his Southern lineage, and in public speeches proclaimed with fervor that he was a direct descendant of the first territorial Governor of Georgia, that two of his uncles were distinguished officers in the Confederate Navy, and that one of them had fired the last shot from the Alabama in its fatal engagement with the Kearsarge.

Notwithstanding the opposition to him in the South, he was determined to show that he was President of the entire country, and that no personal antagonism to him could make him swerve from his purpose to be impartial in the discharge of his duty. He knew that on the surface and politically, sectional feeling was sharper than it had been for five years—that he had touched a sensitive nerve in the South, and that the race question was the main disturbing factor.

He had dealt with the question abstractly, and to his position there could be no logical answer. The South had to meet it in a concrete form, and under conditions that the outside world did not accept, in the full sense, that the people of the South understood them. He would not sacrifice a principle for mere expediency, but he had come to a larger view of conditions, and if necessary would subordinate a principle, if the working out of grander results, equally founded in justice and right, demanded it.

His bear hunt in Mississippi, and the subsequent study, gave him a deeper insight into the great problem. Filled with this, he could ignore the bitter personal abuse heaped upon him, and be great enough to rise above the petty feelings which so often have characterized men of little souls when occupying places of great trust. He felt that, "however much a people struggling for uplifting, may receive manifestations of good will by word or deed, yet the great fact to be borne in mind above all others, is that the success of a people must depend largely on their own achievements, and whether or not they are to advance and win, and hold a permanent place in the struggle for life, depends mainly upon themselves." He believed that the rise of the colored race "must be based on industrial activity and the fruits of good citizenship, and not upon the hope for exceptional advantage," and that "they had a problem which no other race has ever had, and that the white people of the South had a problem that no other race has ever had." And he declared, "what an all-wise God in his infinite wisdom may have ordained we do not know, but certainly we do know from all past experience, that the best results will follow from good citizenship, and the cultivation of peaceful and friendly relations in all proper ways, with those whose fortunes are inseparable from our own."

He who had stirred up sectional feeling more profoundly than any other man, became the great pacificator, and consecrated himself more than any other man had done to the great work of supplanting sectionalism with nationalism. Shortly after he was re-elected he invited to a conference in Washington, an equal number of Northern Republicans and Southern Democrats, and laid before them, and sought their suggestions, many of which he adopted, a draft of the famous speech he subsequently made on February 13th, 1905, at the Lincoln dinner of the Republican Club of New York, which rang like a clarion note throughout the country, and did more to arouse sound thinking and establish a basis of understanding and progress between the races than anything that has ever occurred.

Thus the bear hunt in Mississippi contributed largely in bringing about a beneficent event of the utmost national importance.

President Roosevelt, in a letter to me of May 2, 1906, said, "You do not know how you please me in what you say of the effects of my attitude on the negro question. Really, so far as I have any theory in the matter at all, my theory is to get hold of Southerners with your ideas and then back them up as heartily but as unobtrusively as possible. It is true, as you say, that there is no perfect solution of the question. All I can do is to make it as little acute as possible, and cautiously endeavor to make things a little better in such way as will not mean making them ultimately worse. I am very keenly aware of the blunders that I have at times committed, but I do hope that the net result has been good rather than evil."

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The Grizzly King

(Continued from page 27)

a hole through his flesh—but without touching the bone. He was two hundred yards from the ravine when it hit; he was nearer three hundred when the stinging fire seared him again, this time in his flank.

Neither shot had staggered his huge bulk, twenty such shots would not have killed him. But the second stopped him, and he turned with a roar of rage that was like the bellowing of a mad bull—a snarling, thunderous cry of wrath that could have been heard a quarter of a mile down the valley.

Bruce heard it as he fired his sixth unavailing shot at seven hundred yards. Langdon was reloading. For fifteen seconds Thor offered himself openly, roaring his defiance, challenging the enemy he could no longer see; and then at Langdon's seventh shot, a whiplash of fire raked his back, and in strange dread of this lightning which he could not fight, Thor continued up over the break.

He swung eastward, and a little later he caught a fresh taint of the man-smell in the air. The wind was bringing it to him now, and in spite of the fact that he wanted to lie down and nurse his wound he ambled on a little faster, for he had learned one thing that he would never forget: the man-smell and his hurt had come together.

He reached the bottoms and buried himself in the thick timber; and then, crossing this timber, he came to a creek. Perhaps a hundred times he had traveled up and down this creek. It was the main trail that led from one-half of his range to the other.

Instinctively he always took this trail when he was hurt or when he was sick, and also when he was ready to den up for the winter. There was one chief reason for this: he was born in the almost impenetrable fastnesses at the head of the creek, and his cubhood had been spent amid its brambles of wild currants and soap berries and its rich red ground carpets of kinnikinic. It was home. In it he was alone. It was the one part of his domain that he held inviolate from all other bears. He tolerated other bears — blacks and grizzlies — on the wider and sunnier slopes of his range just so long as they moved on when he approached. They might seek food there, and nap in the sun-pools, and live in quiet peace if they did not defy his suzerainty.

Thor did not drive other bears from his range, except when it was necessary to demonstrate again that he was High Mogul. This happened occasionally, and there was a fight. And always after a fight Thor came into this valley and went up the creek to cure his wounds.

He made his way more slowly than usual today. There was a terrible pain in his fore-shoulder. Now and then it hurt him so that his leg doubled up, and he stumbled. Several times he waded shoulder-deep into pools and let the cold water run over his wounds. Gradually they stopped bleeding. But the pain grew worse.

Thor's best friend in such an emergency was a clay wallow. This was the second reason why he always took this trail when he was sick or hurt. It led to the clay wallow. And the clay wallow was his doctor.

The sun was setting before he reached the wallow. His jaws hung open a little. His great head drooped lower. He had lost a great deal of blood. He was tired, and his shoulder hurt him so badly that he wanted to tear with his teeth at the strange fire that was consuming it.

The clay wallow was twenty or thirty feet in diameter, and hollowed into a shallow pool in the center. It was a soft, cool, golden-colored clay, and Thor waded into it to his armpits. Then he rolled over gently on his wounded side. The clay touched his hurt like a cooling salve. It sealed the cut, and Thor gave a great heaving gasp of relief. For a long time he lay in that soft bed of clay. The sun went down, darkness came, and the wonderful stars filled the sky. And still Thor lay there, nursing that first hurt of man.

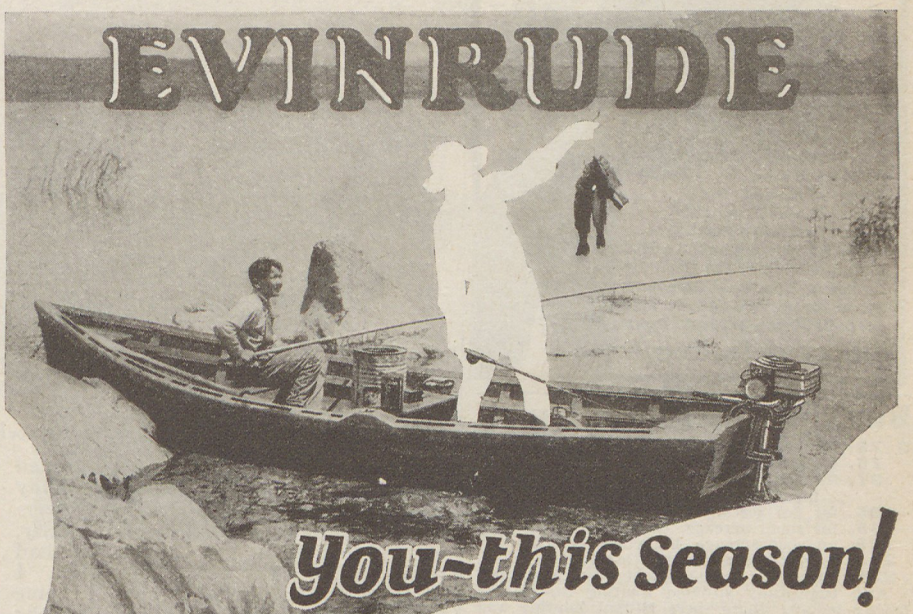
END OF FIRST INSTALLMENT

Muskallonge *at* Mantrap Camp

Season opens May 15th, when the tigers strike fast and furious. Also Large and Small Mouth Bass fishing. Camp opens May 15th with special rates for May bookings. Mantrap Lake head chain of twelve lakes. Good eats at main dining hall, cottage plan. Boats and guides reasonable.

Write for Booklet.

E. M. WILSIE - Dorset, Minn.



You-this Season!

Vacation days ahead! Time now to start planning your outing equipment. Time now to cross oars off your list of "fishin' tools" once and forever. Time now to select the boat-power that will add new joys to your water trips for many seasons to come.

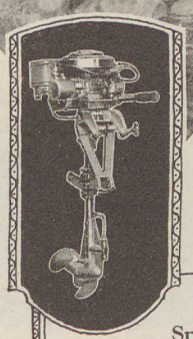
A sturdy little Evinrude Sport Twin will prove the best addition you have ever made to your outing kit. Here is boat-power in its handiest form—with all the dependable sturdiness that the name Evinrude guarantees.

See your sporting goods or hardware dealer today. Or write for our latest catalog illustrating and describing Evinrude Motors in full detail.

Evinrude Motors are made in five models, both one and two cylinders, detachable and built-in.

EVINRUDE MOTOR CO.
211 Evinrude Bldg. Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Also builders of Evinrude Boats—especially made for use with Evinrude Motors.



Sport Twin Features

Quiet, Smooth Power—Balanced twin design prevents vibration. Exhaust muffled to low purr.

Flexible Speed Control—Accelerates from 600 to 2100 R.P.M. in one second.

Easy Starter—Whirls flywheel past four firing points. Instant starting.

Automatic Reverse—Pressure on tiller reverses drive from full speed ahead to astern. Safe and certain.

Built-in-Flywheel Magneto—Evinrude built. No heavy, uncertain batteries.

Safety Tilt-Up—Swings gear housing clear out of water. Protects motor from snags and shallows. Makes beaching easy.

Weight—40 pounds, complete.

EVINRUDE Standard and Lightweight
DETACHABLE MOTORS FOR WATERCRAFT

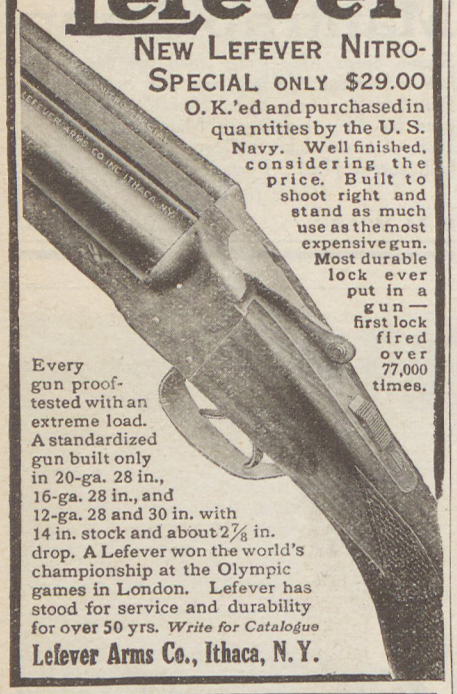
DISTRIBUTORS

115 East 23rd St., New York, N. Y.
119 Broadway, Oakland, Calif.
259 Atlantic Ave., Boston, Mass.
211 Morrison St., Portland, Ore.

Lefever

NEW LEFEVER NITRO-SPECIAL ONLY $29.00

O. K.'ed and purchased in quantities by the U. S. Navy. Well finished, considering the price. Built to shoot right and stand as much use as the most expensive gun. Most durable lock ever put in a gun—first lock fired over 77,000 times.



Every gun proof-tested with an extreme load. A standardized gun built only in 20-ga. 28 in., 16-ga. 28 in., and 12-ga. 28 and 30 in. with 14 in. stock and about 2⅞ in. drop. A Lefever won the world's championship at the Olympic games in London. Lefever has stood for service and durability for over 50 yrs. *Write for Catalogue*

Lefever Arms Co., Ithaca, N.Y.

Buy these bargains by mail

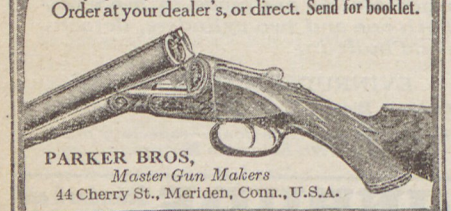
$ 73. for 12 acres, choice lake frontage.
75. for 25 acres, trout stream—accessible.
97. for 50 acres, beautifully wooded—shooting.
105. for 50 acres, hunting camp site.
49. for small acreage, Georgian Bay.
125. for good acreage, big game district.
215. for large acreage, hunting camp site.
235. for mining claim, may be worth a million.

Also beautifully situated hunting camps and fishing lodges, where there is real hunting and fishing. Summer cottage sites, islands of all sizes, heavily wooded acreages all situated in Muskoka, Georgian Bay District with its ten thousand islands, Algonquin Park with its 300 lakes, Highlands of Ontario, Lake of Bays and the famous Muskoka Lakes region. All offered at 10 cents on the dollar of their value and on easy monthly payments of $5.00 and upwards. Send for illustrated list of the above and one hundred other properties seized and sold for taxes. If you are interested in the forthcoming boom in Canadian Gold and Silver mines, and would like a mine all your own for two or three hundred dollars, send for list 241A. Every property is fully described and offered at a stated price. Send no money. Send for list today, so you will have first chance. If you wish you may make the payments to your local trust company. Tax Sale Service, 72 Queen Street, West, District 16, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

The Old Reliable

PARKER GUN

In the blind or at the traps the Parker has every quality that goes to make a perfect gun. Order at your dealer's, or direct. Send for booklet.



PARKER BROS,
Master Gun Makers
44 Cherry St., Meriden, Conn., U.S.A.

Mille Lacs Indian Trading Post

USEFUL ARTICLES for sale, of CHIPPEWA INDIAN make. Elegant beaded chains for ladies' neckwear and girdles. Handmade hickory bows and arrows. Genuine INDIAN TANNED buckskin gloves and moccasins. Will send for selection on approval to parties furnishing proper references.

H. D. AYER, Trader. P. O. Address, ONAMIA, MINN.
(U. S. Licensed Post)

More Gun Powder and Less Face Powder

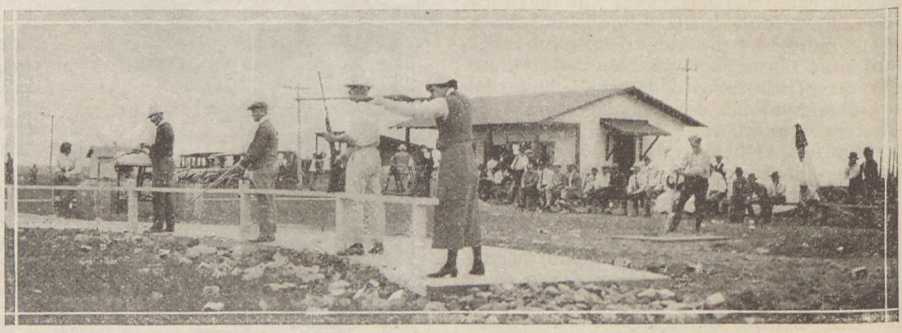
(Continued from page 36)

near our summer cabin; my husband acting in the triple role of trapper, puller and instructor. But, it is of my first appearance at a gun club and shooting at "unknown angles," that stands out beyond all others. Never before or since, has any woman been more completely paralyzed by nervousness and self-consciousness. Had I been forced to jump into a bottomless abyss, my horror could not have been more overwhelming. My knees became as jelly, tears rolled down my cheeks, and had to be sopped away before each shot. I do not yet understand how I came through alive; but finally came to the realization that those "horrid men, who must be simply convulsed with mirth," were the most kind-hearted human beings I had ever seen, and were unstinted in their praise; not so much that I had, somehow, shot a quite creditable score, but that I had the courage to attempt it.

Thus the humble beginnings of seven years of comradeship with the most worth-while men and women in the world; of friendships won that will endure for all time; of days spent on my beloved prairies with gun and dog; on even terms with other hunters; of complete recovery from an almost hopeless nervous trouble.

Look this over, sisters, and dare say: "It was not worth while."

Mrs. C. M. Buchanan, Secretary of the Rocky Mountain Chapter, I. W. L., Denver, Col.



Trap Shooting Department

(Continued from page 36)

for an American boy to want to shoot as it is for him to eat, and the father who shares this sport with his boy need have no fear of the influence which will surround him, for only gentlemen are sportsmen.

Now, won't you all help us by writing for this column your experience at the traps? No matter whether you ever wrote anything for publication before in your life, there is no criticism in the Izaak Walton League, except for those who are too selfish to share with others. Let us have your experiences, your suggestions and your counsel, and if you are a member of a trap club, and there are any items of interest, will you not let us have those, too?

Mr. Dilg has written me that we might have all the space we want; let us fill it, and help to build up every trap club in the country, by showing people what a clean American sport it is.

Our Outdoor Calendar

(Continued from page 39)

were up we started the camp fire between them, with the kitchen forming a third side to the square. This kitchen was quite a complete little affair, and the basis of it was a pot stove and two side-opening duffle bags which held all the provisions for the trip. They were of brown paraffined duck—the dear old dirty worn and waterproof things, we have them with us yet!—and they had rows of pockets on one inside flap. The kids drove two stakes each for them and they were forthwith hung up, displaying neat rows of aluminum forks, spoons, plates, and saucers in their pockets, while round paraffined muslin bags full of staples, and eight-inch friction-top tins with meat, bacon, ham, and codfish lay in a neat cylinder along the bottoms of the bags. Everything handy and orderly. Dear Pal and I would set at preparing the vegetables, while the kids were gone to the spring with the canvas water pails.

Our old "pig," as Mrs. M. called the camp stove, was a joy and a most efficient little cooking apparatus. It only weighed 2¾ pounds; was made of 28 ga. sheet steel, nine and a half inches diameter by twelve inches high. Open top and bottom, with a door low down in the front and a 2½ inch pipe hole about halfway up on the rear side. The pipe was just an elbow, which packed inside the stove, and a single length of pipe two feet long. This is plenty for good draft, incredible as it may seem to those of you who are accustomed to a pipe eight feet long. Into the top of this stove went our three aluminum pots, each of two quart capacity and the three forming a circle. The expeditionary rice went in one, tea water in a second, and the compound of a stew or camp mulligan in the third. The kids had a job at this stage that they delighted in, and that was to bring into camp all the dead blackjack oak and hard maple saplings they could find and cut them up into split billets suitable for the stove. If you use trashy woods the dinner will be slow in coming on, but with hot and hard woods like these all three pots would be steaming in a jiffy. In half an hour the food was done, a steak fried in a ten-inch folding fry pan atop the stove, as a last stunt while the table was being set. The camp fire was touched off for light and warmth and the family sat down to the evening meal.

After dish-washing and rolling up the side-opening duffle bags for the night, the next job was filling mattresses. We found that the best possible on the least weight was just a set of denim bags, not over two feet wide and five and six feet long, for kids and grown-ups respectively. If these were as much as thirty inches wide they took an unconscionable amount of browse to fill, and not only that but they were sure to thin down in the center and all the browse collect in the sides, letting the unhappy sleeper down on the damp soil. But a two-foot bag was different. You stuffed it like a bolster with pine needles, or dry leaves, or green balsam; then sat on it until it was respectably flattened. On this the sleeping bag and the camp pillow. We always had four of these, small ones, of real feathers, in brown sateen cases, but what a comfort compared to boots or extra clothes wadded up! They weighed nothing at all and stowed in anywhere.

By nine o'clock the camp was sleepy. To put them all to bed was a matter of candle lanterns in the two tents and wool pyjamas. Wool night toques to keep the top of the head warm; wool extra socks over small feet. Both important, for no one can sleep in the woods with either head or feet complaining of the cold. What a sleep, in the fresh air of the woods!

We rose with the sun and were up and doing at breakfast. On this particular trip it was strike the tents and pack the canoe and on downstream; more often the first night camp was at the lake aimed for, and next morning was spent in getting camp organized and fishing tackle rigged. You need only a few comforts; a camp table, benches, a tripod of sticks for the folding camp wash basin—but you **do** need these. The table is often to be had by a spare plank picked up **en route**; again by cutting four straight logs and nailing tie-sticks across them and setting the thing up on four stakes. One very crooked one we once fixed up by filling its top level with pebbles and sand and

(Continued on page 64)

"The Best Tent Made, I'd Say!"

Dickey KAMPER TRADEMARK

"The tent that has no center pole!"

A man in the West *wired* for his Dickey-bird-Kamper. When it arrived, he wrote: "It's the best tent made, I'd say. I set it up in five minutes—put it to the water and storm tests, and it's *perfect!*" From all over the country thousands have flooded us with inquiries concerning this new tent.

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No center pole!
It's waterproof
Won't blow down
Erects quickly
Is drum-tight
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You'll see the "Dickeybird-Kamper" in all the camps this year; you'll hear campers praise it and proudly exhibit it. Because it is the 1924 *sensation*—the tent every camper has been looking for. Square tent, two sizes, 7x7 ft., 9½x9½ ft. Dickey Sta-Lok and screw shaft arrangement (patent pending) does the work: Eliminates center pole; locks tent drum-tight; insures greater comfort and convenience. In wet weather can loosen from inside—quickly dismantled. Wearable parts of bronze. Sewed-in floor, bobinette door.

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A book for the winter fireside. An ideal gift to a fishing friend.

Handsome cloth and gold binding. Illustrated. $2.00 at your booksellers or direct by mail from

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(Continued from page 63)

putting a spare oilcloth over it. A great convenience; as no one enjoys eating long if squatting on the ground like a tribe of Patagonian savages.

This organization quickly got down to a system as the summer wore on. Almost every month has a holiday which combines with Saturdays and Sundays to make quite an outing. Once the outfit is ready, it is nothing much to grab it and get it down to the station at every such opportunity. Two days of the utter freedom of the outdoors; three nights in the clean and odorous forest; all the homely yet pleasurable details of camping-out, these are a life-giving change from the confinement and conventionality of our daily lives. Try it, one summer, and note how much better you tackle your work all through the week.

We varied these little camps from season to season. During May they were most likely to take location along some trout stream, with all Nature fresh and green around us, all the birds present and accounted for, and the woods carpeted with wild flowers, June found us at some lake shore, where bass and pike abounded. July sent us to the surf beaches over the Fourth, with the tents set up on the dunes and three good surf rods at work. "Sand camping" is a specialty, so that we had two other tents for that, a shelter tent with all three of its sides mosquito netting for the men, and an Eskimo tent, a combination of wedge and tepee, for the women. The abundant beach drift provides no end of boxes and boards to build a wind-proof kitchen and cupboard. The conditions call for fishing at night by the light of a huge beach fire, and sleeping through the morning, when the fly-proof shelter-tent provided a breezy shade and yet was not boiling hot, as the closed Eskimo tent usually was.

August was generally reserved for a canoe trip of two weeks' duration because the year's holiday came then. September usually found us on the beaches again, this time with rods for fish and shotguns for shore birds. This month also found us going on horseback camping trips, where everybody sat McClellan saddles, with the cavalry saddle-bags carrying the provisions and the tents and bedding done up into long cantle rolls. Great fun, those trips! We kept to the forest roads, and penetrated ever southward, stopping for the night where the sun found us at his setting, and there was a spring and horse grazing. Oats we picked up from the farm houses as we went along. October is the opening of the duck season, and the tents would be found up some stream near a duck lake, or else on the dunes near the bay shore. A few collapsible decoys served to start the ball rolling; after that we used the slain ducks to augment our fleet of them.

And then November, ah, November, when the grouse are in the hills and the quail in the uplands! A decided change in the tents that month! The ladies still had their snow tent, but we left the forester behind and took in its place a midget wall tent of mine which could take the pot stove inside. Those are the most glorious days of all, with the weather bracing and sharp, the nights freezing or often snowing, everyone in warm clothes and sweaters, the guns busy all day long, and a rousing feed at night. The pot stove has a sheet metal cover, then, and at night it is filled up with hard-wood billets and all drafts chinked up. It will keep the tent at mild temperature all night long.

April is the month in which to get organized for a real woodsy summer. There is a lot to get and to do. Much camp equipment can be made at home, if you and the madam will plan for it and give the home sewing machine a chance. It is hard to beat those quilt sleeping bags for warmth and lightness combined. The mattresses any one can make; also the tents, if you go right at it. I have a friend who made his own side-opening duffle bags; no trick at all, if you have no money to spare to buy them. The Army and Navy surplus stores now bring a lot of camp clothing and army outfit within reach at very reasonable figures. A little adaptation to camp use, and there you are! The Army pack costs today only 69 cents; a very good pack, in which the sleeping bag is rolled in a tight cylinder and folded into its central flaps and there is stowage room in its flap bags for a deal of provisions. The side-opening duffle bags are carried side by side in a leather harness which is best home-made of ordinary straps and rivets, for the store-made ones are too clumsy and heavy. I found folding candle lanterns to give less trouble in the end than carbide lamps. They do not get out of order and require no cleaning-out as a daily chore. They give good light, and the regular army ones are strong, cheap, and efficient. Raid the army stores when getting ready for this summer's campaign—and don't lose sight of the fundamental motive of it all, taking the family along!

Superior National Forest

(Continued from page 43)

States, preserving by so doing an area as unique as the Yellowstone, Yosemite Glacier or Grand Canyon and as important.

Others also spoke in defense of the bill, but it became apparent from the start, that all that could be said was received by closed ears. The opposition then took the floor. We would rather pass over quickly the remarks made and contentions that were brought out. It must be remembered that this opposition had gathered to unite against the Fuller bill in its original form. Yet the resolution was read as unanimously adopted at the Eveleth meeting the day before.

The writer succeeded in getting together the principals in the controversy the next day at the Hotel Spalding, in which he agreed to stay the progress of H. R. 488 in Committee, for a short period, pending investigation of the state laws of Minnesota as to certain aspects of the bill and also the preparation of an amendment, which may be handed to Congressman Fuller to enable him to suggest that the Committee on Public Lands make recommendation of the bill on the floor of the House.

We are, of course, very hopeful now, that the extension of the Forest is restricted to a virtual consolidation of its four component parts, that these good people will realize that our interests are

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identical and best served by united action and by the effecting of this consolidation. The present signs are most encouraging and point to a more hopeful outlook of the situation, especially since another meeting is to be called in the very near future at Eveleth, to which the writer will also be invited.

Directors Hoel, Carlson, Olson and Riis arranged to meet with James A. Lawrie, Treasurer, located in Duluth, who is still confined to his home, but making good recovery from a serious and protracted illness. The occasion was exploited to hold the first annual meeting of the Association, for the purpose of electing officers, directors, adopt by-laws and complete a draft of application for recognition of our Association by the United States Forest Service. Lawrie fortunately was able to take part in this meeting in his usual hearty and active manner.

By-laws were adopted, application for recognition completed for presentation and the election of officers proceeded with, as can be seen in the appended list. That northern Minnesota interests should be further safeguarded, two more directors were chosen from that region, to wit: John Gannon, attorney, Hibbing, and C. M. Hillman, Editor Lake County Chronicle, Two Harbors, Minn.

An advisory committee was also elected for a term of two years with the following members serving: C. A. Dahlgren, A. H. Carhart, A. Hoel, H. T. Olson, R. D. Handy, Carlos Avery.

M. W. Peterson, Wilderness Outfitter of Ely, genial and four square, and ever concerned in the welfare of tourists and friends, was made chairman of the Membership Committee, to be assisted by A. Hoel and H. T. Olson.

Officers elected for two years: Paul B. Riis, President, Rockford, Ill.; Thos. S. Whitten, Vice-President, Virginia, Minn.; Geo. A. Perham, Secretary (acceptance pending), Secretary Commercial Club, Eveleth, Minn.; James A. Lawrie, Treasurer, Duluth.

Directors, two years: George L. Brozich, Ely, Minn.; P. J. Bayle, Grand Marais, Minn.; C. M. Hillman, Two Harbors, Minn.; Prof. D. Lange, St. Paul, Minn.; C. A. Dahlgren, Ely, Minn.; R. D. Handy, Duluth, Minn.

Directors, four years: W. H. Dilg, Chicago, Ill.; Carlos Avery, Hutchinson, Minn.; M. W. Peterson, Ely, Minn.; John Gannon, Hibbing, Minn.; Donald Hough, St. Paul, Minn.; Dr. Carl O. Rosendahl, Minneapolis, Minn.

Directors, six years: Herman T. Olson, Tower, Minn.; Theodore Wirth, Minneapolis, Minn.; Gus Carlson, Tower, Minn.; Alfred Hoel, Gilbert, Minn.; Will O. Doolittle, Minot, N. Dak.; Arthur H. Carhart, Denver, Colo.

The officers and directors of this Association, in addition to carrying on a staggering correspondence in the interest of the Superior National Forest Boundary Extension Bill, have been obliged to dig deeply into their own pockets for funds. This can hardly be considered a fair division and we, therefore, appeal to you personally as an individual to do your part if you wish us to succeed. Without further funds we cannot be expected to carry on.

Mail me check for a membership of $1.00 in this Association, to enable us to carry this campaign through to a successful finish. Do it now while you are about it. Back us up in deed as evidence of your deep interest in our efforts in your behalf.

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BOXES with compartments	$0.60 to $15.00
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"H. L. LEONARD," Three-Piece, 5 ft. to 8½ ft.	48.00
"H. L. LEONARD," Two-Piece, 5¼ ft. to 6 ft. (3 Agates)	40.00

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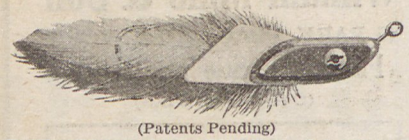

(Patents Pending)

DEWEY'S FEATHER-GETUM

Wounded Minnow Action

No. 4—¾ oz.....85c | No. 2—½ oz.....75c
No. 3—⅝ oz.....80c | No. 1—⅜ oz.....70c

12 Color Combinations

The FEATHER-GETUM wiggles and darts like a wounded minnow and travels shallow, medium or deep, just as you want it to. It goes right into the weeds and comes out with the fish. Indestructible metal body, pure rubber fin weed guards, hackle feather tail and imported removable single hook; catches the maximum number of fish and minimum number of weeds.

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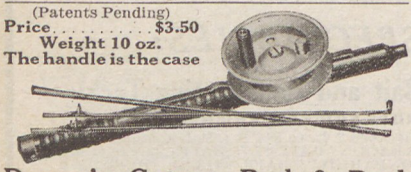
Price.....$3.50
Weight 10 oz.
The handle is the case



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Fits the Pocket Book as well as the Pocket. Rod only, fitted with Reel Seat.....$2.00

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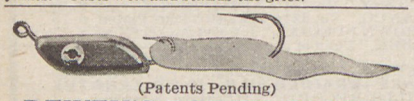

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The PORKY-GETUM is some little wiggler, a sure hooker, practically weedless, indestructible metal body and removable hooks.

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Write for Folder Describing the complete line of Moonlight Brand Baits

Moonlight Bait & Novelty Works
Paw Paw Michigan

(Continued from page 51)

An Hour and a Pounder

By ERNEST WARREN BROCKWAY

"CAN you go fishing for an hour?" called the old fisherman from across the lot.

"For an hour," I shouted back. "Can't make it any longer today, for I'm loaded with work."

"Give me an hour, and one of us will bring back a pound trout."

"Very far off?" I questioned.

"Right in town," he answered.

"I'll be with you in a few minutes," I assured.

I knew the old fisherman well; had fished with him many a whole day and on all kinds of streams. And I knew his general reticence when he had located a place where a big trout was lurking. During the past two seasons he had brought home several trout which tipped the scales at a pound each and a little more in two or three cases. He had never before asked me to join him, where the chances of creeling a pounder loomed big, and therefore I knew he had something "spotted."

Soon we were speeding over the hills in my machine to the brook of promise. We drew up at an old farmhouse and there left the machine. I knew the brook well—that is, the larger part of it—and this I emphasize by repetition—the larger part of it. The old angler led me into a jungle of bushes and briars. It was a swamp and the waters of the stream flowed very slowly, so slowly in places that it was difficult to get one's line to straighten out. The water, too, was shallow excepting for an occasional small and ill-formed pool. There were snags, too, in abundance. It was about the least inviting piece of brook in which I had ever cast a line.

As soon as we arrived at the bank of the brook, the old fisherman threw in, while I went upstream a few rods. We had been fishing about ten minutes. I had just landed a goodly sized trout when my companion called to me several times in succession. As quickly as possible, I scrambled through the bushes and briars and came upon the old angler. "Look at that fellow!" he exclaimed, pointing a little way ahead of him. And there in the leaves was flopping a big trout and just as handsome as he was big. He didn't weigh a pound, but he did weigh fourteen ounces. "Have I made good my promise?" questioned the old angler as he stood gazing proudly at the trout.

And then he told me how he had seen the trout dart downstream several days before. And he told me, too, that from this same little strip of jungle brook he had in the two seasons before caught several larger than this fellow.

There is many a brook where this same condition exists—large parts of them which are passed by every season because they are difficult to fish. And only occasionally is there a fisherman who has the pluck and the zeal to try them out. The old fisherman to whom I have referred is always trying out difficult places and he brings home trout where other fishermen permit them to remain in the brooks.

Of course, to the fisherman who goes annually to the big and virgin streams of the far North or West, a pound trout is not looked upon as an exceptional catch, but in the much-fished brooks of Connecticut, where the old fishermen scored, as well as in many of the other states of the Union, the bringing home of a pounder is an "event" among the fraternity of trout anglers.

It is the nature of a trout to like seclusion, and that's just why they make for and cling to those domiciles where all is peace and quiet. "Ever since I was a boy," remarked the old fisherman, "I have been studying the habits of trout, and that's why I found a lot of them in that old jungle."

Vacation Days

By EDWARD D. MENTZ

"VACATION DAYS," how wonderful those words sound. How the angler anticipates the time when he will be able to lay care and worry aside for a few days and enjoy some of the things which from their nature are incapable of absolute ownership, such as the smell of the woods and the hunting to be had therein, fishing in the lakes and streams. Ah! This is what makes life worth living.

These were the days I had been patiently awaiting and finally the day dawned. At last we were off for the "Cabin on the Lake." Arriving there we unpacked our duffle, the womenfolks arranging things in the cottage and the men cleaning up driftwood and other debris on the beach. We did not need a second invitation for supper that they ate till they ate the turnip up.

We were up bright and early the next morning, got out our fishing equipment and dug some angle worms for bait. Leaving our dog "Zip" in charge of the cabin, we started the Evinrude on the sixteen-foot rowboat and away we went for the best fishing grounds, which are located at the head of Presque Isle Bay. We fished all morning, our catch consisting of sunfish, perch and rock bass.

We returned to the cabin about eleven A. M., well satisfied with our catch of fish. We pulled straws as to who would be the one to clean the mess. Of course I was the lucky member. I cleaned and scaled the perch and sunfish, but skinned the rock bass which are, when fried, not so strong as when same are scaled. "My!" but that fish dinner was great.

We spent two weeks at "Cabin on the Lake" enjoying our "Fishing Days" in a wholesome and simple manner, which when ended left us in a better and brighter condition for the daily routine and regular tours of duty which would be required of each one of us upon arrival in the city.

Fishing Ghosts

By JAMES C. ESTY

THE only kind of ghosts that ever ha'nt folks are the ghosts of memory. Those of pleasant memory are honest, wholesome ghosts, those of unpleasant memory are the ones we all try to forget. It is not strange to say, I admit, that all my pleasant ghostly visitors seem in some way connected with hunting and fishing experiences, mostly fishing. When I say fishing I mean angling, of course, as I quit fishing forever and ever when I became metamorphosed into a would-be-angler. I am still a would-be, but I keep on trying. My post-graduate course—if I ever get along that far—will be taken, I feel positive, in the land from whose bourne no traveler returns—for, frankly speaking, it is far beyond my power and means, in this life, to ascend to the idyllic Garden of Hesperides in which Sir Izaak sits enthroned, so I shall continue to hope and hope.

To be a real dyed-in-the-wool Waltonian, after my way of thinking, is to be able to revel in the calm, soothing contentedness of all out-of-doors. Somehow or other this spirit seems to have been born in most of us. If we cultivate it properly it will develop until we shall come to be gentle anglers as though bone of our bone and to the manner born. This is heaven enough—the kind of heaven taught in the religion of that exceeding great master in the ways of Nature's own good God, our Oliver Curwood, who writes from the depths of a supreme inspiration.

My very pleasantest ghostly visitor came knocking at the chamber door of my memory when I had sensed the sublime vista of storied lore to be opened to us simple folk of the angle through your "Angling Memories" section. And it was a contribution to this section that I started to write about when my mind commenced to wander around on the general comprehensiveness of the mighty things encompassed in the gentle art of angling at whose school comes every true sportsman to offer orisons to the god of *pisces*.

The idea of "Angling Memories" could only have found birthplace in the mind of one who had drunk deep from the eternal fountain of Sir Izaak, our patron saint, to whom we go for instruction and inspiration. May you live long and prosper, as Joe Jefferson, who was a giant in angling while with us, no doubt would have said were he still with us, God rest his gentle soul.

Go with me to Missouri's Ozarks, gentle friend of the angle, the foothills of which begin just southwest of St. Louis, the range following a southwestwardly course on down through the State and into Arkansas, and ending—well, I don't know exactly where they end, but it's somewhere near the end of the rainbow. I am sure if you find the end that there will be a big pot of gold waiting there for you. I never want to know just where the Ozarks actually end. I want to keep on laboring under a happy hallucination as to their end. Somehow or other I think they end in the next world, if at all, for the little part of 'em that I've been fortunate enough to see convinces me that paradise is just beyond, just out of sight, just out of reach. Perhaps it is the "worter" of an Ozarks stream that Noah, Jonah and Cap'n John Smith are spitting in as they sit up there ruminating on the things that were——and just fishing.

If one never gets closer to paradise than the Ozarks bring him, I shall conjecture, he will get along fairly well without going further. When I get to the River Styx I'm going to ask old Charon, if I have any choice in the matter of my ultimate destination, to please drop me most anywhere in the Ozarks, and that I'll then shift for myself. If he wants me to I will sign a waiver releasing him forever and ever from all responsibility in the premises. I think that's fair.

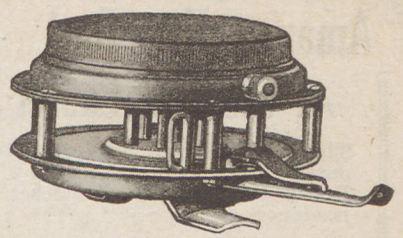
Foothills, hills, mountains, gorges, rocks, rocky bluffs, streams, rivers,——springs——ay, such springs of crystal waters clear,——and there are also all the concomitants to make the picture complete, satisfying,——forests of trees, vines, vendure! I can't describe it. Nobody can. Many tried, but the surface hasn't been scratched as yet. We must admit that Shakespeare did very well with Arden, but if he had been called to write up the Ozarks the sublimity of the task would have so appalled him that he would have immediately sent in his resignation. I am communing with "gentle Will's" shadow as I write this and he is frank enough to admit that I am only speaking the simple truth when I say, great as he was, that he would have laid down on the Ozarks' job. So be it.

It was in 1897 that I first looked upon the Ozarks, then worshipped. I have been worshipping ever since. Jim Hornbeck, philosopher and guide extraordinary, ministered to me on a two weeks' floating trip on the Big Piney. We put our boats in at Houser's Springs, which gave us a float of some sixty miles back to the railroad. Hornbeck, God bless him, is long since dead, but his memory is as green with me as it was the twenty-six years ago we first met. The Piney had fish in its waters in "them" days, I'll tell you. The best of it was that the fish were mostly black bass, small mouth black bass, the regular fighting kind. Some of their children are still there, but not so many, I'm sorry to say. The dynamiters, the pot fishermen, the seiners, the unspeakable giggers have had a busy time of it in their work of destruction. But they are doomed for the future—doomed even as all evil things are and shall be.

What a two weeks this was. A half dozen camping places. All by the side of springs or spring-fed spillways. Thus Jim and I browsed through the sunshiny days. At night we built great log fires to keep warm. We slept under piles of blankets. Black bass—well, never did a man have a happier outing than was enjoyed by my humble self in the wonders of the Ozarks, assisted by a true prince in making others happy, Jim Hornbeck.

We floated our two boats, one tied close up to the other, down through the whirlpool gorge called Raccoon Shoals, running like a mill race—this was in 1897—threatening to capsize every inch of the way and spill us and our para-

(Continued on following page)



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Angling Memories

(Continued from preceding page)

phernalia, Jim straining every muscle of his iron body to keep us from going to wreck, brought us safely from out the roar and whirl of mighty waters into Possum Eddy, as quiet and peaceful a stretch of water as one wanted to see. As I gazed over the eddy and landscape there came over me a midsummer night's calmness, so it seemed. We pitched our tent alongside a musical brook which had its origin in a spring back under a bluff fencing the river. There we angled and browsed through four suns and moons.

I was a common plug fisherman in those days. I had heard of artificial flies, but didn't have enough confidence in 'em to give 'em a tryout. Minnows were our favorite bait.

About midday came a visitor to our camp the day after we arrived. Midday is about dinner time and it is the best of all times for a visitor to call on visitees, I think, providing there is anything in the pot. Somewhere between twenty and thirty years old, I judged, wearing one suspender pants, barefooted, red-headed, freckle-faced, head crowned with an old straw hat brim, his hair tasselling up into the air like a mop or shock of corn; narrow, receding forehead—such was Jeff Gates, who had come a-visiting.

"Fishin'?" he asked.

"A little," I replied, modestly.

"Tried th' cut-off down 'ere?" swinging his hand down-stream. I pricked up my ears, deeply interested. He told me after considerable effort that about a mile below there was an old channel which was full of good bass holes. After a good deal of talk he agreed to come to camp in the morning and accompany me on a tour of the old cut-off.

And he did. We had a day of fine sport, Jeff and I. The worth-remembering part as to fish caught though came in the afternoon about sundown as we were heading for the top of the island where we had left our boat, for we had walked the banks while fishing the old cut-off.

Lying in our pathway was a fallen tree which had made a natural bridge across the stream. The fallen monarch had left a deep hole when it became uprooted. I noticed this hole to be full of water. It lay, however, some fifteen feet distant from the waters in the stream. A dead minnow remained on my hook. Something prompted me—I don't know for my life what it was—to drop into the hole. The thought was immediately executed. I waived Jeff to wait. He grinned sillily when he saw what I was going to do, but wisely said nothing.

Such another tug as came to that hook of mine I thought I had never felt—and I excitedly yanked out a two pound small mouth bass. Jeff yodled a song to nature as he danced up and down, dad-gumming every motion of his lithe body.

Once more I tried the same thing over. As before, hardly had the minnow hit the water than bim! and I had the mate.

I did some figuring on the way back to camp, reaching the conclusion that the two bass had been caught in the hole during high water. I have no reason to change this opinion now.

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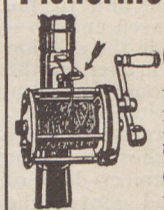

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Bird Lore

(Continued from page 56)

For days he refused food as well as water. All our attempts to gain his confidence or induce him to take nourishment were sadly misunderstood, and he met them in the same way: bracing himself on his short stubby tail, he shot his murderous talons with unerring accuracy toward the hand offering food or water. However, even the proudest bird cannot refuse, for any length of time, the things that keep body and soul together without painful discomfort to himself. Fearing that he would rather perish than accept our offerings I, as his host, felt it my duty to make him take something even though he objected to the utmost of his ability. His wild objections grew less threatening with every portion of food he swallowed and as soon as he had learned to appreciate the soothing influence of a liberal meal of hamburger steak upon an empty "tummy," he was quite willing to accept our offerings, provided he was treated with the respect due a bird that claims kinship with the eagle.

From then on it was not a matter of making Bob eat, but to make him understand that hamburger steak is somewhat of a luxury for a bird and should be indulged in only at strictly prescribed hours. However, his motto was "the sooner the quicker" and he would set up a most convincing squeal whenever he caught sight of Nick or myself. Although Bob gradually changed his attitude toward us, his respect-commanding ways remained, and even the slightest overdose of familiarity he promptly repulsed.

For all the birds in the neighborhood this hawk was a source of everlasting irritation and every so often they would gather—in respectful distance from his cage—and give vent to their feelings; the blue-jays and the wrens in particular were relentless and colorful-profane in their daily denunciations of Bob. It was plain he was decidedly not "persona grata" in respectable bird society, but that fact did not seem to annoy or depress him in the least; on the contrary he seemed to be fully aware that all this fuss was about him and displayed the keenest curiosity for the feathered antagonists assembled.

And now comes May—with a trout stream waiting, the comradeship of fishing pools, the woods, fragrant with the scent of spring flowers, and a host of spring birds drifting through field and forest. Oh boy! It's a great little world after all.

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SIX years ago Alaska started to kill off the American Eagle.

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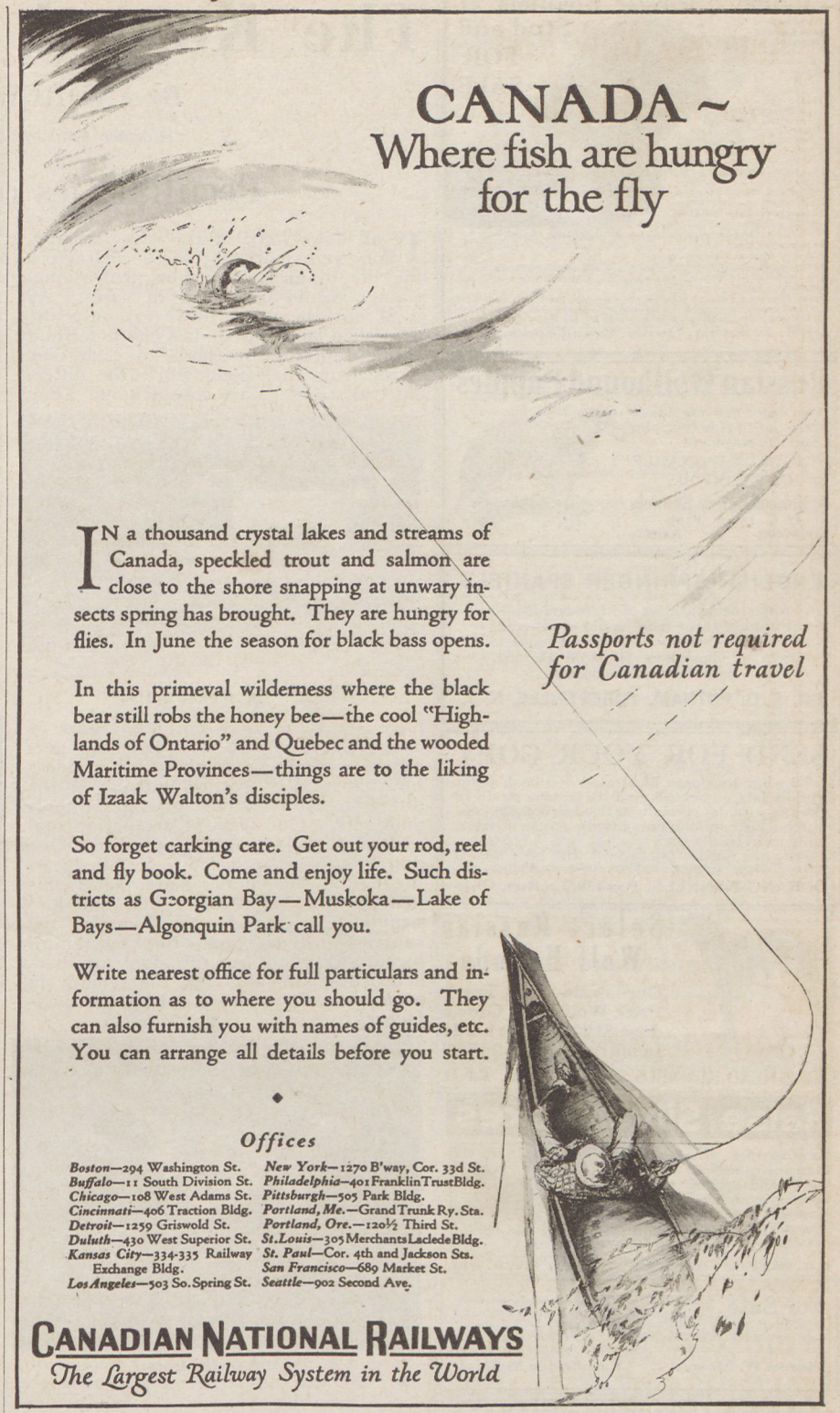

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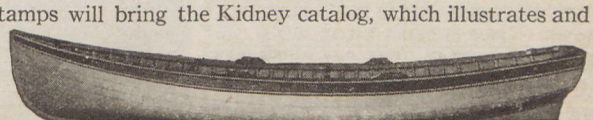

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The Kennel Department

By ANDREW BROOKS

Former Assistant to Ozark Ripley

Peculiarities of Bird Dogs

IF all dogs were of the same disposition and had the same characters the life of an amateur or professional trainer would be a bed of roses. As it is not the case, however, only the man succeeds who studies character and applies different methods to each one. Aside from their field work, the different traits in dogs are conspicuous. They

Whirl Wind, pointing single.

have set ideas that nothing seems to change, and will do strange things persistently to the extent that man wonders how close they border humans in the different ramifications of their minds and acts. One dog is temperamental

Aside from their actual traits afield, we find strange characters among dogs. The way they point the way they range, the way they retrieve and the manner in which they respond to instructions are matters that attract attention on account of their vast difference. You have one bold-going dog with the finest style in the world that goes wide or close according to desire on the part of the master; and in all he exhibits a great amount of style, yet the instant he is on point he crouches on his belly and loses all the spectacularness that one could anticipate. Another dog is just the reverse in behavior; he goes out sluggishly, carries a low head, the thing that has put so many Irish setters into the realm of unpopularity. But that dog performs differently when on point. Suddenly he straightens up into the pose of a Greek God and appears to be an entirely different creature.

"Some Dogs," from a painting by Edwin H. Oatham of a Mr. Oswald and his dogs on the Au Sable River, Michigan, 1912.

Photo courtesy of Mr. D. U. Crockett

are those that have been taught force retrieving after they are thoroughly steady to shot. They retrieve only at command, and are much the most valuable of the two. Strangely, too many owners regard retrieving as the greatest art to be found in a bird dog. Many a high class individual has been ruined on account of being made a retriever. Instead of a high-headed, body-scenting dog, he becomes a raker and potters after footscent for quail and grouse, just like an experienced old hound rabbit. Few men can determine which dog should be made retrieve and can do it without sacrificing other more desirable natural gifts which he possesses abundantly. Many a dog has had his going, and bird finding, ability cramped by some foolish owner who decided that he had to be a retriever, though he was an ideal dead bird finder.

It is queer how some dogs hate water. They will go the limit to avoid getting their feet wet, and still when called upon to do certain things necessary, they will go in the coldest, fast stream boldly and perform their work quickly. This calls to mind an old pointer of English strain. Pointers have a natural antipathy to water. This old rascal had it more developed than any other dog that ever lived—at least we thought so. He would run up or downstream a mile to find a log to cross a creek not over six inches deep. Unless hunting game he would make the most painstaking detours to avoid the smallest pool of water. But when occasion warranted he would face any icy water to retrieve a duck or quail that the owner commanded him to.

But all the while his most conspicuous trait was this hatred for water. Even in the warmest weather he would not lie down in a pool to cool off. He would remain near a pond for hours while teaching youngsters to retrieve, but not once would he enter. But just so soon as he ever saw a pup swim out for an object and then fail to retrieve, invariably without waiting for a command, he would plunge into the water, retrieve it and then hide out in the woods for the balance of the day, doubtless through fear that he would have to do the same thing again, if he remained in sight of the backward young dogs.

This old chap had another peculiarity. He hated grasshoppers; before the hunting season, only. We used him a great deal on account of his wide range and bird finding ability, for to key up puppies to ranging out wider-some incentive for them to get away from their handler. The dog bristled with animation, and of course youngsters absorbed this and followed on in his tracks. But just let a grasshopper or two, while going through the high weeds before the game season was on, light on his back, and right away he tucked his tail between his legs and bolted for home as fast as he could, and nothing in the world under these conditions ever stopped him, though otherwise he was a very tractable creature.

We had a very large coarse setter at one time that bothered us considerably. He selected for his abode a small box that had been left in the kennel yard. He believed that he was destined to control that box, to live in it, and life would not be worth a tinker's whoop if he were forced to use the regular quarters. One of the helpers, while cleaning up the yard, threw the box outside. Suddenly a change was noticed in the big fellow. It rained hard for several days, but he would not enter regular quarters in the kennel yard.

English Setter, Petro Don.

Every time he was led therein he came out the instant anybody was out of sight. But what was more annoying, he refused to eat and rapidly was losing flesh. For a while we could not account for his poor looks or his refusal to enter the kennel quarters near other dogs, because he was strong, bold and could easily lick any dog on the place.

One day we saw him staring through the wire of the kennel fence at the old box. The thought came to one of the attendants that he wanted it back. When it was placed at the dog's disposal in its old position in the kennel yard, immediately the setter began eating, and in a few days regained his erstwhile condition and spirits.

At one time we possessed a very great pointer. He simply could manufacture covies of quails, so we thought, on account of the great skill he displayed in his work. His owner would not consent to him contesting in field trials, but if ever a dog had the goods, this fellow simply possessed them in quantities, nose, range, tractability; and

(Continued on page 72)

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OUTDOOR AMERICA

Peculiarities of Bird Dogs

(Continued from page 71)

surpassing bird sense he had to spare. But he was the worse thief any human ever saw. He would steal food out of every farmer's home, but always when they were not looking. Did a child of the country sit on the porch with the universal slice of bread in its hand, smeared copiously with sorghum molasses, the old rogue scented it a mile. When no one was looking, he would slide up to the young one, wag his tail, and, if the youngster became apprehensive of his amenities and start to hold high in safety his food, that pointer immediately charged him with both front paws and had that bread and 'lasses before you could count three. While he never hurt the child and always came away with the coveted prize, he did not endear himself to the natives.

The old rogue would slip into a farm house and steal any article of food he saw around. He did it right after a meal, and did it just for pastime. It was a mania with him, because lots of times when he arrived at a place of safety he dropped the food, and made no attempt even to bury it for future visits. He was a veritable shoplifter of his tribe. One time we heard, while out hunting quails near a settlement where there were a few tie hackers housed, the awfullest shrieking of a woman and the old dog howling with pain. On running up to see what trouble our favorite bird dog had gotten into, we discovered a woman tugging with one hand at side of bacon and the dog at the other, while between shrieks the woman pounded away on the dog with a broom.

One year we had in our possession an arch sulker. He had good qualities, but he had been ruined in England by poor handling and the American owner had done very little better. He was a large powerful pointer, with great scenting gifts, as well as endurance and ability to go hours and hours in the warmest weather without suffering from heat. He was one of those large close-coupled dogs that throve on work. The more you gave him, the more he seemed to gain flesh. In fact, during the hunting season he had all the rotund contour of a Turkish wrestler. He paid little attention to heat in the early part of the season, which is usually very warm. Seemingly he guarded against the effects of heat by storing water in him like a camel. When Doc came to a water hole he dropped on all fours therein and proceeded to drink water steadily for ten minutes. When he arose, satisfied, his sides stuck out as though an air pump had been used to inflate him, and he remained that way for some time. When his deflation occurred he resumed the same methods at the next water hole. But his worst fault was sulkiness; just once speak harshly in front of him or insist on a command being obeyed and immediately he sulked and finally ran home. Nothing influenced him into working again that day.

We studied old Doc pretty hard. He had one weakness. He was very jealous of another dog. This was the only thing to work on, as the whip, like with the early masters, only made the case worse. Finally we planned ahead on Doc. At a certain point in cover we had a little setter bitch of which he was jealous when any caresses were bestowed on her or when she was praised in her work. She was sent on early in care of one of the other handlers. Right close to where she was, we began to berate Doc, and of course he commenced to sulk at once, but before he could get away we had snapped a lead on him. Then we brought forth the little setter and let her do all the work, with poor old Doc following in the care of a handler. Every time Sue made a point we praised her, and our attention was solely directed at her, and as though poor Doc did not exist. If any dog ever suffered humiliation from being led all day while the other dog was hunting, Doc certainly did. Despite all his attempts to lie down or bolt we held him fast and forced him to witness the work of his little kennel mate.

The very next day we gave Doc an opportunity to redeem himself. He did it in fine style, and, though he was sent home and we did not see him for years, always came the reports that the strange pointer had been thoroughly cured.

The citations in this article are hints that every dog should be studied carefully by the amateur trainer. No two dogs are alike in temperament or anything else. Separate methods have to be applied to individuals. Those that succeed with dogs are the ones who think, study hard, and forget their personal predilections; and all of this must have hard work to back it up, because most of the temperamental dogs are high-class ones and worthy of your expending all your energy on them.

Where Does YOUR Dog Ride?

By P. M. HALLER

IN the January issue of Outdoor America, and in Ozark Ripley's section, which is always worth careful perusal, I was mentally jarred to see the picture of Dr. John Cromwell with a fine dog on the running board of his car. The Doctor had provided goggles for his dog—a good idea perhaps—but the bracing position of the legs and the hugging tail told plainly that the dog understood his precarious position.

Now, no doubt, the Doctor is a lover of dogs and would not knowingly subject a dog or anything else to an undue hazzard. So if you see fit to print this observation, it might be well to rewrite anything that looks like too pointed criticism aimed at such a kindly looking man. But surely the Doctor never had as pointed a lesson given to him upon that subject as I have had, or his dog would not have been there.

My lecture on the subject of carrying a dog on the running board was given me by my good friend William Boutell who has since died, leaving a fine string of dogs which I know must sincerely mourn his demise.

I ran out to his summer home early in the fall, taking my new hound with me; I carried the dog on the running board, and as we turned Scotts Corners, the dog fell off or jumped off. I stopped, called him to me, chided him a little and set him back where he stayed in spite of some rough detours and fast driving. The dog had learned the stunt in one lesson.

I found Billy sitting on the front porch fondly stroking the ear of his favorite Pointer. Of course I told him of my new dog and the lesson. He said, "P. M., don't do it again—if you think anything of your dog, his place is up in the car with you. You remember that fine bitch of Fred W's; well! Fred came down from the north with her on the running board, it was not cold enough to make Fred very uncomfortable, but down the Linwood road a cold, damp breeze was blowing in off the Bay. When they got home the dog ambled into the kennel, and a few days later died of pneumonia. A dog's vitality at the end of a hard day is somewhat exhausted, and it's downright cruel to subject them to the draught, dust and flying stones that come their way out there on the running board of any car.

I suggested that Fred ought to have taken better care for that one instance, when Billy called to my recollection the loss of our friend, Walter's dog, part of which I already knew.

Walt owned a setter that was a picture—the kind that makes the bench judges set up and take notice, and yet a dog that always gave good account of himself in all the field trials here about.

To say that Walt was proud of his dog is putting it mildly, and he loved him with that fine regard that a real he-man has for a fine animal. Walt thought so much of his dog that they were almost constant companions, and the dog rode rather proudly on the left running board of the car where Walt could keep watch of him and reach down and stroke his head occasionally. It was all a fine exhibition of companionship, and a first class advertisement of the fact that Walt owned one of the handsomest dogs in the country. And it continued for three years, so that it was second nature with the dog and, "Well, an accident simply could not happen that way."

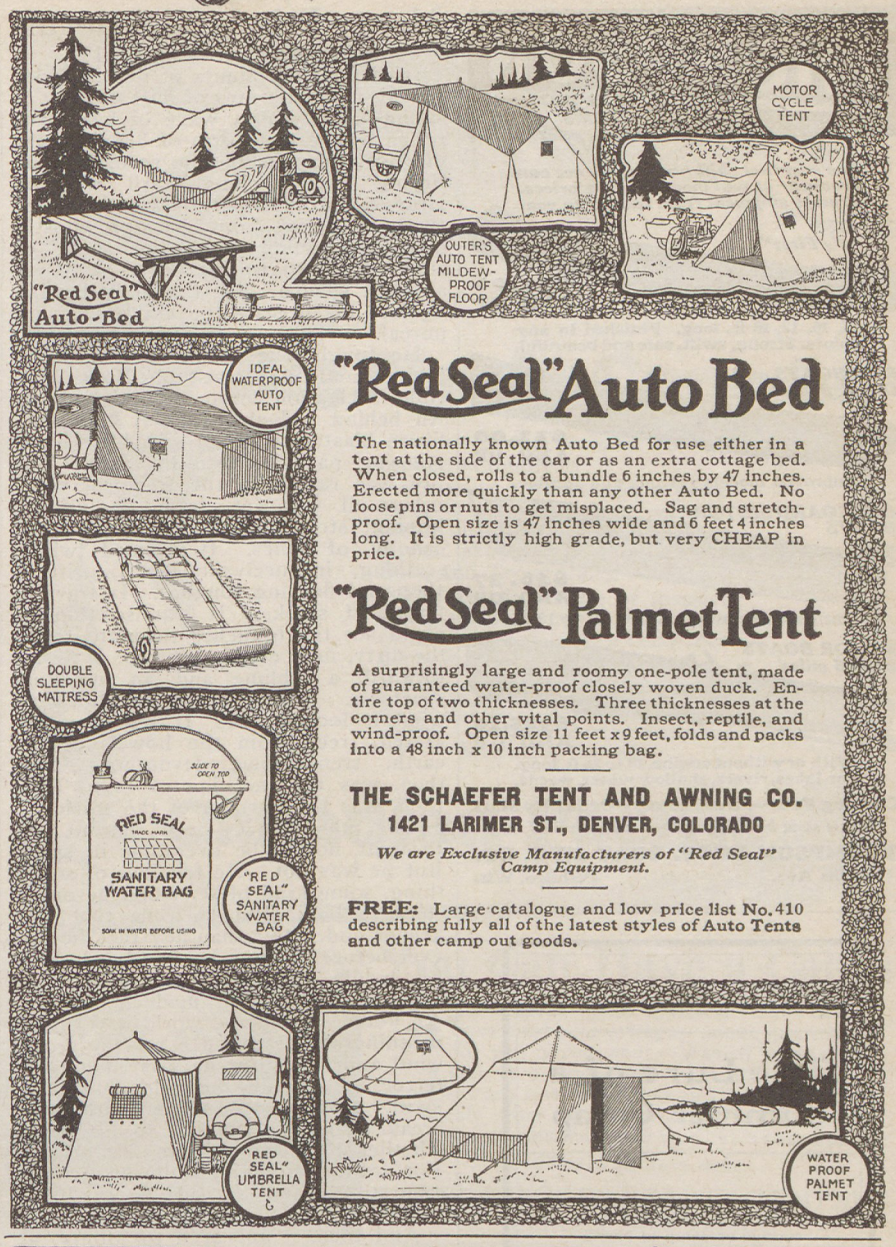
But it did happen on the opening of bird season. Walt was about to pass a car coming in the opposite direction when in some unknown and unaccountable way Walt's dog fell off or jumped off in front of the oncoming car; its driver, either because he also loved dogs or because he was nervous, swerved his car, but in spite of his effort, killed the dog; left the road and rolled over into the ditch. A dead dog—a badly smashed car—and a man, wife and child badly bruised up.

Walt paid the other fellow for his damage, and mourns the loss of one of the finest dogs in the state.

The earnestness of Billy in his admonition, made me see the point, and my dog rode back home inside, and will ride there every time he goes with me until I carry him out to bury him under some tree where we've stopped in the past to talk it over and enjoy each other's company.

I can only repeat Billy's words, "If you think anything of your dog, his place is up in the car with you," and if you don't, have a regard for the other fellow driving along the road. If you must carry him on the running board, have a carrying crate that will hold him in and protect him from the draught, dust and flying stones that are bound to come his way.

P. M. Haller,
Bay City, Mich.



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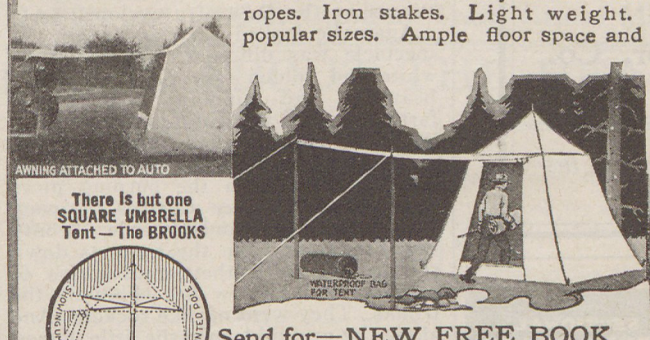

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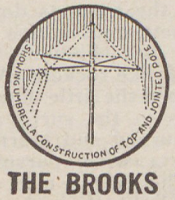

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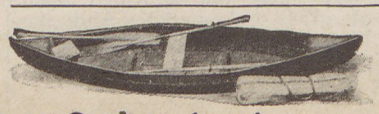

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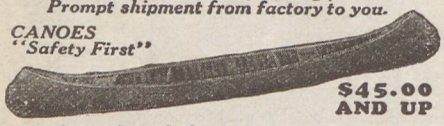

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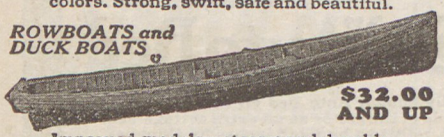

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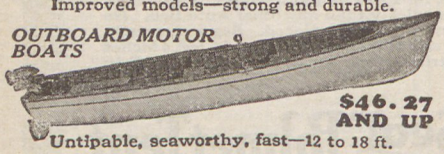

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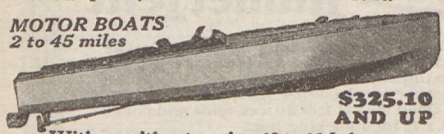

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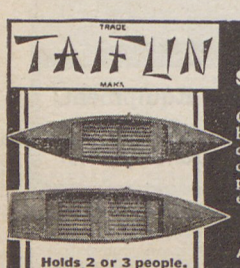

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Monty Price's Nightingale

(Continued from page 11)

carried faint pin points of light, sparks, that resembled atoms of dust floating in sunlight. It was a wave of heat propelled before the storm of fire. Monty did not feel pain, but he seemed to be drying up, parching. All was so strange and unreal—the swift flight between the pines, now growing ghostly in the dimming light—the sense of rushing, overpowering force—and yet absolute silence. But that light burden against his breast—the child—was not unreal.

He fought the desire to look back, but he could not resist it. Some horrible fascination compelled him to look. All behind had changed. A hot wind, like a blast from a furnace, blew light, stinging particles into his face. The fire was racing in the treetops, while below all was yet clear. A lashing, leaping, streaming flame engulfed the canopy of pines. It seemed white, seething, inconceivably swift, with a thousand flashing tongues. It traveled ahead of smoke. It was so thin he could see the branches through it and the dirty, fiery clouds behind. It swept onward, a sublime and an appalling spectacle. Monty could not think of what it looked like. It was fire, liberated, freed from the bowels of the earth, tremendous, devouring. This, then, was the meaning of fire. This, then, was the burning of the world.

He must have been insane, he thought, not to be overcome in spirit. But he was not. He felt loss of something, some kind of sensation he ought to have had. But he rode that race keener and better than any race he had ever before ridden. He had but to keep his saddle—to dodge the snags of the trees—to guide the maddened horse. No horse ever in the world had run so magnificent a race. He was outracing wind and fire. But he was running in terror. For miles he held that long, swift, tremendous stride without a break. He was running to his death whether he distanced the fire or not. For nothing could stop him now except a bursting heart. Already he was blind, Monty thought.

And then, it appeared to Monty, although his steed kept fleeting on faster and faster, that the wind of flame was gaining. The air was too thick to breathe. It seemed ponderous—not from above, but from behind. It had irresistible weight. It pushed Monty and his horse forward in their flight—straws on the crest of a cyclone.

Again he looked back and again the spectacle was different. There was a white and golden fury of flame above, beautiful and binding; and below, farther back, a hellishly dark and glowing fire, black-streaked, with tumbling puffs and streams of yellow smoke. The aisles between the burning pines were smoky, murky caverns, moving, coalescing, weird, and mutable. Monty saw fire shoot from the treetops down the trunks, as if they were trains of powder; and he saw fire shoot up the trunks. They went off like rockets. And along the ground leaped the little flames, like oncoming waves in the surf. He gazed till his eyes burned and blurred, till all merged into a wide, pursuing storm too awful for the gaze of man.

Ahead there was light through the forest. He made out a white, open space of grass. A park! And the horse, like a demon, hurtled onward, with his smoothness of action gone, beginning to break.

(Continued on next page)

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A wave of wind, blasting in its heat, like a blanket of fire, rolled over Monty. He saw the lashing tongues of flame above him in the pines. The storm had caught him. It forged ahead. He was riding under a canopy of fire. Burning pine cones, like torches, dropped all around him, upon him. A terrible blank sense of weight, of agony, of suffocation—of the air turning to fire! He was drooping, withering when he flashed from the pines out into an open park. The horse broke and plunged and went down, reeking, white, in convulsions, killed on his feet. There was fire in his mane. Monty fell with him, and lay in the grass, the child in his arms. There was smoke streaming above him, and his ears seemed to wake to a terrible, receding roar. It lessened, passed away, leaving behind a crackling, snapping, ripping sound. The wind of flame had gone on. Monty lay there partially recovering. The air was clearer. Still he was dazed.

Fire in the grass—fire at his legs roused him. He experienced a stinging pain. It revived him. He got up. The park was burning over. It was enveloped in a pall of smoke. But he could see. Drawing back a fold of the wet shawl he looked at the child. She appeared unharmed. Then he set off running away from the edge of the forest. It was a big park, miles wide. Near the middle there was bare ground. He recognized the place, got his bearings, and made for the point where a deep ravine headed out of this park.

Beyond the bare circle there was more fire, burning sage and grass. His feet were blistered through his boots, and then it seemed he walked on redhot coals. His clothes caught fire, and he beat it out with bare hands. Agony of thirst tortured him, and the beating, throbbing, excruciating pain of burns. He lost his way, but he kept on. And all about him was a chaos of smoke. Unendurable heat drove him back when he wandered near the edge of the pines.

Then he stumbled into the rocky ravine. Smoke and blaze above him—the rocks hot—the air suffocating—it was all unendurable. But he kept on. He plunged down, always saving the child when he fell. His sight grew red. Then it grew dark. All was black, or else night had come. He was losing all pain, all sense when he stumbled into water. That saved him. He stayed there. A long time passed till it was light again. His eyes had a thick film over them. Sometimes he could not see at all. But when he could, he kept on walking, on and on. The weight of the child bore him down. He rested, went on again till all sense, except a dim sight, failed him. Through that, as in a dream, he saw moving figures, men looming up in the gray fog, hurrying to him.

Far south of the Tonto Range, under the purple shadows of the Peloncillos, there lived a big-hearted rancher with whom Monty Price found a home. He did little odd jobs about the ranch that by courtesy might have been called work. He would never ride a horse again. Monty's legs were warped, his feet hobbled. He did not have free use of his hands. And seldom or never in the presence of any one did he remove his sombrero. For there was not a hair on his head. His face was dark, almost black, with terrible scars. A burned-out, hobble-footed wreck of a cowboy! But, strangely, there were those at the ranch who loved him. They knew his story.

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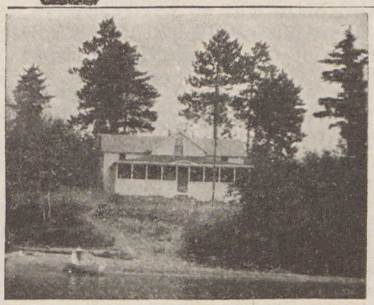

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1. Contest open to all fishermen "who feel like gentlemen and act like sportsmen." It is necessary for contestants to belong to the I. W. L. A. or to subscribe for the magazine it owns and publishes.
2. The fish must be caught with an artificial lure containing but one hook and with rod and reel.
3. Fish must be weighed and measured with a tape measure giving girth of fish (length to be taken from end of lower jaw, mouth closed, to tip of tail).
4. Each fish entered must be caught by reputable angler and must be certified to by affidavit of two reputable witnesses, which affidavit must be registered within two weeks from the date of the capture of the fish. (A drawing of the fish by placing it on paper and tracing the outline will be helpful to the judges—photos also will be helpful.)
5. It is not necessary to write a story to be published in this magazine to qualify for this contest. However, such a story will be appreciated and will be printed if well told.
6. Of course, no fish taken from private estate, or State or Federal hatchery will be considered.
7. With two or more fish weighing and measuring exactly the same, identical prizes will be awarded the contestants.
8. Competitors for the barbless medals must use a hook of the needle point type. If it is made by filing the barb from the usual hook of commerce, the point must be smooth enough to pass through a handkerchief without catching when withdrawn.
9. This contest closes December 15th, 1924.

ABOUT THE PRIZES

The first prize in each class enumerated below will (with the exception of the salt water division) be the choice of any bait or fly casting rod made in the United States.

The second prize in each class will be the choice of any reel (fly or bait casting) made in the United States.

The third prize will be $20.00 camera, choice of manufacturer to be determined by the winner. There will be a first prize of a silver cup for each of the six classes of the sea angling division.

In addition there will be three I. W. L. A. medals for each class especially designed, bearing the name of the winner and the weight of the winning fish. The first prize winner's medal will be of solid gold, the second prize winner's medal of silver, and the third prize winner's medal of bronze. These gold, silver, and bronze prize winning medals will also be given to the winners in each of the six sea angling divisions.

In addition there will be a number of other valuable prizes donated by sportsmen for their favorite class of fish, and for signal achievements in the use of ultra light tackle, especially the use of barbless hooks. These prizes will be wading boots, rod cases, reel cases, sweaters, pipes, field glasses, and fly books, etc., etc. A list of these prizes will be given in a later issue. In no event will any prize be contributed by manufacturers of fishing tackle. Every prize offered in this One Hook Artificial Lure Contest will be a personal contribution from the donor having no interest in the sale or manufacture of articles donated.

ABOUT THE JUDGES

We have not yet decided upon all the judges for this contest. We can announce however, that there will be judges for each separate class, and in each case ones highly competent because of their knowledge and experience of the type and species of fish which they will be appointed to judge.

AFFIDAVIT

I hereby swear to statement signed by me before two witnesses.

Kind of fish..... Weight..... Length..... Girth.....
When caught..... Where.....
Rod used..... Reel.....
Describe one hook artificial lure used.....
Line used..... Lure.....
Caught by (Signed).....
Street.....
City..... State.....
Witnessed by: (Give names and addresses.)
1. .....
2. .....

This is a list of the most valuable prizes ever offered in any fishing contest

List of Classes in Contest

And qualifications for tackle to be used by contestants

BROOKTROUT (Salvelinus fontinalis)
Caught by casting an artificial fly with appropriate fly fishing tackle and one hook lure between the legal opening and closing of the season.

BROWN TROUT (Salmo fario)
Caught by casting an artificial fly with appropriate fly fishing tackle and one hook lure between the legal opening and closing of the season.

STEELHEAD TROUT (Salmo gairdneri)
Caught by casting an artificial fly with appropriate fly fishing tackle and one hook lure between the legal opening and closing of the season.

RAINBOW TROUT (Salmo irideus)
(Eastern Division)
Caught east of the Rocky Mountains between the legal opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

RAINBOW TROUT (Salmo irideus)
(Western Division)
Caught west of the Rocky Mountains between the official opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

SMALL MOUTH BLACK BASS (Micropterus dolomieu)
Caught between the legal opening and closing of the season and caught in or north of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Colorado, Utah, Nevada and California (one hook lure).

LARGE MOUTH BLACK BASS (Micropterus salmoides)
(Northern Division)
Caught between the legal opening and closing of the season in or north of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Colorado, Utah, Nevada, and California (one hook lure).

LARGE MOUTH BLACK BASS (Micropterus salmoides)
(Intermediate Division)
Caught in the States of West Virginia, Maryland, District of Columbia, Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, North Carolina, Delaware, Arkansas, Oklahoma, between the legal opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

LARGE MOUTH BLACK BASS (Micropterus salmoides)
(Southern Division)
Caught in the States of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, and Louisiana, between the legal opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

SPECIAL HAROLD PULSIFER AWARDS FOR BARBLESS FISHERMEN
Special awards of gold medals will be given for the largest fish caught on a barbless fly in all of the above classes.

MUSKALLUNGE (Esox masquinongy)
Caught between the legal opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

GREAT NORTHERN PIKE (Esox estor)
Caught between the legal opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

WALL-EYED PIKE (Stizostedion vitreum)
Caught between the legal opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

BLUEFISH (Pomatomus sattatrix)
Caught according to rules of Asbury Park Fishing Club (one hook lure).

WEAKFISH (Cynoscion regalis)
Caught according to rules of Asbury Park Fishing Club (one hook lure).

STRIPED BASS (Roccus lineatus)
Caught according to rules of Asbury Park Fishing Club (one hook lure).

CHANNEL BASS (Sciaenops ocellatus)
Caught according to rules of Asbury Park Fishing Club (one hook lure).

TARPON (Tarpon atlanticus)
Caught according to rules of Long Key Fishing Club (one hook lure).

TUNA (Thunnus thynnus)
Caught according to rules of Catalina Light Tackle Club (one hook lure).

When you win in this contest you may well be proud, as you will have fought and won armed with the fairest of all fair tackle, a ONE HOOK ARTIFICIAL LURE.

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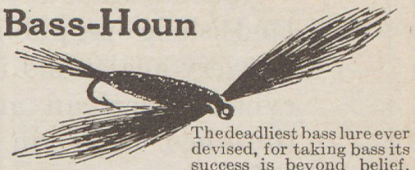
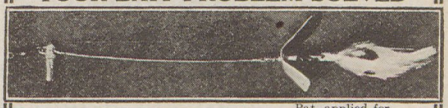
L. M. THURSTON, Owosso, Michigan

Bass-Houn



The deadliest bass lure ever devised, for taking bass its success is beyond belief. Over 200 bass have been taken on one fly, 54 in four hours' fishing. If you can't get them at your dealer, order direct. Sample 50c. A valuable little book on fly fishing free with each order.
A. J. Koshollek, Stevens Point, Wis.

YOUR BAIT PROBLEM SOLVED



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A Painter of the Out-of-Doors

(Continued from page 48)

vas with a side swipe. Somewhat the same motion Bob Corson uses in casting.

Two months were required for the completion of this epic work. The canvases were accepted, and a few days later, the day before I was to receive my check, in fact, the firm went into bankruptcy. Perhaps my technique was too broad for them. It seems funny to me at this distance, but there was no humor in it then. In fact, it was a terrible blow to my ambitions. I was temporarily sick of swinging a paint brush, dead broke, and too bullheaded to ask my parents for help. Just at this time an offer was made me to go to South America on a three-years' collecting trip. It was a great temptation, not only appealing to my spirit of adventure, but it also seemed to hold out much promise in the way of valuable experience. Fortunately, my instincts told me to pursue my original plan. But I was worked out, as I have said, and so, as I have done on many an occasion since, I turned to the woods for help.

I caught a train for the north, and through that summer and fall I engaged in my old vocation as guide. I trapped through the winter, and early spring found me with sufficient funds to carry me east, and to keep me going for a while.

Three years were spent in Wilmington, working in my own studio, and receiving criticisms from Howard Pyle. My first completed work was sold to St. Nicholas Magazine, and for several years my pictures dealing with animals and wilderness topics were used in this excellent periodical. Subsequently I made illustrations for most of the national magazines, and did considerable book work. My writing also helped out, particularly at first, several of my short stories appearing in book form.

I felt then, and today I feel it even more strongly, that the world has seldom produced as fine and as kindly a nature, or as great a teacher of art as Howard Pyle. We, who had the advantage of his sane criticism were given a foundation upon which to build to everlasting fame, and those of us who have failed to profit by his influence have cause to criticise none but ourselves. In my own teaching in the art schools, and in my lectures on composition I have tried to keep his image before me. To attempt to carry on his work is too big a job for any living man.

I have been immeasurably fortunate in many things. In being blessed with parents who understood and sympathised with my passionate fondness for all things pertaining to nature; in achieving a wife of similar tastes, and one with an understanding of the subject of her marital venture; in having the benefit of the teachings of a disciple of truth; and in being able to live a life of almost constant intercourse with nature. I have also been blessed with real friends, which is perhaps the rarest blessing of all.

Honesty and sincerity of purpose, these are about all I demand in an artist, for if he possesses these attributes, it naturally follows that his pictures will have untold beauty and feeling. I do not care greatly for clever people, any more than I care for clever art or clever literature. I think this constant striving for cleverness in art and in literature is what is mainly wrong with

Be sure to read the ads in Outdoor America

our people of letters and of art at this day. The world is full of painters, yet there are few artists. There is too much talk concerning technique and handling. It is demoralizing, not only to the student, but to the professional artist. The thought underlying the picture, the thing to be expressed, this has become secondary. What one hears constantly in the galleries, and in the studios is shop talk on the technicalities of painting. The terms, "well painted," and "interesting" have taken the place of the words, feeling, strength and beauty. The shows are full of pictures well enough handled, some of them good in color, and all of them beautifully framed, but not half a dozen canvases in any exhibition contain that subtle something which is described by the word "feeling." The soul of the picture is lacking. If I had my way I would draw a sharp distinction between the artist and the painter. The artist develops from within. He is ruled by spirit. The painter works from a technical knowledge entirely, and his appeal, when he has any, is to the intellect only. The time has come when a majority of the pictures in the galleries must be explained. The public is told that the artist had a certain problem to solve, and his motive or his particular viewpoint must be extolled, before the result of his brush work is in any way comprehensible to the layman. As well ask God to explain a sunset, or a mass of cumulous clouds rising from the horizon. Every great picture that has been painted in the past has made its appeal direct to the senses of the spectator, without any footnotes, and so it will be to the end of time. Yes, I repeat, there is too much cleverness in the art of today. Too much consciousness of method, too little of the soul of the artist; too much thought given to the way of expression, too little to the thing to be expressed. But the pendulum is swinging, and one of these days we may have another Millet, another Innes, and another Winslow Homer.

I am glad that the cities have never made any great appeal to me. A cabin in the woods, or a canvas shelter pitched beneath the blue sky have always seemed to me to be about all that any reasonable man should require, until the family comes along. Ever since my boyhood, I have been in the habit of ducking my responsibilities whenever the spirit so willed, and of hiking off to some wild section, where I could forget the things of civilization, that spell worry. I like the companionship of kindred spirits, but I like also to be alone, and some of my most memorable experiences have been of lone trips, or at most, with a dog for company; a setter, preferably, who has never felt a choke collar. And these trips have never been long enough. I have spent months at a stretch in sections so wild and so unfrequented by man that not even the smoke from a camp fire could be discerned from the highest pinnacle. And yet, I do not remember ever having had enough of it, ever to have been entirely willing to return to the streets and houses. Whether my camps have been pitched in the winter woods, in the mountains, under tropic skies, or by the blue water, I have always been content, and I have said to myself, "this is God's perfect handiwork." Once I took Warren Miller on a month's pack-train trip into the mountains. Deep snows came, and it seemed advisable to break camp. Yet, I had one of my frequent hunches, and argued for sticking it out. Any way, we pulled out in a blizzard, and the day after we reached the ranch came a warm west wind, which dissipated the snow in a day or two. I immediately back-tracked, and had another three weeks of it. Warren later called me a savage, and some other things, in print, in a spirit of facetiousness. Well, perhaps a savage is just what I am, but I can't figure it out, for all my ancestors were Dutch, and you know what that means. Probably I am just a throwback. In any case, I am getting a whole lot out of life, and if, in my pictures I can visualize for kindred spirits some of the things I have seen, and lived, and loved, and expect to see and live again, then I am well content.

Why Men Go Bonefishing

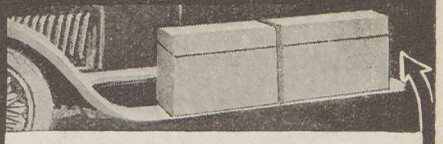
(Continued from page 19)

fighters is enough for any one day's fishing. More than one is a lavish gift of the gods, for which one is devoutly thankful. Each day brings some fresh interest. Once Col. Durrett, Senator Martin and I were staked near the mouth of Tavernier Creek when a violent shower swept over us. Senator Martin called out: "Colonel, did you ever catch a bonefish in the rain?" Just then the Colonel had a strike. In about fifteen minutes he called back: "Yes, Senator, I have!"

The weeks pass swiftly. Every week day sees us up before daylight for a swim off the dock. Then comes a hearty breakfast and a start for the chosen flats by seven o'clock. Usually the return is not made until just before sunset. Col. Durrett once told me: "I have been coming here every winter for many years and I stay as long as I can, and fish every day but Sunday, and yet, when the time comes for me to go home, I sit down and bawl like a baby, Sir!"

I wonder if after all my grouch against Zane Grey does not come from the fact that he has so much more good fishing than it has ever been my luck to get. I envy him, but I hope his good luck will continue all the years of his life.

THIS AUTO TRUNK HOLDS



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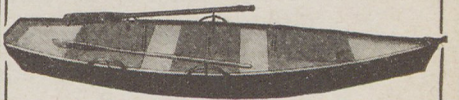

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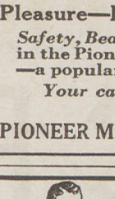

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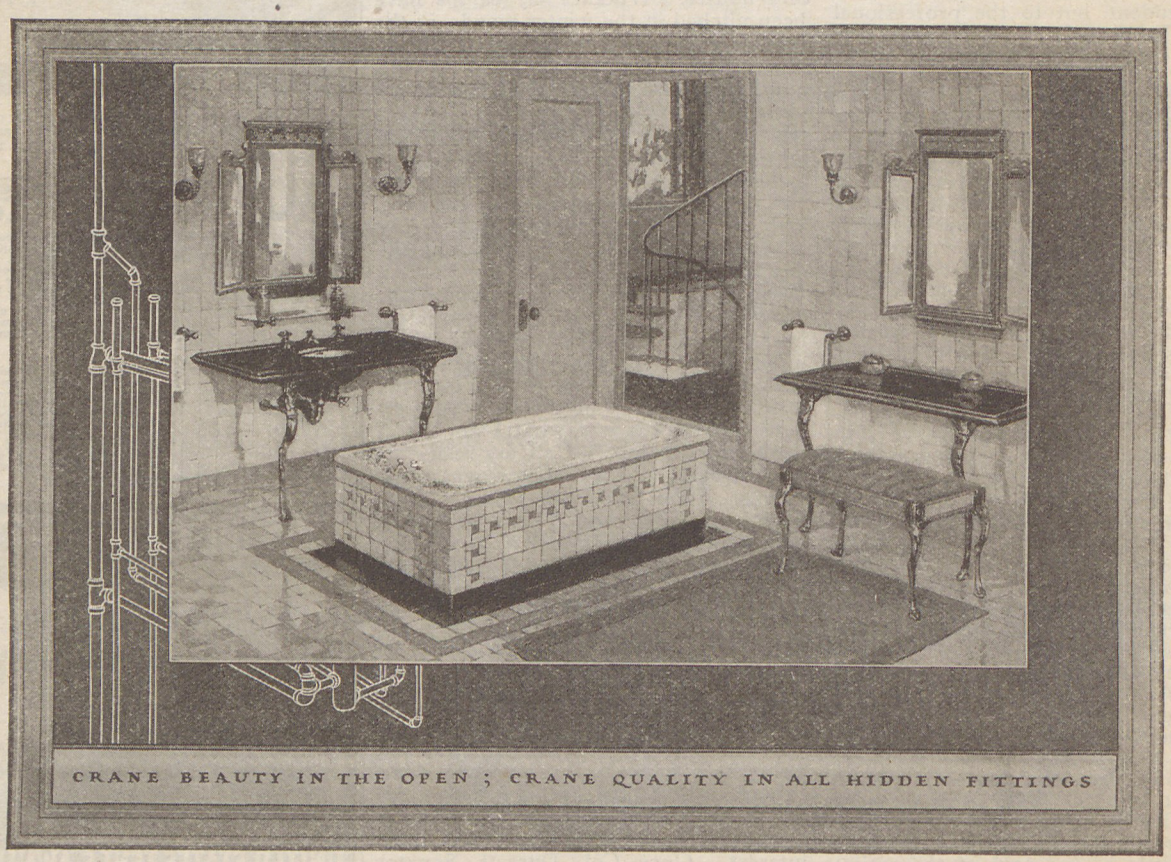

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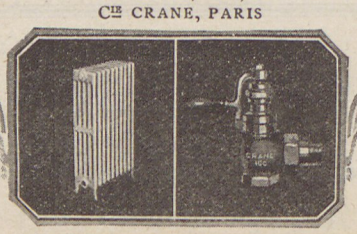

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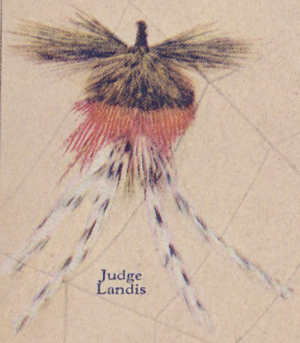
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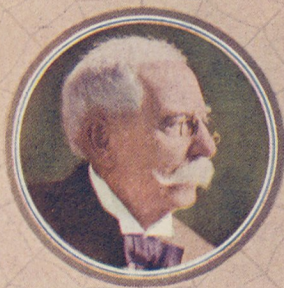
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America's Izaak Walton

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The soft body allows the fish to close its mouth on or over the lure.

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Lights on surface without splash or riffle.

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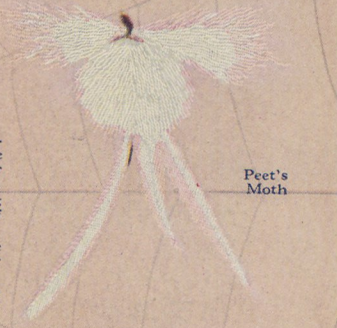
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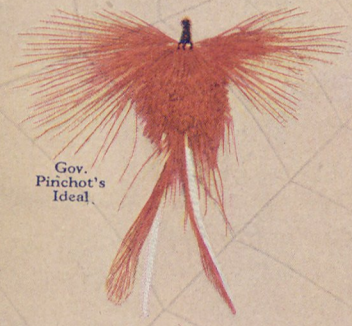
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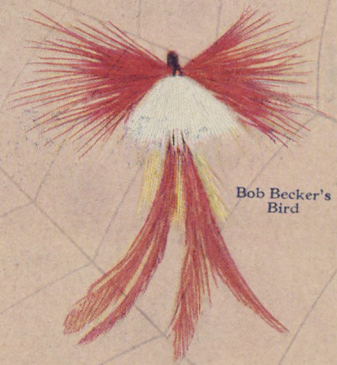
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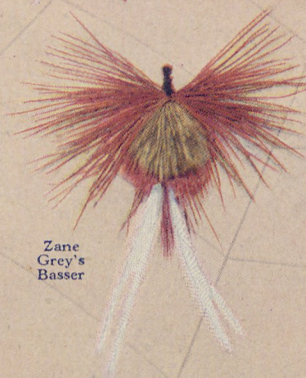
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STEVENS POINT, WISCONSIN

Every straintest leader marked with actual commercial name and size of gut giving the tensile test.

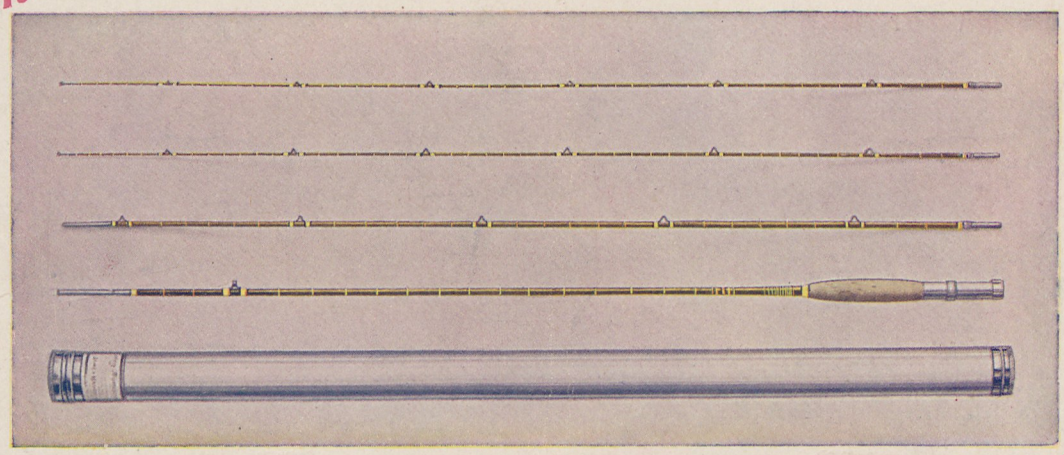
For best results use Web's straintest leaders. Tested and guaranteed. Packed in round metal box with moistening pads.

IF YOUR DEALER CAN NOT SUPPLY YOU, WRITE US

Now You Can Get a Fly Rod and Reel *Made by Heddon*

JIM HEDDON

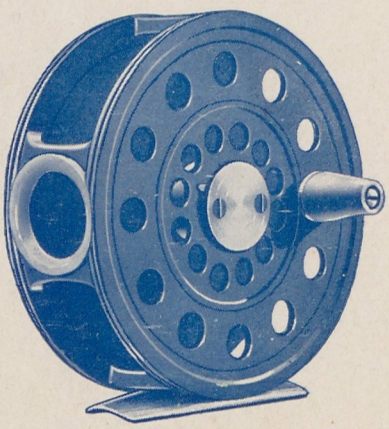
Goin Fishin?



Good Luck

When Heddon had brought the standard of bait-casting rods up to the position it now occupies, he turned his attention to making a fly rod of the same standard—yet one that would sell at a reasonable figure. The Heddon fly rod at $35 meets these requirements. It's a rod with real backbone, yet delicately and finely made. Put it together, make a cast or two and you know it has power to spare. Made only in one model, No. 35; 8½ and 9-foot lengths weighing from 4¾ to 5 ounces; 9½-foot weighing from 5¼ to 5½ ounces. Endorsed by nationally known experts. Ask to see it at any of the best tackle stores.

American-Made Fly Reel Now Comes to the Fore



The Heddon Imperial No. 125 offers fly casters an American made Fly Reel—scientifically designed and built to the well-known Heddon standards of accuracy and quality. Light in weight, compact and convenient, it is still strong and sturdy to give unlimited service. It is the last word in fine Fly Reels.

Weight with genuine agate guard, 5 oz. Price $15. Weight plain, 4¾ oz. Price $12.50. Capacity 50 yds. of B body tapered enameled line.

Get This Catalogue: Our 1924 catalogue is ready, showing our entire line of tackle. Send also for rod and reel booklets.

You will find the Heddon Fly Rod and Reel on display at the best tackle stores

JAMES HEDDON'S SONS, 804 West Street, Dowagiac, Mich.

Heddon Fishing Tackle

Heddon Made — Well Made